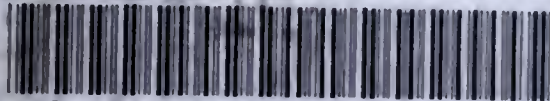


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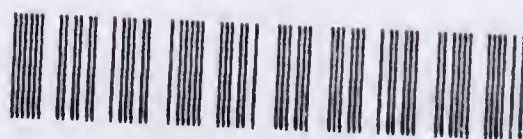


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THE GUARDIAN:


A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

VOLUME IX.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IX.

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No. 1.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY REV. T. STORK, D.D.

THE very bonds of the social circle teaches us to love one another. A member of the family without love is nothing but a cold marble image, or, rather, a machine, an annoyance, a something in the way to vex and pain us. The social relations not only teach love, but demand it. Take any family, where there is a want of affectional unity—where there is selfish ambition or jealousy and distrust among the members of the household, and it must of necessity be a discordant and an unhappy family. There may be punctilious decorum and formal politeness, even “threatening urbanity,” and yet with all this there is no true peace or happiness. The household wants love, and if it will not have that it must suffer; and it ought to suffer.

It must be obvious, therefore, that a proper regard to this relation of brothers and sisters is essential to the peace and happiness of home.

The duties of the fraternal relation are founded ultimately upon the will of God as expressed in the relation itself, and its inseparable connection with the well-being of the family. As in nature there are two great laws of harmony—the central gravitation and cohesive affinity, so in the domestic economy we have two great principles of social harmony—filial affection and fraternal affinity. The heart of the child that turns to the mother, is drawn to the brother or sister that was nurtured on the same bosom. Indeed, there can be no true filial affection that does not involve the fraternal, and when the relation exists to call it forth. They are inseparable as attraction and cohesion in nature. And ordinarily, as in these two forces of nature, the fraternal affinity is in proportion to the filial love.

Children cannot truly love their parents without loving one another; but as in nature the central and cohesive forces may be disturbed and the harmony destroyed, so may there be admitted into the household counteracting moral forces, producing disorder and repulsion among the members of the family. And as the very charm of home-life depends essentially upon the affectional harmony among the younger members, this subject cannot fail to assume its just degree of importance in our portraiture of the home-scenes of the New Testament.

There is doubtless a congenital affinity, an instinctive attraction between children of the same parentage. It is something more than mere congeniality, for that may not always exist between brothers and sisters. It is something more than friendship—an inborn feeling of affinity, more delicate, exquisite, and intense than the purest friendship. That there is such a natural affinity is evidenced by our own consciousness, and from the fact that no discords are so universally odious and repulsive as those existing among children of the same household.

The very words expressive of the fraternal relation touch a responsive chord in every heart. When William Penn met the Indians, and uttered those noble terms of a common brotherhood, "We are one flesh, and one blood," they responded to the fraternal appeal in these memorable words, "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as sun and moon shall endure."

But even stronger than this felt brotherhood of humanity, is the fraternity of the household. To those who in childhood and youth have answered to the call of brother and sister, the words acquire a beauty and sanctity that live in us forever. The natural affinity is fostered and strengthened by so many sweet memories and hallowing associations. There is the nursery, where their infancy was watched by the same loving eye, their little sorrows soothed and forgotten on the same maternal bosom, and their nightly slumber wooed by the same cradle-song. There are the family gatherings, and winter evenings at home, and the rambles in summer fields, the excited sympathies about the couch of sickness, and perhaps in the chamber of death. O how these home joys and sorrows tend to fuse the hearts of the household in mutual sympathy and love. The very relation itself, with its manifold associations, all tend to inspire and foster the fraternal union and affection.

It is manifest, then, that in the will of God, revealed in the domestic constitution, the welfare of its members, we find the true basis of the fraternal relation. The fraternal sentiment must, therefore, be in harmony with the manifested will of God in the domestic economy. "When true, the fraternal sentiment unites congeniality with consanguinity, and develops friendship from kindred blood, as the parted branches open into leaves and blossoms and fruits, kindred in their aims as their source."

There is, indeed, no scene on earth more pleasant and lovely than that of brothers and sisters, who, with all their differences of taste and temperament, dwell together in mutual devotion, keeping the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is indeed like the dew of Hermon, that threw its silver veil over mountain and valley, and refreshed and beautified each tree and flower with a baptism from heaven.

The following extract from *John Angell James*, will serve to illustrate and enforce the design and moral beauty of fraternal affection and unity:

"A family of grown up children should be the constant scene of uninterrupted harmony, where love, guided by ingenuity, puts forth all its powers to please, by those mutual good offices, and minor acts of beneficence, of which every day furnishes the opportunity, and which, while they cost little in the way either of money or labor, contribute so much to the happiness of the household. One of the most detightful sights in our world, where there is so much moral deformity to disgust, and so

much unkindness to distress, is a domestic circle, where the parents are surrounded by their children, of which the daughters are being employed in elegant or useful work, and the elder brother some instructive and improving volume, for the benefit or entertainment of the whole. * * * Young people seek your happiness in each other's society. What can the brother find in the circle of dissipation, or amongst the votaries of intemperance, to compare with this? What can the sister find in the concert of sweet sounds, that has music for the soul, compared with this domestic harmony? or in the glitter and fashionable confusion, and mazy dance of the ball-room, compared with these pure, calm, sequestered joys, which are to be found at the fireside of a happy family?"

We might speak of those mutual acts of courtesy and gentleness, and unaffected urbanity, which so beautify the household. These graces of manner are the delicate blossoms of the more substantial domestic virtues, the tendrils that gracefully adorn the altars of home, and diffuse the fragrance of love, like Mary's box of ointment. We have often seen in households, otherwise commendable, a coarseness and bluntness of manners, harshness of tone, and even severity in repartee, that have marred the beauty of the home-scene. On the other hand we have witnessed families, where, in addition to the more substantial virtues, were seen the most courteous demeanor, a gentleness of expression, an unstudied refinement of manners, that have invested the fraternal relation with a sort of poetical beauty, and thrown an unearthly charm about the home-circle.

We can only offer these remarks as suggestions upon this point, hoping they will lead brothers and sisters to consider for themselves how much their attention to these gentler graces of social refinement, may contribute to the general beauty and well-being of the household.

How beautiful to behold a brother assuming the office of counsellor to a young sister, and watching each unfolding grace and beauty of character! How beautiful to see an older sister watchful over a brother, encompassing his path as a guardian angel, imparting a refining touch to his coarser nature, and by influences, gentle, but mighty and formative, moulding his character after her highest ideal of the great and good.

We cannot fail to recognize in this relation a most beneficent provision for the perfection of individual character, and the culture of the heart in the earlier years of life. Those whom God has so united should seek in every worthy way to be mutual helpers to each other. How may the sister, with her quick perception of the right, and her feminine purity, act as an earnest, but kind and gentle censor of a youthful brother, checking his wayward impulses, and guiding to noble ends his impassioned nature. And how may the brother, with manly judgment and honor, shield a sister from the rude storms of the world, and by considerate counsels and tender interferences, divert her from many of the follies of fashionable life, and blandishments of pleasure. O, what a beneficent and reciprocal power for good is vested in the fraternal relation! What might not sisters do, by the proper exercise of their sisterly influence, to hold back their brothers from sinful excesses, and those snares that beset the path of the young! And what controlling power might a noble brother exert on sisters, in restraining them from the foolishness of a vain and flippant life, indecent costumes, immodest dan

ces, and equivocal friendships ! It is easy to perceive, from these suggestions, how manifold and beneficent this relation may become, and was doubtless designed to be, in the education of home.

“Would we know what brother and sister have been to each other, listen to the triumphal song of Miriam, as she braced anew the great heart of the law-giver with timbrel and psalm ; or look to the grave of Lazarus, where Mary and Martha stood with Him who was the Resurrection and the Life. Do we ask more modern instances, stand under the open heavens and remember how Caroline Herschel shared the vigils of their illustrious explorer—open the pages of Neander, and think of her whose devotedness made a pleasant home of his otherwise solitary study, and encouraged him in his noble work of tracing out the progress of the divine life throughout all the mazes of theological controversy, and making church history a book of the heart, instead of the disputatious understanding. Do we need more—only conjecture the number of cases nearer at hand in which youth have been counselled and helped on through years of preparation to their calling or profession by a sacrifice that looked not to the world for motive, and asked not of the world reward for its success.”

But this culture of fraternal affection and its associated blessings do not terminate with the paternal home. It is in accordance with the divine method that the affections shall grow outward from within ; so that the children who have schooled their filial and fraternal feelings at home, are prepared to go out into the wider sphere of humanity, with hearts that throb with a world-wide brotherhood and a divine and heavenly Fatherhood.

Happy the home where the children dwell together in unity and love ! Where no feelings of envy or jealousy interrupt the flow of kindly sympathy. Where brothers and sisters are gentle and considerate ; and by mutual devotion, seek to strengthen the bonds of fraternal affection. Such homes, like the holy family of Bethany, will attract the favor, and secure the enriching and perpetual benediction of the Saviour.

Let all apply these thoughts. Children, apply them, and be kind in all you do and say. Youth, apply them, and be thoughtful where you are often tempted to be reckless. Elders, apply them, and never allow care or worldliness to chill the better affections of early days. Deep in the heart let the old home live, and its pleasant memories, brightened by kindly offices, open ever into immortal hopes. Old things must pass away, but from the christian they can only pass away by being all made new—new in a spirit, that remembers best when progressing most, and crowns all friendships with charity divine.

“A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace,
Are lovely sights to see ;
And gold, and gems, and diadems
More useful still may be ;
But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
Are things of a wordly mart.
The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
Is a heart—a warm young heart.”

NEW YEAR'S EVE:
A NIGHT VISION.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

'Twas late on New Year's solemn eve,
The stars above were bright,
And every weary living thing
Had nestled for the night:
The hearth's low fire threw on the wall
A faint and fitful gleam,
When o'er my thoughtful spirit came
A vision and a dream.
And mystic forms came gliding by
Like wrecks upon a stream.

II.

I saw an aged silent man,
His locks were white as snow,
His wintry robes were fringed around
With yellow leaves below:
And on him hung dry withered wreathes,
Borne off from Summer's bowers,
And round him breathed some fragrance still
Of Autumn's fruits and flowers.
He sat as if to con and count
The solemn passing hours.

III.

His head—how strange!—with double face,
Looked backward and before;
Like Janus, worshipped and adored
At Rome in days of yore.
The hinder face was dark with wo,
Like one who thinks of sin:
The other, bright as rainbow hues
That span the misty lin,
Seemed gazing at an open heaven
With hope of getting in.

IV.

I knew it was Old Father Time—
For in one face I read,
A sorrow and a penitence
O'er days for ever fled:
And in the other free from care,
From furrowed wo or tear,
I saw a light of hope that gave
The countenance a cheer,
And gleamed the brightness of its joy
Adown the opening year.

V.

Still feebler burned the hearth's low fire,
And fainter on the wall
I saw the ghostly light and shade
In mimic pictures fall;
And in my spirit deeply wrought
A mystic wisdom stirred.
As when strange power in Autumn time
Call off the restless bird,
And what Old Time in musings thought
My ear in voices heard:

VI.

Where are the rains and the snows,
Where are the joys and the woes
Of the year?
Where are the rainbows and showers,
Where are the dews and the flowers,
Where are the moments and hours,
That were here?
Gone like the songs which the summer birds sing,
Gone like the moanings the Autumn woods bring,
Gone like the guests when the banquet is o'er
And the last fading foot-fall sounds back from the door,
And the joy that is past will return evermore—
Will return evermore!

VII.

Where are the thrills and the throes,
Where are the frowns and the foes
Of the Year?
Where are the weepings and wailings,
Where the assaults and assailings,
Where are the praises and railings,
Where are the faults and the failings,
That were here?
Gone like the green leaves that freshened the wildwood,
Gone like the sweet songs that gladdened our childhood,
Gone like the bubble, that breaks on the stream,
Gone like those pictures which are not, but seem—
When they glide in our fancies at night in a dream—
And return nevermore!

VIII.

As when one waketh from a dream,
Roused by the joyous morn,
I started from my mystic mood,
For other thoughts were born.
I stirred the embers on the hearth,
I fed the fire anew.
More cheerful pictures than before
Upon the wall it threw,
And brighter in my musing heart
The rising visions grew.

IX.

Old Father Time himself was cheered,
And by the hearth's warm glow

His cheerful face was turned to me—
 Away the face of wo;
 The Clock struck Twelve! and every stroke
 Was like the tap of drum,
 That calls the waiting soldier when
 The hour of march has come,
 And sweetly in my spirit cells
 I heard its cheering hum.

X.

The New Year opened!—Father Time
 Resumed his earnest way;
 Forward shone the light of hope
 And back the shadows lay!
 He bade me follow—up I rose,
 And bent my soul to win,
 “Beware! beware!” said Father Time,
 “Beware, Beware of sin!
 Keep in your eye you open Heaven
 There’s hope of getting in!”

XI.

Kyrie eleison!—humbly I pray—
 Kyrie eleison!—shine on my way!
 Shine on my spirit, and shine on my path:
 Save me from evil, and save me from wrath.
 If not from sorrow, from sin make me free—
 Kyrie eleison!—bring me to Thee!

WORKING FOR A GOOD NAME.

BY SELDOM.

At twelve years old, my name was far from good. The three years that had already been spent away from home, had made sad inroads upon my home training; and the friends who should have trained one differently had done much to make me what they now generally agreed in calling me, “a very bad boy.” My mother had often been told by those who should have comforted her, that my career would yet be ended under the gallows. This I resolved to prove a lie, as well as much more of the same kind of dark prophecy. If my mother suffered agony well nigh enough to break her heart, at the prediction, she should never, I resolved, be heart-broken by its realization. The prejudice was so strong against me that among such friends no good name could be gained, so among strangers it must be sought.

“Good-for-nothing” and positively bad, as they were pleased to represent me far and near, it was not the easiest thing imaginable to secure a place to get a fair trial. To a strict and exacting farmer at last my time was hired. With evil predictions in advance, all seemed to take in for granted that these were true, and my case was nearly helpless and hopeless. Working for a good name under such disadvantages was an

up-hill business. Longer[†] too must be the probation, than must needs have been the case had no suspicion been previously awakened—some might have been content to remain where injudicious treatment had put them. How many are thus kept down, perhaps eternity may reveal.* Many doubtless, had they been treated as deserving of confidence, might really have been worthy of trust—instead of being branded with disgrace and infamy, first suggested by harsh and injudicious management. It is possible for some to conclude to enjoy the game, as well as to have to bear the name.

Trust the human heart more, and you will find it more worthy of your trust. But tell a child you suspect it on all occasions for lying, and it will soon learn to gratify your suspicions. Call a man rascal whenever you speak or deal with him, and he may show you before long the power of suggestion; as the ostler who stole the oats from the trough *after* the priest had put him on the plan, by asking whether he had not done so. Like begets like. Put man upon his honor, and he will be more likely to show some indications of it, than if this trait in his character be entirely ignored in your estimate of him. The world might be better if it were not charged with being worse than it really is. To reform it, you must at least assume that it has some redeemable quality—something to graft the good on.

In a trial for a good name, it is not a disadvantage, if the trial be fair, to have it very strict. Hence we think it rather fortunate than otherwise that we had to win our's according to the most rigid rules. As we said before, we were hired to a strict farmer, up at the first streak of dawn, the day was early begun. Late in the twilight we returned from the field. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, Jack would never get very smart at such employments as fell to out lot. And yet we rather liked it; for to a strong healthy body, with which we were blessed from our childhood, we also added the desire to gain a name. Not so much for ourself, for then we knew not its value—but for the sake of our mother, who would thereby be made happier in the relief of the apprehensions awakened by the prophecies above mentioned.

Hard work is not the worst calamity that can fall to the lot of boys from twelve to fifteen years of age. Along with the men—yes, there was a satisfaction in working with the men—along with them we bore “a hand. To “make a hand” in the harvest field is the first triumph of the boy, who wants to be rated with the men. To plow, to mow, to reap, and to cradle transfers the boy to the sphere of manhood. Country life has its honors, as well as the battle-field or the bar, or the forum. Some

* Since writing the above the following item from the Louisville Journal attracted my attention. It tells of the harsh treatment of a promising son by an injudicious father, who for a slight offence treated him as a convict for crime. Read the result:

“As soon as released, the dishonored boy, broken in pride and spirit, fled from his home, and nothing was heard from him until at length he turned up in the California courts, accused of burglary. He was acquitted, and about a year since returned to the Atlantic States—going from one to another of our large cities, and plunging into every species of dissipation and vice. A few months since he was arrested in one of our principal cities for arson and robbery, had his trial, and received for his sentence ten years solitary confinement in the penitentiary—and but last week was brought back to the home of his boyhood, one of a gang of thirty chained felons, in charge of the sheriff. He met at the prison's threshold his own father, still the warden. And so near father, mother, brothers and sisters—he must serve out his long and dreary term of punishment.”

of these are dearly bought. The youth who would be as a man before his time, has odds against him. So we found it; but it was necessary to establish the fact that we were *not* "good for nothing." To do this, the swarth may at times grow indistinct before the swimming eyes, in the overtaxed body; the sickle may be unsteady in the hands, or the pitch-fork may not always obey the will in sending the sheaf up to the right point—and even the appetite may fail, but the victory will be none the less sure and sweet. A good name for industry, may demand a test like that. Such labor was not indeed exacted of us, but being voluntary to some extent, it only served the better purpose, to win favor the sooner and establish what was sought to be gained.

Long and weary months were thus passed. The months were counted because by the month the wages rated. Along with the toils of the field, came good and kind usage in the house. The family had hearts. They showed more sympathy than we had felt for years. This kept the spirit willing and cheerful. Meals were relished and night's sleep was refreshingly sweet. The mornings did seem to come so soon after we got to bed! But we never thought of doubling the voice that called in the early morn, at the stairway below, "boys!" We knew what it meant; it was enough. Not many minutes after we were all expected to be at our places.

Places! why, every thing had its place in that house, and about the barn and the sheds. Every plow and harrow and rake had its appropriate place. Every horse had his place in the stable, every cow her place at the trough; so too the axe, and the maul and wedges, the augers and the hammers, could each be found in its place. Every boy had his own nail on which to hang his hat; and each had his regular seat at the table, or around the big fire-place. Such discipline as that, is worth more than money to any boy. A good name for order and regularity, was gained in this way. What was hard at first soon became a well regulated habit, and so a pleasure.

Cheerful spirits make hard work light. Kind looks and kind words make the strictest regimen, not only tolerable, but agreeable. Continual scolding sours and destroys the best temper, of those who receive it as well as those who give it. Perverse and impudent as we had grown under former harsh treatment, here under even strict rules, we grew cheerful and obedient. There are some natures, which harsh treatment so chafes as to destroy any disposition to good that may be in them. Had we remained where we were first placed on leaving home, we had in all human probability been a ruined boy. But thanks to a merciful Providence, that deals wisely with us, if we will but submit to His leadings! That farm discipline was not a chance passage in our life. The Lord was, in His own good way, bringing us by a path we knew not, to labor hard in His own vineyard. In working for a good name, we did not start out to obtain the highest good. Yet the good Lord, who forgave the servant the whole debt, because he only asked for time to pay it, often also gives greater blessings than we seek for or desire.

When the time was expired for which we had bargained to work for the farmer, he told us as we had been, "a good boy," he would give a half-dollar more than we had agreed upon as our wages. This was worth more than so much money. It was a certificate from a man whos

recommendation would go far in that community. It opened up for us the way to any place a boy might ordinarily aspire to. Besides it hushed the slanders that had been previously heaped upon our name. It is hard to gain a good name, especially when once lost but it is worth the trial be it ever so hard. It is a satisfaction we would not sell at first cost. Work for a good name!

HOMeward BOUND.

BY REV. B. BAUSMAN.

[Our readers have been frequently entertained and instructed during the last year and a half, by very interesting articles from the Orient, under the title of "My Pilgrim's Pouch." It is generally known that the author of these articles is the Rev. B. Bausman, of Lewisburg, Pa., who has made a very extensive tour through Europe and the East. We have the pleasure of furnishing the following beautiful sketch written on the Mediterranean, while departing from the sacred shores "homeward bound." We have understood that Mr. Bausman has kept an extensive journal of his travels and observations in the lands which our Saviour and his Apostles once trod; and we are sure that we speak the sentiments of all who have read his mature and judicious articles furnished for the Guardian, when we express the hope that the treasures of his journal may yet be given to the public in the permanent form of a volume. ED. GUARDIAN.]

Few luxuries are more refreshing to the traveler in the East than suddenly to emerge out of murky, burning wastes into shady groves, where murmuring brooks and singing birds fill the air with Nature's melodies. So we rode wearily over the eastern slope of the Anti-Libanus, where the Arabs extorted stunted crops from the meagre soil. The enervating sirocco had infused langor into every limb, until respiration itself almost required an effort. From a sterile mountain eminence the vast plain of Damascus opened to our view, and the grand park which envelopes the capitol of Syria was opened out before us.

We encamped an hour from the city on the banks of the Pharphar. The next morning we rode through winding paths, among mulberry gardens, pomegranates, apricots, willows, and tall, silvery poplars. The air was redolent with sweet odors, turtles and cuckoos cooed and flew from tree to tree, the waters, led out into many irrigating channels, diffused a fresh breath into the atmosphere. We passed through a double archway into a broad irregular street in which grain merchants had piled up their possessions, and mechanics and manufacturers kept up a busy clattering. Another gate led us into a large burying-ground. The graves were all walled over, with small vases at the end, which contained water and a bunch of green leaves. Then we entered another street, rode through crowded bazaars, while our dragoman went before, shouting "to the right, to the left—on, on," to make way through the crowd, and took up our quarters in "the street called Straight," where Saul of Tarsus lodged when Ananias was sent to him.

Damascus is one of the oldest existing cities of the world. Hither

Abraham pursued the four kings and smote them at Hobah, "which is on the left of Damascus." His steward, Eleazor, was of Damascus. David vanquished and Solomon lost Damascus. The conversion of Saul near Damascus, by a miraculous interposition, associates it with one of the most remarkable events of New Testament history. The city at present has a population of 150,000 to 200,000. It is famous for its manufactures of silk. The Damascus steel, famous in all the world, is no longer made here. The streets are narrow and many of them roofed. They wind and crook into almost interminable lengths, lined with shops and bazaars containing every imaginable article of traffic. It was the month of Ramadan in which all strict Mahommedans fast. Between sunrise and sunset, not a morsel of meat or drink is tasted. To endure this severe privation with less discomfort the night is converted into a season of feasting. The cafes are crowded till after midnight, and social festivities are prolonged till morning. Towards morning they retire and sleep till towards noon and even later. About this time the bazaars were thronged with almost impenetrable masses. Two mule drivers met each other, one had to retreat to let the other pass. If a camel kneels under his torturing burden the narrow street is made impassable to all beasts of burden. When one rides through the street on horseback, his servant runs before him shouting, "to the right, to the left, on, on." Without this it would be impossible to get through the crowds without injuring them.

The houses are all built of unburnt brick. Outside they look like mud walls. We called on a wealthy Greek to get a peep into the domestic life of Damascus. We were led through a series of apartments of great splendor. The floors were of mosaic, and the walls ornamented with gold and inlaid with shining shells. Gorgeous as the whole looked from a certain distance, a closer examination disclosed many rude blemishes in the finish. We were then led into a large hall with an open front, and invited to seats on the divan, where coffee was served up and richly Narghiles to indulge in a few innocent whiffs. Smoking in the orient seems both a less filthy and injurious practice than in the occident. The narghile is a pipe in which the poison is extracted from the tobacco by making the smoke pass through water. It is singular how one accommodates himself to the most opposite customs of different countries. How ludicrous one would feel at home to squat down cross-legged on the floor of a splendid parlor and gravely suck smoke from a bottle of water through a two-yard-long hose, and instead of doffing his hat doing the agreeable by occasionally bringing his hand to his breast and head. The second house we called at resembled the first in its arrangement. The lady of the house received us, and attended by a servant showed us her shining apartments. She was handsomer than most of her sex here. She had a profusion of gold coins braided into her hair, which dangled carelessly over her shoulders, while her head was wreathed with a coronet of flowers. She walked on stilt shoes, which added six inches to her height and gave her a shuffling step. The general arrangement of all the houses is the same. A small door admits you into a very ordinary entry, which leads into a square open court in the interior. In the centre of this fountains play into a reservoir, where trees and fruit diffuse their flavor and flowers their balmy fragrance around. Oranges bloom

while they are yellow with ripe fruits. Around the square court all the apartments extend with windows opening upon it. There are no windows on the outside. All the domestic life and comforts are inside of the mud wall, like a city within its fortifications. The rude exterior contrasts strangely with the profusion of comfort and embellishment of the interior. One of the most splendid houses I saw in Damascus, that of a Jewish millionaire, had the outside appearance of a mud-plastered enclosure, while the interior vies with the splendor of royalty.

To see an assemblage of the social life of Damascus, we visited a large cafe one night. A vast crowd had collected in a somewhat rude apartment, with fountains playing into a central reservoir as usual. In the centre was an elevated platform on which a small band entertained the crowd with screeching music. The most were smoking. From an occidental point of view, it was a dry affair—much smoke and little talk. But these people have their own way of making themselves agreeable. Of course there were no females present. On ordinary occasions woman is excluded from the social enjoyments. Her social privileges are little better than those of her slaves. She is even denied a place in the Moslem religion.

The Mohammedans are scrupulously frequent in their ablutions. To the thoroughness of their baths I can bear testimony from experience. Calling at a large bathing establishment one morning, I was led into a large hall, with, of course, the omnipresent fountain and reservoir in the centre, over which was a lofty dome painted with trees, cottages and gushing springs. I was led on a raised platform, wrapped in towels, and asked to thrust my feet into stilt shoes; then with a man at each arm, led like a prisoner through a series of marble-paved rooms, each successive one growing hotter, until the hot vapor made me sweat most profusely. I was set down beside a basin under a deluge of water, which at the time felt as if it would scorch the skin off; then a lank, muscular Syrian, laid me down and scraped me with something like a worn off fuller's card. Then he poured a tub full of lather on my head, and then made me pass through the squashing operation of two strong rubbers. Then followed another shower of hot water. Then I was led back into the first chamber where I passed into new hands and was muffled in fresh towels and laid on a divan. Then a fellow pulled at my skin as if to pull it loose from the body, twisted my fingers and toes to crack the joints, and scraped the soles of my feet. Rolled into dry sheets I was laid on a divan, and while resting from their well-meant tortures, they brought me a glass of sherbet, a kind of ice lemonade. It being the fasting season of the Mohammedans, this was given as a special favor. I then began to feel the luxury of the operation. A sense of fresh, buoyant life, seemed to enter at every pore. It is quite natural that one should feel as if he had never been clean before, after such a scorching, fulling, lathering, joint-cracking, skin-tearing, bone-stretching operation.

The American missionaries at Damascus have a difficult field to cultivate. They labor chiefly among the Greek and Roman Catholics and the Jews. A Mohammedan changes his religion at the peril of his life. They have collected an encouraging little congregation, among whom are several men of marked influence. From a lofty mountain top we took a last view of Damascus, on the morning we left. The vast plantation of

trees around through which the limpid waters of Pharphar and Abana murmur along, give it a charming situation. The waters of these streams are so clear as to furnish a reason that a natural man of the world, like Naaman, the Syrian, should regard them better for ablution than the muddier waters of the Jordan. "Are not Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel." We traveled northward over the hills of Anti-Libanus. Out of its many valleys come brooks lined with tall poplars and narrow strips of vegetation; above all is sterile. These form a large river which dashes and rolls wildly over rocks and strews along its banks rich crops. The second day we reached Baalbeck, famous for its graceful ruins. The temple of Baal is in a tolerable state of preservation. The wall is still entire, and a number of the lofty columns which once surrounded it remain in their places. The style is of the Corinthian order. The foliage carved on the chapters and ceiling around the columns is still very perfect, and shows what progress the ancients had made in the art of sculpture. The remains of a much larger temple adjoining this are equally remarkable. Six lofty columns tower high over the other ruins, with their tops joined by a cornice. They are unsupported at the top and their bases have been chiseled and narrowed away, still they stand in spite of time and war. Several stones in the walls were from 60 to 70 feet in length, and from 8 to 10 feet high. The next morning I found one in the quarry 75 feet long and from 12 to 15 feet high. It was still a part of the solid rock chiseled down to the base.

Baalbeck is situated in Cœlo-Syria, or the valley of the Lebanon. It is well cultivated, but a severe winter has thinned the crops. The following day we rode down through this beautiful valley, through villages marked with industry and thrift—thrift, in an eastern sense. Sometimes 100 ploughmen were busy on 20 or 30 acres of ground, while their women were making manure into cakes and spreading it on the house-tops to dry for fuel. Many streams come from Lebanon, which are skillfully employed to irrigate their lands, all of which pour into the Orontes, which also serves it the grand purpose of irrigation. The valley abounds with an universal variety of wild flowers, among which I noticed with pleasure our own dandelion. The top of Lebanon was still covered with snow which swelled the streams to unusual size. We encamped on the mountain, and the next day crossed it to Beyroot. As we rode towards the top sky-larks poured forth their morning song in their upward flight. Arrived at the summit of a hill, we got the first view of Beyroot 25 miles off, far down, embowered among trees by the sea-side. The Mediterranean looked so blue that its color imperceptibly blended with the sky, so as to make it impossible to see where the sea ended and the sky commenced. The white sails on the distant blue seemed to float skyward. A dense vapor-cloud came sweeping up the mountain-side and rolled around us like a sheet. There are no cedars in this part of Lebanon. The only remaining cedars are several days farther north which the large quantity of snow renders inaccessible at present. The path across the mountain here, though a great thoroughfare between Beyroot and Damascus, is almost impassable. It looks as if the weather and wear had had their own way here for centuries. At noon we spread our rug in a khan to rest and refresh ourselves. These khans in the East

correspond to our taverns. One finds them in all quarters for the entertainment of travelers. The one in which we now were had two apartments. While we were seated on the ground, a fire was burning on a raised hearth in the wall. The smoke worked itself out of doors as best it could, without a chimney. The low ceiling was charred like a smoke house.

At length, after crossing many hills, always hoping the next to be the last, over rocks, and steps, and passes, we came to the base, and rode merrily through the shady lawns towards Beyroot. How sweet rest was that night, toil-worn by a long journey, and this last and hardest day. Not because we were tired of tent-life. I felt sad to part with this independent, primitive mode of life. We spent the last night in our tents on Lebanon. With what singular emotion we looked back over a more than two months journey. How the Lord had spread a table of countless mercies in the desert; and then, as at the close of day, we sat at the door of our tents, how we spoke of our homes on earth, and homes in heaven, and thought of Montgomery stanzas :

“While in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A days’ march nearer home.”

Then how peaceful and quiet our tent-abode in Palestine and Syria. Well all this we spoke and prayed about that last night in the tent on Lebanon. And then we read and spoke over the 104th Psalm, which speaks of the vapor clouds, and brooks that run down from it and the sea and ships you see from it. But for all this I was glad to reach Beyroot. From Damascus already my heart beat lightly, because we had reached the most Eastern point of our tour, and tacked about westward. And when I heard the puff of the steamer at Beyroot it seemed as if our remaining journey was to be but short. But this charming town of Beyroot is worthy of a word. A large city dispersed among mulberry plantations on a hill rising towards the base of the Lebanon, it is not the least of green spots in Syria. We stopped at a hotel at the southern end, on the sea coast, where we heard the incessant roar of the breaker’s dash. Swallows chattered cheerily over our steamer table. From the verandah the city spread out beautifully to view, and the village-dotted Lebanon rose over it in the distance, with green fields smiling down from the hill-tops. This side of the mountain is as well cultivated as the mountains of Switzerland. Wherever there is an accessible spot, however small, that can be cleared of stones, it must bear its few stocks of wheat.

A French steamer in the Mediterranean and a tent on the wide plains of the desert are two different things. When we came on board we found the deck peopled with 300 or 400 Mecca pilgrims, while the so-called first-class passengers were packed together, four in a room of 8 feet square. The pilgrims filled the deck with a scene more picturesque than pleasant. In day-time, when each needed but a small spot to stand or sit on, they had room enough. But when they came to recline at night, wedging themselves into all corners, trying to straighten their limbs, without room to do it, there was no little shifting, and many were the complaints and demurrings muttered for want of room. Notwith-

standing this throng they found room to perform their devotions. It is remarkable how scrupulous these Moslems are in saying their prayers. They allow no place nor circumstances to interfere with their religion. I have seen the banker spread his coat on his counter when the hour of prayer arrived, and kneel on it and say his prayers; and the sailor would kneel on the prow of his ship and do the same; and the shepherd at even-tide would let his flock wander mid-way home, spread his tunic on the bank of a brook and pray; and at Damascus I have seen them coming out of the bath and performing their devotions before attending to their toilette. This is only confined to the more zealous class. There are many professed Moslems whom one never sees praying outside of the Mosque.

Our steamer passed along the coast of Palestine. On our second day we passed in sight of Mount Carmel, and stopped at several houses at Joppa, the Joppa of the Bible. The sea is usually turbulent along here. The boats that came out to us skipped over the billows half-on-ends. The town spreads over a hill, which brings it into clear view from the sea. Around it opens a vast plain, limited by a chain of distant mountains. This harbor of Joppa is almost constantly in a state of uproar. The sea is often so high along here that steamers cannot land their passengers for this port. The "mighty tempest" which overtook Jonah here could make terrible havoc with a sea that is rough enough in its calmest mood. While our ship lay at anchor my imagination saw this fugitive prophet take his departure here. In this harbor he met a ship going to Tarshish, perhaps the *Tarsus* of Saul. Paid his fare just as people do now when they procure their passage before they start. The harbor was rough and he became sleepy, which a person always does after the first attack of sea sickness, when the bile is stirred up. I have seen scores of passengers fallen asleep on their seats, and some even standing, an hour or two after the boat started. Even our Saviour fell asleep on the Sea of Galilee during a storm. Why? Would it be saying too much that his human body suffered in a measure these unpleasant sensations? It would show that he was really a man.

On the sea-side, somewhere along the edge of the water right before us, was the house of Simon the tanner, where Peter lodged when he saw the vision. Two days more brought us to Alexandria, in whose harbor we tarried three days. Three months before, we passed through here. Then the city seemed odd and filthy. Now it looks as familiar as London or New York. It seemed strange to see carriages and other vehicles again. Since we had left Cairo, in Egypt, we had seen no vehicle of any sort, except a single old cart at Jerusalem. We tarried a day at Malta, sailed along the coasts of Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, and are now on our last day to Marseilles.

At Alexandria the debarking of our Moslem pilgrims left us more deck-room, enough to perform all the sullen, ill-humored antics which the sea inspired. Strange deck-scenes we had during those squally days. There we roasted and groaned out our long disgustful days in a sort of a marine limbo. A torpid, pouting, half-cross, half-waking, half-dreaming state, filled with visions of the goodlier things of a better land. Well, a man ought to make life's voyage over some rough seas. The calm will taste the sweeter afterwards. Homeward-bound! Yes, home-

ward still these wild waves ripple us. We are approaching France, then another ocean is to be crossed, and Columbia's shores will invite us home.

"I've wander'd on thro' many a clime where flowers of beauty grow,
Where all was blissful to the heart and lovely to the view,
I've seen them in their twilight pride, and in their dress of morn,
But none appeared so sweet to me as the spot where I was born."

I cannot tell you, reader, where, precisely, this letter was written. Somewhere from Alexandria to Marseilles—not at any one place. For, on this shifting scene of steamboat life, where one is screwed over the water, whether he sleeps or wakes, eats or writes, it is not easy to give to his date "a local habitation and a name." To make certain I will then give you the Mediterranean as my present habitat, which is large and broad enough to date a letter from, ended this 23rd day of May, 1857.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah! though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams, to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But be not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross:
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.

THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

SKETCH FOR MOTHERS.

"There! a woman's work is never done," said Mrs. James; "I thought for once, I was through; but just look at that lamp, now! it will not burn, and I must go and spend half an hour over it."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good natured laugh.

"Yes"—rose to her lips, but was checked by a glance at the group upon the floor, where her husband was stretched out, and two little urchins with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were climbing and tumbling over him, as if they found in this play the very essence of fun.

She did say, "I should like the good, without the evil, if I could have it."

"You have no evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. What would you think, if you could not get an uninterrupted half hour to yourself, from morning till night? I believe you would give up trying to do anything."

"There is no need of that; all you want, is *system*. If you arranged your work systematically, you would find that you could command your time."

"Well," was the reply, "all I wish is that you could just follow me around for one day, and see what I have to do. If you could reduce it all to system, I think you would show yourself a genius."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had employed the "half-hour," in meditating on this subject.

"Wife," said he, as she came in, "I have a plan to propose to you, and I wish you to promise me beforehand, that you will accede to it. It is to be an experiment, I acknowledge, but I wish it to have a fair trial. Now, to please me, will you promise?"

Mrs. James hesitated. She felt almost sure that his plan would be quite impracticable, for what does a man know of a woman's work? yet she promised.

"Now I wish you," said he, "to set apart two hours of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going to your room and locking yourself in; and also make up your mind to let the work which is not done, go undone, if it must. Spend this time on just those things which will be most profitable to yourself. I shall bind you to your promise for one month—then, if it has proved a failure, we will devise something else."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow."

The morrow came. Mrs. James had chosen the two hours before dinner as being on the whole, the most convenient and the least liable to interruption. They dined at one o'clock. She wished to finish her morning work, get dressed for the day and enter her room at eleven.

Hearty as were her efforts to accomplish this, the hour of eleven

found her with her work but half done; yet, true to her promise, she left all, retired to her room and locked the door.

With some interest and hope, she immediately marked out a course of reading and study for these two precious hours; then, arranging her table, her books, pen and paper, she commenced a schedule of her work with much enthusiasm. Scarcely had she dipped her pen in ink, when she heard the tramping of little feet along the hall, and then a pounding at her door.

"Mamma! mamma! I can not find my mittens, and Hannah is going to slide without me."

"Go to Amy, my dear; mamma is busy."

"No Amy busy too; she say she can't leave baby."

The child began to cry, still standing close to the fastened door. Mrs. James knew the easiest, and indeed the only way of settling the trouble, was to go herself and hunt up the missing mittens. Then a parley must be held with Frank, to induce him to wait for his sister, and the child's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be all set right before the children went out to play; and so favorable an opportunity must not be suffered to slip, without impressing on the young minds the importance of having a "place for everything, and everything in its place;" this took time; and when Mrs. James returned to her study, her watch told her that *half* her portion had gone. Quietly resuming her work, she was endeavoring to mend her broken train of thought, when heavier steps were heard in the hall, and the fastened door was once more besieged. Now, Mr. James must be admitted.

"Mary," said he, "can not you come and sew a string on for me? I do believe there is not a bosom in my drawer in order and I am in a great hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago."

The schedule was thrown aside, the work-basket taken, and Mrs. James followed him. She soon sewed on the tape, but then a button needed fastening—and at last a rip in his glove was to be mended. As Mrs. James stitched away on the glove, a smile lurked about the corners of her mouth, which her husband observed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked he.

"To think how famously your plan works."

"I declare!" said he, "this is your study hour! I am sorry, but what can a man do? He can not go down town without a shirt bosom!"

"Certainly not," said his wife, quietly.

When her liege lord was fairly equipped and off, Mrs. James returned to her room. A half an hour yet remained to her, and of that she determined to make the most. But scarcely had she resumed her pen, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned from walking out with the baby, and she had entered the nursery with him, that she might get him to sleep. Now it happened that the only room in the house which Mrs. James could have to herself with a fire, was the one adjoining the nursery. She had become so accustomed to the ordinary noise of the children that it did not disturb her; but the very extraordinary noise which master Charley sometimes felt called upon to make when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, did disturb the unity of her thoughts. The words which she was reading rose and fell with the screams and lulls of the child, and she felt obliged to

close her book, until the storm was over. When quiet was restored in the cradle, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers—and just as she was going to them, the dinner bell rang.

“How did your new plan work this morning?” inquired Mr. James.

“Famously,” was the reply; “I read about seventy pages of German, and as many more in French.”

“I am sure *I* did not hinder you long.”

“No—yours was only one of a dozen interruptions.”

“O, well! you must not get discouraged. Nothing succeeds well the first time. Persist in your arrangement, and by and by the family will learn that if they want anything of you, they must wait until after dinner.”

“But what can a man do?” replied his wife; “he cannot go down town without a shirt bosom.”

“I was in a bad case,” replied Mr. James, “it may not happen again. I am anxious to have you try the month out faithfully, and then we will see what has come of it.”

The second day of trial was a stormy one. As the morning was dark, Bridget overslept, and consequently breakfast was too late by an hour. This lost hour Mrs. James could not recover. When the clock struck eleven, she seemed but to have commenced her morning work, so much remained to be done. With mind disturbed and spirits depressed, she left her household matters “in the suds,” as they were, and punctually retired to her study. She soon found, however, that she could not fix her attention upon any intellectual pursuit. Neglected duties haunted her, like ghosts around the guilty conscience. Perceiving that she was doing nothing with her books, and not wishing to lose the morning wholly, she commenced writing a letter. Bridget interrupted her before she had proceeded far on the first page.

“What, ma’am shall we have for dinner? No marketing ha’n’t come.”

“Have some steaks, then.”

“We ha’n’t got none, ma’am.”

“I will send out for some, directly.”

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh she put down her letter and went into the nursery.

“Amy, Mr. James has forgotton our marketing. I should like to have you run over to the provision store, and order some beef-steaks. I will stay with the baby.”

Amy was not much pleased to be sent out on this errand. She remarked, that “she must change her dress first.”

“Be as quick as possible,” said Mrs. James, “for I am particularly engaged at this hour.”

Amy neither obeyed, nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time, without any very deliberate intention to do so. Mrs. James hoping to get along with a sentence or two, took her German book into the nursery. But this arrangement was not to master Charley’s mind. A fig did he care for German, but “the kitties” he must have, whether or no—and kitties he would find in that particular book—so he turned over its leaves in great haste. Half of the time on the second day of trial had gone, when Amy returned and Mrs. James with a sigh left her nursery. Before one o’clock, she was twice called into the kitchen to super-

intend some important dinner arrangement, and thus it turned out that she did not finish one page of her letter.

On the third morning the sun shone, and Mrs. James rose early, made every provision which she deemed necessary for dinner, and for the comfort of her family; and then elated by her success, in good spirits, and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock, and locked her door. Her books were opened and the challenge given to a hard German lesson. Scarcely had she made the first onset, when the door bell was heard to ring, and soon Bridget coming nearer and nearer—then tapping at the door.

"Somebodies wants to see you in the parlor, ma'am."

"Tell them I am engaged, Bridget."

"I told 'em you were to-home, ma'am, and they sent up their names, but I hain't got 'em jist."

There was no help for it—Mrs. James must go down to receive her callers. She had to smile when she felt little like it—to be sociable when her thoughts were busy with her task. Her friends made a long call—they had nothing else to do with time, and when they went, others came. In very unsatisfactory chit-chat, her morning slipped away.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and her morning was devoted to preparing for it; she did not enter her study. On the day following, a sick headache confined her to her bed, and on Saturday the care of the baby devolved upon her, as Amy had extra work to do. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month, in her efforts to secure for herself this little fragment of her broken time, but with what success, the first week's broken history can tell. With its close closed the month of December.

On the last day of the year, she was so much occupied in her preparations for the morrow's festival, that the last hour of the day was approaching before she made her good-night's call to the nursery. She first went to the crib, and looked at the baby. There he lay in his innocence and beauty, fast asleep. She softly stroked his golden hair—she kissed gently his rosy cheek—she pressed the little dimpled hand in hers, and then, carefully drawing the coverlet over it, tucked it in, and stealing yet another kiss—she left him to his peaceful dreams and sat down on her daughter's bed. She also slept sweetly, with her doll hugged to her bosom. At this her mother smiled, but soon grave thoughts entered her mind, and these deepened into sad ones. She thought of her disappointment, and the failure of her plans. To her, not only the past month, but the whole year, seemed to have been one of fruitless effort—all broken and disjointed—even her hours of religious duty had been encroached upon and disturbed. She had accomplished nothing, that she could see, but to keep her house and family in order, and even this, to her saddened mind, seemed to have been but indifferently done. She was conscious of yearnings for a more earnest life than this. Unsatisfied longings for something which she had not attained, often clouded what, otherwise, would have been a bright day to her; and yet the causes of these feelings seemed to lie in a dim and misty region, which her eye could not penetrate.

What then did she need? To see some *results* from her life's work?

To know that a golden cord bound her life-threads together into *unity* of purpose—notwithstanding they seemed, so often, single and broken?

She was quite sure that she felt no desire to shrink from any duty, however humble, but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what *was duty*. Her employments, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous and useless. It seemed to her that there was some better way of living, which she, from deficiency in energy of character, or of principle, had failed to discover. As she leaned over her child, her tears fell fast upon its young brow.

Most earnestly did she wish that she could shield that child from the disappointments, and mistakes, and self-reproach, from which the mother was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her—all mended by her own experience. It would have been a comfort to have felt, that in fighting the battle she had fought for both; yet she knew that so it could not be—that for ourselves must we all learn what are those things which “make for our peace.”

The tears were in her eyes as she gave the good night to her sleeping daughter; then with soft steps she entered an adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek, which nestled among the pillows. At length, she sought her own rest.

Soon, she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain. No trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon, and on their broad tops rested wreaths of golden clouds. Before her was a female, who was journeying towards that region of light. Little children were about her, now in her arms, now running by her side, and as they traveled she occupied herself in caring for them. She taught them how to place their feet; she gave them timely warnings of the pitfalls; she gently lifted them over the stumbling-blocks. When they were weary, she soothed them by singing of that brighter land, which she kept ever in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable, was, that, all unknown to her, she was constantly watched by two angels, who reposed on two golden clouds which floated above her. Before each was a golden book, and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over her *right* shoulder; another kept as strict watch over her *left*. Not a deed, not a word, not a look escaped their notice. When a good deed, word, look, went from her, the angel over the *right* shoulder with a glad smile wrote it down in his book; when an evil, however trivial, the angel over the *left* shoulder recorded it in his book; then with sorrowful eyes followed the pilgrim until he observed penitence for the wrong, upon which he dropped a tear on the record and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced.

To the looker-on, it seemed that the traveler did nothing which was worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her little children, but the angel over the *right* shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but soothe an angry feeling or raise a drooping eye-lid, or kiss away a little grief; but the angel over the *right* shoulder *wrote it down*.

Sometimes her eye was fixed so intently on that golden horizon, and she became so eager to make progress thither, that the little ones, missing her care, did languish or stray. Then it was that the angel over

the *left shoulder* lifted his golden pen and made an entry, and followed her with sorrowful eyes until he could blot it out. Sometimes she seemed to advance rapidly, but in her haste the little ones had fallen back, and it was the sorrowing angel who recorded her progress. Sometimes so intent was she to gird up her loins and have her lamp trimmed and burning, that the little children wandered away quite into forbidden paths, and it was the angel over the *left shoulder* who recorded her diligence.

Now the observer, as she looked, felt that this was a faithful and true record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. The strong clasps of gold on those golden books also impressed her with the conviction, that when they were closed it would only be for a future opening.

Her sympathies were warmly enlisted for the gentle traveler, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps that she might overtake her. She wished to tell her of the angels keeping watch above her; to entreat her to be faithful and patient to the end; for her life's work was all written down, every item of it, and the *results* would be to know when those golden books should be unclasped. She wished to beg of her to think no duty trivial which must be done, for over her right shoulder and over her left were recording angels who would surely take note of all!

Eager to warn the traveler of what she had seen, she touched her. The traveler turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, *herself*. Startled, and alarmed, she awoke in tears. The gray light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in—

"Wish you a happy new year, mamma,"—"Wish you a *Happy New Year*,"—"a happy noo ear."

She returned the merry greeting most heartily. It seemed to her as if she had entered upon a new existence. She had found her way through the thicket in which she had been entangled, and a light was now about her path. The *angel over the right shoulder*, whom she had seen in her dream, would bind up in his golden book her life's work, if it were but well done. He required of her no great deeds, but faithfulness and patience to the end of the race which was set before her. Now she could see plainly enough that, though it was right and important for her to cultivate her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important to meet and perform faithfully all those little household cares and duties on which the comfort and virtue of her family depended; for into these things the angels carefully looked, and these duties and cares acquired a dignity from the strokes of that golden pen—they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts and sadder misgivings—undefined yearnings and ungratified longings, seemed to have taken their flight with the old year, and it was with fresh resolution and cheerful hope, and a happy heart, she welcomed the *glad New Year*. The *angel over the right shoulder* would go with her, and if she were found faithful, would strengthen and comfort her to its close.

MANY a brilliant reputation resembles a pageant—showy and unsubstantial, attracting the acclamations of the crowd, and forgotten as soon as it has passed.

CHRISTMAS IN OUR CHILDHOOD HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR Christmas at home was in the country. For in rural regions, and not in cities, did our spirit receive those early impressions from scenery and social life which still lie deeply engraven upon it in pictures of beauty and visions of "joy for ever." Among these pictures is the Christmas of our childhood, bright and distinct amid all others, as the star of Bethlehem among the stars, and like it always leading us to the manger where the divine babe lay.

Children raised in towns and cities may have known a more brilliant Christmas. They may have had richer and more varied gifts hung upon their Christmas tree; but our Christmas, we are sure, was just as happy. Yea, we hesitate not to say that our joys were more truly native to the heart, and fresher, even as those flowers that grow in their own free soil are more beautiful and fragrant than the house plants which cheer the material monotony of a city home.

Our Christmas had its advent. It came not suddenly upon us; but, like the Saviour's coming at first, it was longed for and expected. It began even earlier than that which the church celebrates during four preceding weeks. It was ushered in with the first opening of chestnut burrs, the falling of hickory nuts and walnuts, and the gathering in of the large, solid winter apples. For were not all these gathered in "for Christmas?" Was it not a rule that the nuts should not be disturbed in the place where they were put to dry until Christmas! Were not the finest apples laid in a berth by themselves "for Christmas?" Yea, was it not known to all "the boys and girls," that the largest and finest in the covey of turkeys, as he marched majestically in the barn-yard, was already consecrated as an offering to minister to the grateful joy and the free cheerfulness of the Christmas dinner? Verily, I say unto you, all these things were known; and, as they aided when the time came to make Christmas a happy occasion, so they contributed to awaken a glad anticipation of that joyful day in our youthful hearts.

Did all our thoughts of Christmas revolve around the hope of eating a turkey and cracking nuts by the cheerful Christmas fire? Did we not think of it, and joyfully expect it, and long for it, as the festival of our Saviour's birth? Of course we knew of this as children do, and thought of it as children think. You, friendly reader, must not imagine yourself more pious than we were, because our Advent was so much animated by an expected enjoyment of the "kindly fruits" of the earth. Are not these His gifts? Did not our parents give us these things to enjoy at that time, because He whose birth was celebrated, not only gives all good gifts, but also opens the hearts of parents, by the grace which He brought, to give these gifts to their children? Were we not taught that the Christ-Kindle brought the very gifts which made us glad on Christmas. Yea, though we gathered the nuts and the apples, and fed

the turkey, yet were these the very gifts which He brought us on that happy day. We were told this, and we thought of it, as children think. The fruits which our hands had gathered and laid away for Christmas, came to be sacredly consecrated in their retired places even while we waited for the time when they should be given us; and when that time came received them as from the Christ-Kindle. Was not this pious? Did not we receive the things of his kingdom as little children? Would it not be well for some grown persons—perhaps for you, reader—if you could enjoy your Christmas blessings with the same simple faith and child-like piety!

We have said these reserved gifts received a kind of sacredness whilst they were lying in wait for the coming joy; and that we associated this consecration with them at Christmas. Indeed every thing associated with that day of solemn festivity also partook of this same character. In whatever way it may have gotten there, sure it is that our hearts were filled with a singular sense of some supernatural presence lingering around on Christmas. Amid the joy there was a subduing solemnity. Though there was nothing of superhuman character visible, unless it was the gentle Christ-Kindle, who came mildly with his gifts, yet there seemed “A dreamy presence everywhere, as if of spirits passing to and fro!” and we are not sure but the strange sense of supernatural nearness may have been created by the fanning of unseen wings in the air around. We would much rather believe this, than take for granted that all our Christmas feelings in youth were mere dreams of superstition. Later and more earnest thoughts on the relation and sympathies of heaven and earth, leave us still firm in the belief that the “vision of angels” which attended our Saviour’s advent to earth in a visible manner, may be repeated as really, though intangible to the senses, when ever His advent is celebrated with a joyful and childlike faith. Sorry should we be to see the day when this is no more felt in pious families and communities, or when we ourselves should miss it.

This much may serve as an answer to the question, whether we did not think of Christmas piously. Be it remarked, however, that this mysterious Christmas feeling did not sadden our youthful hearts, and take away our Christmas joy. If angels were near—we will not decide whether what seemed was real—we were all as cheerful as the shepherds who joined in their celestial songs. Though all was sacred, all was at the same time so sweetly natural; and it was as if a voice spake from the clear sky: “Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”

Even now there come to us, over the waste of years, pleasant memories of Christmas cheerfulness and unrestrained joy. Though a cold sheet of snow covered the fields and the mountains, and the sharp tingle of sleigh bells was heard ringing through the icy air, yet how warm and home-like was the scene within doors! A fire, such as was only known in what we now call the olden time, before the dull reign of coal began, blazed upon the wide, deep hearth. The broad, old-fashioned stone pavement, between the fire and the floor, afforded abundant room for the most extensive nut-cracking operations. The “ancient people” in the house, preferred their chestnuts boiled; and for their accommodation a kettle swung over the blaze. The “young folks” favored roasting, and

for this business the inside of a large, ten-plate stove, furnished admirable facilities; and not a little did we joy to watch them while one and another hissed, and bursted, and ran like a crazy bombshell over the floor, amid leaping, and shouting, and clapping of hands.

"Odd or even" was a pleasant Christmas play. This was generally reserved for the evening. Then, gathering around the table, the game began. "What was it?" do you ask. Greatly do we pity you, that you did not learn it when you were a child; and sorry are we that you do not remember it among the Christmas recollections of your early life. It was this: It took two to play it. One would secretly lay one or more nuts in the palm of his one hand and cover them with the other. His associate must now guess whether the number thus hid is "odd or even." If he guess right, the nuts are his. If he miss it, he must lay into the hand of the other a nut to make it what he guessed. Thus the play goes on till one or the other is "broken up"—that is, has lost all his nuts.

"What a simple and childish play that is," you say. Well, it is for children, not for you. But it would not even hurt you to relax, at times, your severity and dignity, that you might fall in a little with the spirit of the child-like and simile. 'Children are children; and they are pleased with little things, not with great things. See to it that you do not rob them of that which belongs to their years. Let them enjoy their little things, so shall they not become morose in their silence, and plan mischief. The time of care and gloomy brows will come soon enough.

Those happy Christmas times are past; but glad are we that they once existed, for so their memory remains; and we are not a little successful every year when Christmas comes in reproducing them, and to bringing back fragments and fragrance from vanished joy and glory. As the old soldier, long after the war, delights to "shoulder his crutch and show how fields are won," so we find not the least of our pleasure on Christmas days, to recall amid our own group of playful children the scenes of Christmas seasons that are gone forever with our childhood, and in making every effort to enter into the spirit of their joys and plays, so as to become, as far as possible, a happy child again.

A M O M E N T .

A moment is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot!
How much of life, we cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their Magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness,
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
'That time of them is taking.
How frequent mourns the funeral knell,
What noble heart is breaking,
While myriads to their tomb descend
Without a mourner, creed or friend.

G O N E H O M E .

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ANNA C. REICHARD.

BY GINOSKO.

SHE is no more.
The light that once our home illumed is quenched
Beneath the power of Death's all-conquering arm.
He opened in our hearts a fount of grief
Which naught but Heaven's benignant smile can heal.
Slowly and gently, day by day, she sank,
Serenely gliding into Death's embrace.

I mind me well the hour she passed away :
At eve, while earth was clad in snowy white,
And from the western sky the sun beamed forth
To gild once more the lonely home of grief.
A flush of golden rays through the open
Window poured, and in rosy light baptized
That weeping band, and on the sufferers cold
And pallid brow a last farewell in holy
Radiance kissed.
She saw the brilliant orb of day behind
The far-off, gorgeous hills in glory sink,
And knew, that ere the light her chamber sought
At coming dawn, her spirit, robed in garb
Immortal, in the courts of Paradise
Should stand !

And now the solemn hour was fully come.
Sad and sorrowing, weeping much, her friends drew
Round the sufferer's couch to watch the fluttering
Spirit struggle to flee its frail abode.
Paternal hands her pillow gently pressed,
And o'er her bent a faithful sister's form ;
On her hollow cheeks and wasted temples,
Affections tears profusely fell from those
Who held her dear as life.
When Death, with icy-hand, her heart-strings rent,
And with his withering breath her life-blood chilled
And fearful darkness o'er her vision spread ;
She raised her glassy eyes once more to those
She fondly loved, and whispering faint and low,
She said "I'm almost home !" One moan—the last!—
Announced to all that Death, the victor stern,
His fatal work had done.
Through all her struggles with the giant foe,
She lisped no words so pure, so musical
And 'sweet as those she syllabled in death.
Like dew from Heaven's celestial bowers they laved
The stricken, fainting hearts of those who stood
In tearful silence round her dying couch.

At home with Jesus! Blessed thought! how pure
 The joy that thrills the Soul to think that she,
 The beauteous flower we nourished with our love,
 Drinks endless bliss from Life's perennial spring.
 At home for aye amid that holy throng,
 To bask in Heaven's own light through endless years.
 O, God! for such unfading hope we praise
 Thy ever-blessed name, and humbly bow
 Submissive to Thy will.

UNION DEPOSIT, Dauphin co., Pa.

SHOULD I STUDY LAW OR DIVINITY?

B Y N .

It is natural for the young man to look forward to determine the arena on which he may put into full activity the combined powers of his mind and body. He tries to pierce, with his mental eyes, the veil that is drawn before the *arcanum* of the future, to discover, if possible, *himself*, as it were, duplicated in another body, decorated with fame and honor, and in the full fruition of all his aspirations. This forms the burden of many a day-dream. The wish is generally father to the thought, and he, nearly always, fancies himself to have become that which his inclination and his ambition, aided by the formative power of the imagination may choose to make him. This is something like seeking the aid of a fortune-teller, yet, by this very process, are professions frequently selected by the young.

The question at the head of this article, intended to be put to the heart and to the conscience of the young man, is one of deep moment. It should always be his *first* business, when he puts it to himself, to endeavor to impress upon his mind its *magnitude and importance*, to foster a deep sense of the *responsibility* under which he rests while considering it, and also the *irrevocable nature* of the decision when once firmly made. To make it properly, the purposes and the ambition should be sanctified. The theorem should be: Know thyself, know thy duty, and then, in the fear of God, *do it*. Thus did the great Paul, thus did Zwingli and Luther; and youth should always have tutelar exemplars before its eyes, for its guidance and imitation.

It rarely falls to the lot of man to make this choice more than once, and if it does, it is perhaps only after the sacrifice of a large portion of the years of his life. Neither is it, then, any longer a *choice*. How important, then, that when it is yet "the day of small things," the question should be well pondered. A question so full of import demands a candid, a calm, a solemn, a prayerful consideration. How few give it such?

While we answer this question, it is very remote from our design to reflect discredit upon a profession that has so many claims upon the respect of mankind as that of the Law. Precedence is yielded to none,

in the admission, that it is an honorable one; that to the generous and aspiring mind of youth there are in it many and great attractions; that it has given to the world *multitudes* of great and honored names; that it presents an arena for the acquisition of temporal honor and emolument inferior to no other; that it is required by the necessities of mankind in its present condition; that within its ranks have, in all ages, with a few well marked exceptions, been found the guardians of civil liberty and the most active and readiest assertors and vindicators of human rights; that "an honest lawyer is one of the noblest works of God." It is conceded that the study of the law presents one of the finest fields for the training and exercise of the intellect that ever emanated from the mind of man, for "the law is the perfection of human reason." But—

"It is not all of life to live, or all of death to die."

The soul of man, by the providence and design of its All-wise Author, is endowed with very high capacities, which are given to him as a *talent* not to be hid in a napkin and laid away idle. Greatest among these is: not to scan and measure the vastness of the astronomic world, not to bring into knowledge and intellectual tangibility the microscopic wonders that lie teeming in the millioneth part of a drop of water, not to breathe almost miraculous life into the most intricate mechanism, not to eliminate deeply hidden truths in intellectual philosophy by the most subtle reasoning, but *to do good and glorify God*. It is the duty, therefore, of every young man to seek that field where this great faculty may find opportunity for its freest exercise. This is a well established rule of life, to come short in its fulfilment is to fail in the proper execution of that trust which has been reposed in us by the very conditions of our existence, and for which we must one day render an account at the bar of God. The man who is endowed with an active and educated intellect, is additionally accountable, and should not rest satisfied with the mere defence of innocence or the discovery and prosecution of guilt, the bringing of fraud to the light of day and within the sweep of the sword of justice, or with the administration of civil equity. These are laudable and highly necessary avocations, even when their exercise must be brought forth by inducements, pecuniary or otherwise selfish, as is generally the case with the legal practitioner.

But, in another point of view, what are these vocations, so performed, if even the most brilliant or the most upright of men be the actors (which would be conceding much,) when placed in juxtaposition with the vocation of the Gospel minister! In true dignity and true glory, the latter exceed the former far, very far. What are the duties of a lawyer, responsible and honorable as they are, in comparison with the simple but solemn duties of preaching the gospel, visiting the sick and distressed, encouraging the believer, or of pointing the erring child of earth to the Lamb of God and the bright scenes and unfading glories of the New Jerusalem. Than this, there is no vocation more honorable among right-minded men and more exalted in character—no ambition more holy or more worthy, nor one that can soar nearer, in its upward flight, to the pure light that beams around the throne of the Eternal, I Am. What are the plaudits of the populace before the self-approving conscience of a Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the

faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day;" the welcome which the Almighty himself pronounces to the good and faithful servant as he enters into the joys of the Lord. What is the knowledge, self-gratifying as it assuredly is, that you have compelled a dishonest man to disgorge what he robbed from the fatherless and the widow, or plucked from the grasp of fraud the honest property of another, or successfully defended innocence, or ferreted out crime, to the consciousness that by your pleadings at the throne of God, and by your instrumentality a soul hurrying to destruction was plucked almost from the burning that is everlasting; or that you have spoken the words of peace to a dying mortal, which have by the blessing of God enabled him or her to die a triumphant death.

What are the proudest triumphs of the greatest lawyer that ever held a brief to the humblest and obscurest duties of the minister of peace, though they may be within the ken of no mortal vision, if rendered in the true service of Christ. The former bring no such peace to the soul as do the latter. I would sooner be the true servant of my Master than a TANNEY upon the Supreme Bench. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." In them alone consists true glory and real dignity. But the young lawyer as he starts out in his professional career also encounters sad disappointments, perhaps more and greater than in any other, and which are very frequently fatal to his hopes. They crush the light out of many a bright eye and the life out of many a warm heart.

The evil passions and love of glory which dwell in the bosom of mankind, afford a sure support to the military man, from the Sergeant to the Lieutenant-general or Field-marshal. So the Navy. The physician, if skilful and attentive, must advance in his profession, because disease, the means of his success, is always at hand. But no matter how honest or well read, or otherwise entitled to the confidence of men, the lawyer has no guarantee of success in these qualifications. For, is it not a painful truth that the brazen and unscrupulous pettifogger will often, and generally does, outstrip the honest, conscientious and courteous lawyer, and leave him far in the rear, briefless and disappointed? In the profession of the law, more than in any other, is this the case. How many struggle for years bravely, and after all their efforts are compelled to relax their grasp and fall back into the dark waters of oblivion! how many are compelled to seek refuge in some other promising and profitable pursuit from the pinchings of poverty and want. Every station in life, from the boot-black or hack-driver of Australia or California, to the gospel ministry, numbers its quota of disappointed lawyers. Not to speak of the thousands who have been driven from the ranks of the profession by adverse circumstance, how many of the 300,000 whose names appear in the Legal Directory, and whose "signs" blaze on a thousand windows and doors, in every city, town and hamlet throughout the country, will realize a tithe of their expectations? How many will make fortunes or even acquire competences—or fill seats in the Legislative halls of the country—or attain distinction or renown, or even be known, professionally, beyond their own courts—or win the judicial ermine or the curule chair? Yet there are very few of them who, when first they took a chair in their preceptor's office, Blackstone in hand, before whose

mental vision did not flit a gaudy phantasmagoria of all these. Did not, many times, the mirror in their private chambers behold the austere dignity of a Marshall, the forensic displays of a Wirt or a Pinckney, the wrapt figure of a Preston or a Clay, or even the cavernous eyes or Jove-like brow of a Webster? But where are the realizations? Go, ask of the pale and careworn figure seated, anxious and expectant in some office, whose last quarter's rent is earnestly looked for in the tramp of every approaching foot passenger. Ask him whose office is neglected, his books covered with dust, and whose career, hopeful and bright in its morn, at last sets among dogs and in dissipation, horses or hilarity, gambling and gin! Or ask those young men and middle-aged too, seated briefless, numerous, and chewers of fine cut tobacco, within the bars of all our county court houses. Instead of being surrounded by daily crowds of clients showering golden fees upon him, or ranking at the head of the bar of his county, or of being elevated to a counsellorship in the Supreme Court of his State or of the Nation, the young practitioner frequently earns his bread by attending to an occasional \$5 audit, or by fighting through some assault and battery or surety of the peace case, the amusement of the vulgar and the annoyance of the bench, or by collecting claims on the principle of "so much if you gain, nothing if you lose," which, thus too often, after much trouble, vexation, time lost, and money spent, vanish into "thin air" in his hands.

Thus a great number of promising and even talented young men, who otherwise might become useful men, fade from view almost as completely as if they were laid in their graves. And, perhaps, many go down, in darkness, with the doom sounding in their ears: *they had far better never been born*. They are withdrawn from useful service in life, and so, negatively, much good is prevented. Yea, more; their influence and mode of life, which they subsequently exert and pursue, is productive of much evil. Had but a tithe of them entered the service of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, how much good might not have resulted! Many a spiritual waste might have bloomed as a garden and the desolate places of the earth made vocal and glad. Though they would perhaps not have laid up treasures upon earth, their reward would be in the consciousness of a well-spent life and the approval of their divine Master. Young man, if you would win a good conscience and solid happiness, reject the beggarly elements of this world. Pass by, with lofty virtue stamped on your brow, the gaudy, glittering, fascinating but deceitful allurements of life! And, although you may not have houses and lands here upon earth, yet "when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved you shall have a building of God, a dwelling not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

PARENTS, would you please your children,
Please them well and make them happy,
Make a Christmas-tree, and tell them
What it means, or merry Christmas.
That will please them—only try it.

POOR BOYS AND GREAT MEN.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a poor boy in the city of Oxford, England, whose business was to clean the boots of students in the University. He was compelled to resort to this menial employment to obtain the necessaries of life. He was an active, energetic, bright, generous lad, and he soon won the confidence of the students. Some of them proposed to instruct him a short time, every day, which proposition he accepted with delight. He surprised his teachers by his rapid progress. He lost not a moment, but gave himself so diligently and perseveringly to his studies, as to excite the admiration of all. Of course he was eminently successful. Every youth with the same excellent qualities will succeed in any laudable undertaking. This lad became the eloquent GEORGE WHITEFIELD, who preached the gospel to thousands upon thousands in the open fields. The favor of the students would have availed him nothing without his energy, industry, and perseverance. Indeed, it was these qualities in the boy, in connection with others, which first attracted the attention of the students.

Eighty years ago a boy was born in Salem, Massachusetts, of obscure parentage, and in very lowly circumstances. His mother died when he was ten years of age, though she lived long enough to impress his heart with the love of truth. His father was so poor that he could afford his boy but limited advantages to acquire an education. On account of his poverty this lad wore his summer clothes to school one winter, and became the laughing stock of the scholars. When only eleven or twelve years of age, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who kept him in the shop, though he allowed him a slate and pencil on his bench. Yet this boy improved every opportunity, and without teachers advanced daily in knowledge, and finally became the renowned mathematician, NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

Patrick Henry was the son of a poor man in Virginia. In early life he struggled hard with poverty, and gave little promise of distinction in any pursuit. But he finally devoted himself with energy and perseverance to his studies, and became the most gifted orator of his age.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a tallow-chandler in Boston. He was the youngest but two of seventeen children, and, leaving a poor father, penury was his lot. At ten years of age he was taken from school, and placed in his father's work-shop. Of course his early advantages were few, but he triumphed over every obstacle, by his own exertions, and placed himself in the front rank of philosophers.

Here, then, is a divine, a mathematician, a statesman, a philosopher, each of whom distinguished himself without any of those worldly advantages to which you often attach so much importance. The above may be taken as a few illustrations of a large part of honored men in the various departments of human effort.

We may add, in a word, that Vigil's father was a potter. Luther was the son of a poor miner, and Zwinglius of a shepherd. Bunyan's father was a traveling tinker. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and

Milton of a scrivener. Bloomfield, Gibbon, Glifford, Linnæus, Dr. Carey, and Roger Sherman, were shoemakers. Cowley was the son of a grocer, Pope of a linen draper, Collins of a hatter, Beattie and Butler of farmers, and Akenside and Henry Kirk White of butchers. Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber, John Hunter of a carpenter, and Scott, the commentator, of a glazier. The father of John Opie, the great English portrait painter, was a carpenter, and Opie was raised from the bottom of a saw-pit, where he was employed in cutting wood, to the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy.

BOOK NOTICES.

A LITURGY; OR, ORDER OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. Prepared and published by the direction and for the use of the German Reformed Church in the United States of America. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858.

This work is designed as a directory and help to public and private worship; and is the result of several years' earnest and prayerful labor. This labor, however, was not devoted to the composition of original forms, so much as to the digesting and reproduction of liturgical forms and services already at hand, both ancient and modern, with such modifications in the mode of expression and other minor details, as a change of time and of circumstances seemed to demand. Whilst the book, therefore, will be found redolent of the sweetest liturgical devotions of earlier times, it will also be found savory of the freshness of an original production. The spirit which has predominated in its preparation, is that of filial regard for everything good and true in past ages, joined to the spirit of genuine Christian liberty. In all cases in which older forms are used, the original Greek or Latin sources were consulted and followed.

This Liturgy has been prepared with primary reference to the Reformed Church in this country. At the same time, a mere glance at its contents will show that the book is wholly free from anything strictly denominational. Even the name of the Church under whose auspices it is published, occurs only on the title-page and in the advertisement; no other denominational allusions are found except in the few forms in which the doctrinal standard of the Reformed Church, the Heidelberg Catechism, had to be named. In this view, therefore, the new Liturgy commends itself to general favor and use. Any Christian clergyman, not hostile to all such forms, will find it offering to his hand helps of which he may most profitably avail himself. And in Christian families it is calculated to serve as a book of social and private devotions, suited to all the ordinary seasons and services of the Christian year. It contains twenty eight family prayers, covering morning and evening service for two weeks. It contains also 104 of the choicest of Hymns. The work is beautifully gotten up. The typography is faultless, and the binding is substantial black leather. Price in plain binding \$1 per copy or \$8 per dozen.

THE FATHERS OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. Vol. II. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Lancaster: Sprenger & Westhaeffer. pp. 400.

The first volume of this work is already before the church. The second volume is now ready. The price is the same as the first volume—\$1, retail. The usual deduction is made to such as buy wholesale. The size and style of getting up is uniform with the first volume. Address the publishers.

THE GUARDIAN.

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No. 2

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reading lessons in our Spelling Book flow in an earnest, priestly style. There is a sacred savor, a solemn anointing about them, which always reminds us of the Bible. This is not because it is old, but because its lessons are made up of old truths. It is not destitute of humor, but this is true humor, which always has a solemn background. When we look into our modern spelling books we find, in place of true humor, an attempt to be funny. Instead of the childlike we find the childish.

Those have not read aright the minds of children who think that they are not attracted by the sacred and solemn. It is the contrary with them. They are charmed even by what we regard as the plaintive. A description of the vanity of life, as set forth by the falling leaf and fading flower pleases them. It will be found that it is passages of this character that they most love in the Bible; and that the first poetry or Hymns, which lodge in their memories are of the plaintive order. The reader need only call up the recollections of his own childhood to convince himself of this fact.

Not only the solemn words, but the solemn style of the Bible pleases children. Why this is so may lie in a philosophy too deep for us to fathom and explain; but the fact is known and read of all observant men; and true it is, certainly, that its cultivation never makes them too grave and earnest as adults. It will be found rather that the silly are more apt to be morose, while such hearts as are most charmed by the plaintive are the more truly and sweetly attuned to serene and abiding cheerfulness. How great, therefore, is the mistake when it is attempted to interest children in reading by silly remarks, and simple, pointless stories about dogs, cats, pigs and monkeys, as is commonly done in what are given as the reading lessons in most of our "improved" spelling books.

These remarks are merely designed as preparatory to some specimens which we wish to give from the reading lessons in our old spelling book. How strangely have some of these, so solemn and priestly in style, lingered with us through all the years which now separate us from our child-

hood and school days. As a specimen of this style, and the solid and wholesome instruction contained in our spelling book, take the following

“PRECEPTS CONCERNING THE SOCIAL RELATIONS.

“Art thou a young man, seeking for a partner for life? Obey the ordinance of God, and become a useful member of society. But be not in haste to marry, and let thy choice be directed by wisdom.

“Is a woman devoted to dress and amusement? Is she delighted with her own praise, or an admirer of her own beauty? Is she given to much talking and loud laughter? If her feet abide not at home, and her eyes rove with boldness on the faces of men—turn thy feet from her, and suffer not thy heart to be ensnared by thy fancy.

“But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners; an accomplished mind and religion, united with sweetness of temper, modest deportment, and a love of domestic life; such is the woman who will divide the sorrows, and double the joys of thy life. Take her to thyself; she is worthy to be thy nearest friend, thy companion, the wife of thy bosom.

“Art thou a young woman, wishing to know thy future destiny? Be cautious in listening to the addresses of men. Art thou pleased with smiles and flattering words? Remember that man often smiles and flatters most, when he would betray thee.

“Listen to no soft persuasion, till a long acquaintance and a steady respectful conduct have given thee proof of the pure attachment and honorable views of thy lover. Is thy suitor addicted to low vices? is he profane? is he a gambler? a tippler? a spendthrift? a haunter of taverns? has he lived in idleness and pleasure? has he acquired a contempt for thy sex in vile company? and above all, is he a scoffer of religion?—Banish such a man from thy presence; his heart is false, and his hand would lead thee to wretchedness and ruin.

“Art thou a husband? Treat thy wife with tenderness and respect; reprove her faults with gentleness; be faithful to her in love; give up thy heart to her in confidence, and alleviate her cares.

“Art thou a wife? Respect thy husband; oppose him not unreasonably, but yield thy will to his, and thou shalt be blest with peace and concord; study to make him respectable, as well for thine own sake, as for his; hide his faults; be constant in thy love; and devote thy time to the care and education of the dear pledges of thy love.

“Art thou a parent? Teach thy children obedience; teach them temperance, justice, diligence in useful occupations; teach them science; teach them the social virtues, and fortify thy precepts by thine own example; above all, teach them religion. Science and virtue will make them respectable in this life—religion and piety alone can secure to them happiness in the life to come.

“Art thou a brother or a sister? Honor thy character by living in the bonds of affection with thy brethren. Be kind, be condescending. Is thy brother in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in distress, administer to her necessities and alleviate her cares.

“Art thou a son or a daughter? Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee. Piety in a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia, yea more delicious than odors wafted by western gales from a field of Arabian spices. Hear the words of thy father, for they are spoken for thy good: give ear to the admonitions of thy mother, for they proceed from her tenderest love. Honor their gray hairs, and support them in the evening of life: and thine own children, in reverence to thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love and duty.”

These are precisely the doctrines which the Guardian has ever earnestly inculcated. The hints given in this lesson on choice of a com-

panion for life cannot be too deeply pondered by the young. Every sentence could be turned into a text for a lengthy homily. We prefer, however, that each of our young readers should carefully reflect on the wholesome precepts it contains, and let their own thoughts preach to them.

This and such like choice lessons we used to receive as "tasks"—that is, we were required to commit them to memory. This custom has to a great extent vanished under the "improved" systems. Especially are children no more required, as a general thing, to commit to memory those forms of words which embody the fundamentals of religion, morality and social life—the Lord's Prayer, the creed, the commandments, the catechism, hymns, and prominent passages from the scripture, such as the Beatitudes, the baptismal formulary, and the words instituting the Lord's Supper, with the most familiar of the Psalms. These, it is said, ought to be learned in the family or in the Sunday school; but it is forgotten that many families have heads which care not for the religious instruction of their children, and neglect it entirely. Many children are never brought to Sunday school; and if they are, many Sunday schools are almost as secular as the week-day schools are made to be. But if ever the family and the Sunday school were active in this way, the least that can be asked of week-day schools is that they be co-workers in that kind of education which belongs to the highest wants and interests of the rising generation.

The duty of committing to memory has, however, not been banished wholly from the schools, only it has been directed into another channel. In some schools the child is required to commit to memory the text book almost word for word, and is required to recite it to the teacher, whose business it is thought consists in hearing it. The teacher receives rather than imparts. The hearing of the lesson is a recitation, rather than an education. The thinking, the judgment, is not sufficiently exercised. The child is made to remember the shells of knowledge rather than knowledge itself.

But does not then this objection also hold good against committing to memory literally those venerable forms of religious truth to which we have alluded. We answer, not at all. Because these at once weave themselves in with the affections and associations, so that they do not remain mere forms, but are living powers. That part of our being which these affect lies nearer the life, and our associations bring them up evermore from the memory as the pabulum or food of the spirit. The intellectual part of our nature relies more on the judgment, less on the memory; the religious less on the judgment, and more on the memory. The intellectual may be more original than the religious and consequently more self-reliant. Faith, the religious, is deeper than knowledge, and is more a part of our life, while knowledge is rather the furniture of life. Faith, then, must receive its food at hand, without effort, even as the plant receives its nourishment from the soil and air which lie around. In religion we must first remember, and then think. Faith receives, knowledge digests.

If then it be so that intellectual instruction exercises prevailingly the judgment, and religious instruction prevailingly the memory, we may on the one hand approve and commend the practice of requiring children

to commit to memory formularies of religious truth and devotion, while we at the same time deprecate the custom of demanding of children to commit lessons word for word from text-books. What scholar, for instance in adult years, ever thinks of repeating to himself and for his aid in his literary work, a rule of grammar? He has forgotten the words, and the formulary, while he holds fast only the principle. But how differently he acts as a religious being! He repeats the scripture passages committed to memory in the very words in which he learned them. He sings the old hymns as the most savory and the best. The prayers he learned have, every word, an anointing for his soul. A John Quincy Adams repeats to the end of his life his nightly, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Even our Saviour, in his most earnest hour on the cross, when if at any time the peculiar pressure on His spirit would have called forth an original prayer, addresses His Father in the words learned from the Psalms: "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit." So also St. Stephen, when they stoned the spirit out of his body. The religious spirit, instead of being most original in its deepest devotion, is just then least so. It is then that the heart falls in most naturally and sweetly with those words which lie in the memory from earliest times, even as swollen waters do not make new channels when they find old ones at hand.

It is for these reasons, and on this ground, that we stand firmly in doubt of all those "improved" systems of education, which set aside the learning of "tasks" in the sense referred to. They may seem "tasks" in the unpleasant sense of the word to the children; but this very fact makes it the more necessary that it should be required of them by such as hold the position of teachers over them. Children are to be instructed, not in the way they *will* go—as our modern systems seem to read the words of Solomon—but in the way they *should* go. Not the child's will, but the teacher's wisdom, is to be the rule which is to guide in the way. It would be a sad case for us if our parents and teachers had not required of us that which was often unpleasant, and seemed highly arbitrary to our inexperience and ignorance. Now, on looking back over our life we see plainly, that even in our corrections nothing was more lost than the stroke which did not fairly hit us and go to the quick; and that no "tasks" injured us but those which we did not faithfully learn as we were required and in duty bound to do.

Our experience also requires us to thank most devoutly our early teachers for having required us to learn the kind of tasks they were wont to give us; namely, those mentioned: Hymns, prayers, and other scriptural and religious formularies. We not only committed to memory the choicest hymns and prayers, but we daily prayed and sung them in the school. How blessed and pleasant is the memory of those pious exercises to us now, after years of anxious and earnest life have passed over us.

We have heard much, it is true, from the advocates of the "improved" system, of the necessity of having "music in the schools." This always gladdened our heart; but having lately had an opportunity of witnessing the *kind* of singing introduced, our joy was sadly let down. The following is a specimen, over which, while hearing it performed, we knew not whether to laugh or weep. Hymns are excluded from the schools;

and instead of them we have that which a pagan could sing just as well as a christian child, and which we fear not to say savors far more of nonsense than of either wisdom or piety. What holy, sacred, or even pleasant associations can ever be connected with such stuff in the mind of a child. It requires, moreover, also the dancing tune sung to it to give the reader a full idea of the silly performance. This unfortunately we cannot give. But here is the first verse, which we hope will suffice:

Come! come! come!
 O'er the hills, free from care,
 In my school true pleasures share:
 Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare,
 Come where joys are found!
 Here the sparkling dews of morn
 Thoughts in words with gems adorn,
 Jewels bright, gaily worn,
 Beauty all around!
 'Tra, la la la, tra la la,
 'Tra, la la la, tra la la,
 Jewels bright, gaily worn,
 Beauty all around!

The "Tra, la la," we have heard from drunken men when their tongues were heavy. It belongs to a language which we do not understand, and we therefore give that up at once; but the rest being English we have tried it hard, but are at a loss to comprehend it. The first three lines are an invitation, which is all plain; but then we get in among the blossoms, flowers, dews, gems, jewels, from which we come out fainting. Let the reader try to analyze it. We give it up.

In the same list we have another, with the tune designated at the top thus: "*Tune—OH! CARRY ME BACK*"—"to old Virginia," we suppose is meant! Decidedly fine for children This we must give entire:

THE PLEASANT SCHOOL.

Tune—OH! CARRY ME BACK.

The pleasant school in yonder village
 I went to from day to day.
 And boys and girls together learned
 To study, and sing, and play.
 'Twas my delight at morning break,
 To look all my lessons o'er;—
 O, carry me back to school again,
 To my pleasant school once more.

My school boy days were short and merry,
 And merry my heart shall be.
 As I think upon the innocent joys
 Our school-room gave to me.
 But I miss some lessons I lost at school,
 And it grieves my heart full sore,—
 So carry me back, etc.

Oh, tell me not I've passed the limit
 You've set in the schoolboy's prime,
 That the World is now the school for me,
 And my only teacher, Time!

I would go to school where once I went,
And stand on the same old floor,—
Then carry me back, etc.

We must make room for one more, wherein we have a definition of a school: "We are an *association*." The children are also earnestly called upon to "shout blessings on the giver" of common schools. Here we are puzzled, for we know not who we are to understand by the "giver." As it is written with a little g, it hardly means God, for then it would be written with a capital, thus—Giver. If it means the man who was the means of starting these schools, then who? The thing is too indefinite for children. They ought to know exactly *who* it is that they are to sing *to*, or sing *for*. Let the reader understand it for himself—here is is:

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Tune—OLD GRANITE STATE.

We have come to our school room
With spirits light and gay;
And in search of knowledge
We will pass our time away.

We are an association
Convened for learning's sake:
For without an education,
We can fill no useful station.
Mid the rising generation,
In the Old Keystone State.

Try again is our motto
If in our tasks we fail:
For we know that perseverance
Will o'er obstacles prevail.

Now three cheers altogether,
Shout for Common Schools forever,
Shout for blessings on the giver,
Till we make the air resound;
And for those who labor for us,
And whose guardian care is o'er us,
We will swell the grateful chorus,
Till the echoes back rebound.

The following stanza from these schools Hymns ought to be "improved," and especially "Americanized," for it is decidedly British in its leanings. "Sweet Philomel" is a British bird, and entirely unknown in "free America." It was here no doubt thoughtlessly, or perhaps as a "poetical license," introduced for the sake of the exquisite poetry which it begets. As it stands we cannot well endure it; for it sounds like a call from some envious and evil disposed Briton, saying to our country "Hope, Joy and Liberty, Oh! come, come away." The stanza runs thus:

"While sweet Philomel the weary traveller cheering,
With evening songs her note prolongs,
Oh! come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,

We'll sing in tuneful harmony
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty.
Oh! come, come away."

That we are on the unpopular side in our views of education, we know full well. We do not seek popularity, but we seek the truth. The Guardian has never aimed, like a weathercock, to point with the wind, nor will it as long as we are its Editor, and have grace to be faithful to our convictions. We heard it truly said in a lecture lately that he does not really believe what he thinks he believes, as long as he is not willing patiently and honestly to hear what can be said on the other side. Let what we have said in this and preceding articles on this subject, and what we shall still say in succeeding ones, be fairly considered. If this is done, we are much mistaken, if it will not be acknowledged that a radical defect exists in our present system of education.

The bad fruits of this false education are not yet fully developed. The time has been too short. If it should take even fifty years to work out its dreary negative tendencies yet we know the time must come. Every system of education divorced from christianity, whatever may be its boastings about light and progress will run out into common worldliness, infidelity and ultimate barbarism. The world has never known a power that could bear up the life of human learning and civilization but christianity. It alone is the light of the world. It alone is the salt of the earth. Men and states who disbelieve it, who ignore the fact, who build on any other ground will find out the truth to their sorrow by experience; or their children will find it out after them. In bearing our humble testimony for this great truth, and in uttering our earnest warning against so desolating an error, we glory in being on the unpopular side. It is our schools *without religion in them* that will, if not remedied, in the next forty years, bring the heaviest curse upon our noble state which has ever befallen it. Note that down in your brain!

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea:
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breaths her vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

THE LAW AND EMINENT ROGUES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most fearful omens of the times is the fact that many of our courts of Justice and juries have not the nerve to lay hold firmly upon such criminals as have occupied high and influential stations in society. It is known that during the last year enormous forgeries and frauds have been committed in various parts of the country by men who made use of the confidence reposed in them to defraud the community; and most frequently the sufferers were widows and orphans, whose all was swept away by a single stroke of high-handed rascality. Yet these men are all at large. Some have retired and live in a style that proves them still to be in possession of an abundance of their ill-gotten gain. Some have undergone the form of a trial before court; but in such a way as to keep justice from reaching its victim.

It requires no extraordinary skill to see that this course of things must break up the very foundations of law and order. Law that has no power over great criminals, can ultimately have none over such as sin against it on a smaller scale; and society must soon lose all its safeguards unless a change takes place. It is not so in other lands, nor has it been so in other times. In England, but lately, several of the nobility have been tried and convicted of immense frauds, and the law and the penalty in reference to them took its course with the same firmness as in the case of the humblest criminals.

Wishing to call attention to this subject we find the following on "Huntingdon and Dr. Dodd," exactly suited to the times. "The recent trial of Huntingdon," says the Evangelist, "for forgery has excited deep interest beyond the jurisdiction of New York. Everywhere there are expressions of gratification that the magnitude of his crimes did not pervert justice, nor permit it to be overshadowed by the specious plea of insanity. Both excited alarm. They deepened conviction of his guilt and urged the necessity of conviction and unconditional punishment. Huntingdon's operations were open, and the amount of his frauds immense. He made no attempts at concealment, and yet no confessions of guilt. His friends were the severest sufferers, but they were the most anxious to compromise his crimes and screen him from justice.

Some men talk lightly of the guill of forgery, and think it hard that such a dashing fellow as Huntingdon should be ranked with common thieves and burglars. But it is the worst kind of robbery. It is not only stealing, but lying. It is a kind of fraud which leads to a general destruction of confidence. The right to one's own name is sacred, but when stolen by another, its value is impaired to its legitimate owner. By an act of turpitude of this kind, a whole community is wronged with the individual, for whatever destroys confidence in a man, creates a general feeling of suspicion and distrust. Credit is as sensitive among honorable men as a woman's reputation. A mere suspicion of fraud,

naturally excites distrust, and all business withers under its blighting influence.

Hence the sacredness of every man's name, and the criminality attached to its unlawful use by another person. In this country, the crime is punished in proportion to the offence. The guilt depends upon the act of the forger, whether he merely counterfeits the signature, uses it to obtain funds dishonestly, or passes it into the hands of another party, as security for other pecuniary obligations. Confinement in the State Prison for different periods, is the penalty for the crime in this country. In England it was formerly punished with death. The higher the position of the forger there, as here, the more necessary it is that the penalty should be severe, and its execution positive and unswerving.

The most extraordinary instance of forgery on record, where conviction was followed by the penalty of death, is that of Rev. Dr. Dodd. It excited an extraordinary sensation in its day, both from the apparent trivial nature of the crime, and the distinguished character and position of the culprit. Dr. Dodd was a clergyman in the English church, and chaplain to the King. He was a man of popular address, and a gifted speaker and writer; a warm friend of charitable institutions, an author of various works, chiefly of a theological character. But he was a man of extravagant habits and questionable integrity. Being pressed by his creditors, and dreading exposure of his circumstances, he forged a bond. Like other men involved in a similar guilt, he hoped to repay the amount before it became due. Thus he trifled with his integrity, bringing dishonor upon his reputation and leading to the ignominious forfeiture of his life on the gallows.

The name forged was that of Lord Chesterfield, an old pupil and friend. Dodd had flattered himself that if the crime was detected, Chesterfield would advance the money and save him from disgraceful exposure. But in this he were sadly mistaken. The guilt was made public, his old pupil appeared against him, and Dodd was thrown into prison. No small amount of censure was bestowed upon Chesterfield for his conduct. It was regarded in some quarters as harsh and cruel. But the crime was flagrant, and one most dangerous in a commercial community, and justice was permitted to have its course.

The arrest and conviction of this distinguished man, created a deep and painful sensation, and every effort promising success, was made to secure his pardon. Petitions to the King from the Bench, the Bar, and the Clergy, were presented. One from the city of London, containing twenty thousand names, was sent to his Majesty, pleading that the sentence of death might be commuted to imprisonment for life. Dr. Johnson tried ineffectually in various ways, to secure this end, especially by articles in the public journals and powerful appeals to Lord North and Lord Mansfield, for clemency in behalf of the unfortunate man. But they were of no avail. Overwhelmed by the failure of all these efforts, and agonized by the certainty of an ignominious death on the scaffold, Dr. Dodd entreated Johnson to assist in preparing a supplicatory letter to the King. He pleaded piteously to be spared the horrors of a public execution. He entreated that he might be permitted to live "in some silent, distant corner of the globe, where he might pass the remainder of his days in penitence and prayer." He adds :

"I confess the crime, and own the enormity of its consequences, and the danger of its example. Nor have I the confidence to petition for impunity; but humbly hope that public security may be established without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied by irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.

"My life has not been useless to mankind. I have benefited many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have but little time for repentance. Preserve me, sir, by your prerogative of mercy from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal before which kings and subjects must stand together."

Simultaneous with the above petition addressed to the King, Dr. Johnson addressed a letter to Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, then Minister of War, pleading in behalf of commuting the sentence of the unhappy culprit. He says:

"Dr. Dodd, so far as I can recollect, is the first clergyman of our church, who has suffered public execution for immorality; I know not whether it would not be more for the interest of religion to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who, for any reason, are enemies of the clergy.

"The supreme power has in all ages paid some attention to the voice of the people; and that voice does not least deserve to be heard when it calls for mercy. There is now a very general desire that Dr. Dodd's life should be spared. More is not wished; and perhaps this is not too much to be granted."

Every endeavor to save the life of Dr. Dodd having failed, he began preparation for death, striving to be reconciled to the mode, if not to the justice of the punishment. His letter to Dr. Johnson, expressive of gratitude for personal sympathy and efforts in his behalf, was full of tenderness and penitential sorrow. In reply, as the scene drew towards its close, Johnson wrote a brief but soothing and solemn letter to the unhappy criminal. It was written only a few days before his execution. He says:

"That which is appointed unto all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for Eternity, before the Supreme Judge of Heaven and Earth. * * * * * Of this and of all other sins you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord!

"In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for *my* eternal welfare."

Dr. Johnson was deeply pained at the conviction of Dodd. He was more mortified at the fruitlessness of every effort to save one whom he had so long known and esteemed. He had seen this unhappy man exulting in popularity and then irrecoverably sunken in shame. His ministry Dr. Johnson regarded as important, because he had produced powerful impressions on his audiences and touched their hearts. At

first Dodd was what he desired to make others, but he was tempted beyond his strength. If any are not startled at the guilt of such a crime, they may at least tremble at the anguish and the remorse which follow its commission.

Dr. Dodd was publicly executed in London, June 27, 1777, in the 49th year of his age. He desired to live, and clung tenaciously to life, abhorring the mode of his death, and believing almost up to the day of his execution, that his sentence would be commuted. But it was deemed necessary by the government that an example should be made of him to deter others from so dangerous a crime. The more eminent the social position of the perpetrator, the more important it was to enforce the law.

The close of Dr. Dodd's life was one of pious resignation. At times his conduct in prison was reprehensible, but yet there were indications of sincere penitence—even hope did not desert him on the scaffold. He encouraged the belief that he should survive the execution, and this his friends urged him to cherish. They hovered about the prison, and by various pretexts and the liberal use of gold, endeavored in vain to seduce the keepers from their integrity, and thus secure the escape of the culprit. When this proved abortive, a partial arrangement was made with the hangman by his medical friends so that the position of the rope would neither dislocate the neck nor produce suffocation. It was of no avail. The tragedy over, and justice satisfied, the body was given to his friends. But all efforts at resuscitation were fruitless. The unhappy man was dead!

Huntingdon, unlike his distinguished English predecessor in guilt, never expressed regret for his crimes, or visibly suffered from remorse. He was stoical to the last, and although his conduct was vastly more criminal and aggravated than that of Dr. Dodd, yet he has never acknowledged his guilt, or shown the least compunction for it. Dr. Johnson assured his distressed friend, that "morally or religiously considered, his crime was not one of very deep turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles, and it assailed no man's life. It only involved temporary injury, and one which pecuniarily could be easily repaired." But there are higher considerations, both Divine and human. Forgery involves consequences of momentous importance to the business relations of life. It destroys confidence between man and man; it weakens moral obligations and takes away the sacred use of one's own name, by imposing it with deliberate fraud upon a third party. The inviolability of a man's signature is the great element of *confidence*, upon which the business transactions of life are based. Human laws throw around it every possible safeguard, in the way of prevention. In every civilized country, the penalty for forgery is severe, and justly so. For it is not merely the pecuniary loss which is to be made up, so much as it is the great wrong to society, in the undermining of confidence, which has to be punished.

IVY is the beauty of old ruins, and our faith is not unlike it, for it springs up so strongly from amidst fallen hopes.

A POOR WAYFARER'S GRAVE.

BY PARVUS.

"One more unfortunate."

ON the morning of the 18th of May, 1848, our usually quiet neighborhood was thrown into a state of excitement by the report of a dead man having been found at a certain spot close by the roadside. The report spread from house to house and field to field, and the farmers and others, quitting their labors, turned their steps towards the indicated spot. The report appeared to be founded on facts, for the almost half decomposed body of a man was found lying about fifty yards off from the public highway, in a path of chestnut sprouts. It was not possible to tell who the unfortunate victim had been, as he was no more recognizable from his features, having been almost destroyed by the process of decomposition. On this account, those who gathered together were, for some time, not able to conclude who the poor wayfarer had been. However, after a short deliberation, the legal mode of procedure was adopted. A justice of the peace being on the ground, a jury was chosen and an inquest on the body was held. None but circumstantial evidence could be produced, which appears, however, to have been sufficient to render the verdict, that the unfortunate man had come to his death whilst under the influence of intoxicating liquor, justifiable. This, as far as we are able to recollect, was the sum and substance of the verdict.

The evidence produced was to this effect: In the first place, a bundle was found, evidently belonging to some wayfarer, who had left it there. This was thought had belonged to the deceased, which appeared to be the fact, as was proved by other things. On opening the bundle a number of papers—some letters, if our memory serves us right—were found, from which the name of the unfortunate man was found to have been Gustavus Adolphus Lemke. On further search, a bottle with some brandy was found, which proved that some foul play had been practised. It was well known that the individual whose name had been discovered, had been addicted to drinking; further, it was remembered by some one present that he had been in the neighborhood only a short time before, and was said to have had his flask filled not half a mile from the spot where he had been found. Moreover, the stature of the deceased still more strengthened the belief that the bundle, papers and flask of brandy must have belonged to him. According to this testimony the verdict was rendered as stated above.

After having thus attended to the requirements of the law, the neighbors proceeded to the burial of the corpse as best they could. A rough box was procured into which it was rolled—this being the only possible way of handling it; a grave was dug, and there the mortal remains of the poor, homeless wanderer found their last resting place. We were

not present at the solemn and mournful performance, and although we frequently passed by, close to the place where he sleeps the long sleep of death, yet about seven years passed by before our eyes beheld the spot where rest his bones in the bosom of good old mother earth. Not that we felt unconcerned about him, nor because we never thought of him and his sad fate, but much rather because it is so sad to think of his ignominious end.

Of the previous history of the subject of this article we know not much. We recollect having seen him at different times. The first time we met him, he was in a state of intoxication. So a second time, although then not so much under the influence of liquor. He was, excepting his dissipated habits and their necessary consequences, a man of good qualities. Kind-hearted and obliging, and treating everybody with proper respect and politeness. A German by birth and education, he possessed a well cultivated mind and polished manners. He was a very good scholar, who had no doubt enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, having perhaps been a graduate of one of Germany's best universities. Judging from all this he may have been descended from a noble family, and may have moved in the highest circles of society before the demon of dissipation got him into his power.

We remember that he was at times engaged in teaching school, by which he earned a little something towards his support. Kind friends, beyond the wide expanse of the blue waters of the Atlantic, sent occasional gifts to supply his wants, which is another proof that he must have been of respectable extraction. But he fell—fell deeply! He is buried alone. His grave is sunk in, and no one fills it up. No tears were dropped upon his mound—no friend pays his regular visits there, and the poor victim of alcohol sleeps the long sleep of death unmourned and unsung, except it be by those who know not where his bones are deposited—where he awaits the sound of the last, the resurrection trump. How sad! Truly, “the way of the transgressor is hard.”

The thoughts that crowded themselves upon our mind as we passed by the spot, from time to time, were many and solemn. We passed the place hundreds of times and at almost every hour of the day and the night, but very seldom without thinking of him who sleeps there. We passed by and sat at the grave when the sun was about taking his exit from our view—when the trees cast their lengthened shadows across the fields and the evening breezes sighed softly but mournfully amongst the leaflets above us. We passed by at the midnight hour, when the pale beams of the moon dimly revealed the objects around us—when the hum of busy life was hushed—when sleep locked in the senses of man, and when almost the silence of death hung over the surrounding country. We passed by in the morning, at the dawning of day, when “rosy-fingered Aurora” painted the eastern firmament and reminded a person of the “dayspring from on high”—when the lamps which had burned brightly in the azure vault above, during the night, grew dim—when the pale moon had sunk behind the mountain, or began to fade away in the light of the coming day, and when the sweet notes of the feathered songsters began to resound in the groves. We passed at noon-day, when all around was activity—when herds of cattle roamed over the adjoining fields or reclined under the shade of trees—when neighbors

were at work in their fields, earning their bread in the sweat of their brow.

We passed by in the Spring, when the tender leaflets appeared on the trees—when tender blades of grass and modest flowerets peeped out of the earth, and the lately returned warblers of the grove cheered us by their sweet music. We passed by in the Summer, when the golden, waving grain was ripe for the sickle—when long rows of mowers, with strong arm, swung their scythes, laying low the tall grass (fit emblem of mortal man!) in the surrounding fields—when the rich sheaves of a bountiful harvest were gathered in, and the hearts of young and old were full of rejoicing over God's goodness. We passed by in the Fall, in the days of sered leaves—when nature prepared for the repose of Winter—when the sweet flowers were no more, and the music of the feathered songsters was hushed, they having flown to a more genial clime. We passed by in cold and dreary Winter, when the ground was covered with a white robe—when cold blasts from the northwest swept over hills and valleys—when nature reposed during the cold season, awaiting the resurrection of the Spring. Thus, whenever we passed by, our thoughts would turn to the lone slumberer in the grove. How sad to think of his fate!

The following reflections have often been before our mind. He died alone. No kind father, no dear mother, no faithful brother, no gentle sister near to minister to his wants. What thoughts may have crowded his mind! What desires may have filled his heart! How he may have longed to see a dear parent, a beloved brother, an affectionate sister or a kind friend at his side! How he may have wished for one to convey his last, his dying words, across the deep blue waters of the mighty ocean and communicate them to his loved ones at home! To those who could not know to what a miserable condition he had now come—dying unsheltered and uncared for—stretched out under the blue vault of heaven, his death-bed the bare ground, or at least a few dry leaves.

Perhaps he died at night, when the bright stars looked peaceably down upon him; perhaps in the morning, when the darkness of the night hied itself westward; perhaps at noontide, when the sun stood at its meridian height; perhaps at eventide, when "fading, still fading the last beam was shining," or when the dusk of eve began to obscure objects at a distance, and when he may have seen cheerful lights at the neighboring farm-houses. Ah! how terrible it must have been thus to die. Within a few hundred yards of a dwelling, and yet not able to reach it, and no one near to lend a helping hand—when within the sound of passing teams and conveyances—when within hearing distance of the farmer following his plough—when within sight of cheerful lights in happy homes, mocking, as it were, the poor, helpless sufferer, and adding new agony to his sufferings. Ah! how hard must it not be, to die within reach of help and yet not able to obtain it. If the sufferer was not unconscious he must have heard persons pass by within fifty yards of the place where he died. He must have felt that help was near, but he had not the power to call for it! Oh, how this must have added to the intensity of his anguish of soul! Suspended between hope and fear at times, perhaps hearing the sound of human voices and hoping that relief was at hand. He listens—he strains his ear to catch every sound

—he hears approaching footsteps—the persons are nearing themselves—he hopes soon to be taken under some hospitable roof and to have all his wants supplied. Oh, what a cheering thought! But, alas, he is disappointed! As he listens, the sounds become fainter and fainter until they die away. His heart sinks in him; no relief has come. Thus he hopes and fears, fears and hopes until the lamp of life flickers and dies.

His was a sad death! To die without a friend near—to meet the “king of terrors” solitary and alone. Ah, how sad! No one to speak a kind and encouraging word—no one to drop a tear of affection—no one to speak of a Saviour, of a home beyond the grave, of a re-union above, of a life of bliss and glory in heaven! To depart this life without having an interest in Him, who is “the resurrection and the life,” is at all times and under all circumstances an awful thing, but under circumstances like the above, it is doubly so!

And now, gentle reader of *The Guardian*, let not this example be set before you in vain. Stand still for a few moments and reflect. Turn your thoughts inward, cast a glance into your own heart, and ask yourself the question, *Am I safe in the way I now go?* Alas, how many young men are prowling the broad road to ruin! How many are hastening onward to a drunkard's death and a drunkard's grave! Yea, much more shocking will be the death of many, than was that of our poor, wayfaring outcast!

Such examples should teach us to take heed in time lest we be seduced by the tempter. How frequently do we not hear of the brightest intellects being obscured and destroyed by dissipation's poisonous embraces. How many men of extraordinary talents become victims of the intoxicating cup. How many promising youths—the pride and hope of parents and friends—go to college with bright prospects before them, but return with confirmed habits of dissipation. Alas, alas, many a parent's heart has been broken, and many a grey head has in sorrow gone down into the vault, because of a ruined son.

In view of these facts, we would say to one and all, *beware!* Temptations beset us on all sides. The demon of intemperance especially seeks his victims. He has many who lend him a helping hand in leading astray the unwary and unsuspecting. Many are his devices; his snares, laid for the feet of the young and heedless, many. Oh, young man, take heed unto your ways. Walk circumspectly. Behold the many temptations that surround you. Be on your guard. “Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation.” Think of the misery of a life of dissipation—think of the terrible end of the drunkard—think of the judgment-day—think of an endless eternity to be spent in misery and wo!

In regard to all intoxicating drinks, choose as your watchword, *Total abstinence!* In large letters inscribe on your banner, **TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT**, and may the Lord be your strength and support in all your temptations. Thus will you be secure in life, in death resigned, and happy in eternity. The Lord grant it.

PROPERTY left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue will abide forever.

CABBAGE-HEADS AND SOMETHING ELSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IF you wish to raise a head of cabbage a great deal depends upon where you locate the plant from which it is to grow. Plant it near the gate, where persons going out and in are likely to tramp the ground hard around it, and you will probably have a feeble growth and no head at all. Plant it in a somewhat dry bed, where it has a hard gravel soil, and you will have a long spindling stem and a small worthless head. Plant it in among hills of corn, and it will grow like a stalk of salad, all leaves and no head. Put it in the right place, and you may feed ten men on the enormous head which it will produce!

What a difference! Yet, as philosophers say, in either case the plant contained a large head in possibility. The difference in the growth is owing to the location and the surroundings of the plant. All this is plain.

Now, having begun with cabbage-heads, let us not end there. The reader of *The Guardian* takes it for granted that this is a parable; and he is right. Hear then the lesson of the cabbage-head.

If a young man or a young woman wishes to come to anything in life that is worth attaining, a great deal depends upon location and surroundings. The company you keep makes you one thing or another, according as the company itself is good or bad. If, as is often the case, you must grow up among strangers, a great deal depends upon the family in which you live. If you go to learn a trade, much depends upon the person with whom you learn, or the kind of trade you select; for this determines your surroundings—it locates you, and fixes your daily associates. Your temptations and dangers, as well as your safety and benefit depend on what trade you learn, where and with whom you learn it—whether in a town or in the country, whether in a christian family or in the house of a careless worldling.

Moreover, the kind of business you select for life has much to do with your destiny. An ostler will be as ostlers are. A stage-driver will be as they are. A clerk will be as a clerk. A farmer as a farmer. True, men in all professions differ, some being good and others bad; but it cannot be denied that the calling one selects brings him into a certain strata of life, which has much to do in shaping his character; because it, to a great extent, fixes his daily communications, and the surroundings which mould him.

We lately read an advertisement in a newspaper which ran thus: "Wanted—A boy 16 years of age, to attend at a Liquor Store." We leaned back on our chair and began to meditate; and the more we reflected, the more we felt like saying to all boys of that age, "Don't go!" Why this wish? For this reason, namely: The boy must wait around the liquor store day by day. He must carry demijohns day by day. Whither? To taverns, groceries, groggeries; and his daily life

will be in contact with all kinds of characters which in such places "do congregate." Will he not gradually learn to taste what he hourly smells; and gradually learn to love what he sees so precious to others that they are willing to sell their all for its enjoyment? Verily the danger is great. Besides, what a life for a noble boy of sixteen! We would have him move in a better current. Therefore we feel like crying aloud: "Boys dont go!"

We give this only as an instance and illustration of what we mean by a right and a wrong location. We feel sure every reflecting mind will see that a great deal depends upon our surroundings. If cabbage-heads do not flourish everywhere alike well, neither do boys, nor girls. Lay up the lesson of this parable, young friends. See that you are planted right; and you will be sure to grow to honor and usefulness in society.

This thing is worth attending to. For if one who plants cabbage has respect to the soil, saying of one place, 'This will do,' of another, 'This will not do;' how much more important is it rightly to locate a human spirit that must live forever. Surely, one such is of more value than many cabbages! Yet we fear there are parents who spend less thought on the right location of their children than they do of their cabbage; for are there not some who think not on it at all. Are there not also young persons who locate themselves thoughtlessly, following the beck of the merest incident or accident! This might do had we no facts before us from which to learn lessons, and no God above us from whom to seek direction in believing prayer.

V E S P E R S .

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene,
Instead of odor in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then, tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heav'n will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS AND GIRLS?

BY NATHAN.

“By sports like these are all their cares beguiled—
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

WHERE are the boys and girls? In all conscience, thou grave and fatherly Guardian where are they? Thou speakest to young men and ladies, but pray what are young men and ladies before they *are* young men and ladies? From my young days upward I have been passionately fond of boys and girls. Fond to see them play, romp, laugh, prattle and make merrie. But I feel as if I had indulged in a ten-year *nap*, and now, alas, upon awaking find the country without boys and girls all turned into half grown gentlemen and ladies. But two classes of persons in this great country, infants and grown people. Terribly stiff, dry business, where there are no boys and girls. The fact is, my dear friend Guardian, I desire advice. I am greatly put to when I meet this important class of man—and woman-kind. Must I get down over the curb-stone on a muddy day when I meet two inflated premature ladies sailing along, taking with a single sweep all before them? How shall one address them? I meet a crowd of them walking to school, must I say; good morning, ladies? They are girls. I would like to say a word to my sabbath-school occasionally. May I address them boys and girls? Or little young men and ladies?

In the good old days of our grandmothers, boys and girls played and enjoyed themselves as only boys and girls can. But now, the little things are grave, formal, terribly in earnest, prematurely fledged, unboyish and ungirlish. In those good old days, boys used to crowd together, play ball and engage in other sports. Now they must take a walk when they meet, or engage in manly sports. The boys I am now seeking. Little girls used to group together in merry plays, they would skip through lots and lanes. Now they make “calls,” and they “return calls,” and they “receive calls,” and they “refuse calls,” little misses still living and moving in parties. My neighbor Smith must give a party to his little Louisa. Well, regular full-grown cards are distributed, and a host of lilliputian ladies and gentlemen are invited. The party comes off most gravely, very finely, not with girls’ and boys’ amusements, but plays for grown folks. You know, friend Guardian, you were a young man once, what those plays are. Well, in the evening not far from midnight, they pair off, and the young gallants see their fair ones home. Smith seems greatly pleased as one pair after another trips out the front door. Of course the little gallants could not stop here. Not long after that, one could see some of them among a crowd around the church door, waiting to see their fair ones home. Friend Jones’ little Ralph has also had a very *manly* training of this sort. His mother complained to me not long ago, that he was so headstrong and self-willed. To tell the truth, though but ten years old, that his father had no control over him.

Now, friend Guardian, do tell me where are our boys and girls? The

men and women of the next generation, and we ought to do something to prepare them for the duties of their future station. Your mission is to promote the interest of "Young men and ladies." Do you include the boys and girls? Or where do you put them, where do their parents put them? Perhaps the country don't need them, so they are pushed from infancy right up into grown habits. If so, then we are as far advanced socially, as our Egyptian friends, who are nationally much older than we are. One might almost say that the people there are born men and women, or as we would say in English, young men and ladies. Boys and girls are married when eight to ten years old. My friend Ahmet Saidi, a man of more than common intelligence, has an interesting son seven years old. He is engaged to be married to a cousin of his. He gave the little boy a party that cost him seventy-five dollars. In a year he is going to have him marry. One reason why he is in a hurry about the matter, is that he and his wife may soon have a chance to rejoice together with the boy in his wedding party. Same reason that parents now have for making boys and girls act like men and women.

In England and Germany boys and girls are just where nature has placed them, and are trained and treated accordingly. But of course we ought not to copy after any nation. We have sense enough to be original. Especially since this is a free country, parents should not be tyrannical. Their children ought to do what they please. If they keep on training their children in the principles of progress and freedom, we may hope for the day when children shall know more than their parents, and become their trainers and teachers.

I have no doubt that some of your readers will thank me for showing them how nearly their domestic training approaches that of the Egyptians and Mahommedans. It may also be encouraging for them to know that they are doing a noble work for their children. For it is rather a small business for any human being to be a boy or a girl, in habit and conduct, as God wants them to be. It is much better to put big notions into their heads when they are young. Mothers ought to tease little girls about their beaux and instruct them in all the arts of the flirt. And boys ought to be trained and schooled in all the secrets of the fast and successful young man. All this, of course, is more important and dignified than to be a mere boy or girl in all the simplicity and good cheer that belongs to them.

Where are our boys and girls? I walk along the street and see an important looking little individual approaching me. Think he is a boy, but see him striding along in strapped pants, breastpin, big collar, cane in hand, and headaloft overtowering his four-foot body, a noble specimen of the caricature of a man. He enters a tobacco shop, sticks his heels upon the stove and talks on big topics.

Now friend Guardian, I don't know whether I am behind the times or ahead of them, but I feel strangely out of place in a country where the boys and girls, the smile and sunshine of the race, are fast becoming extinct. Can't you guard us against such a calamity? Do tell parents they shall be kind enough to let their children be boys and girls before they strap, lace and hoop them into little, big-feeling, monstrosly unnatural dandies and flirts.

No class on earth would I rather have my friends than these little

boys and girls. Therefore I feel so friendless because they are no more. For conscience sake let us have them again. Come, my sweet, happy little friends, please be boys and girls, then you will be happy. Skip, sport and play, study and read, and then you will get to be men and women of the right sort, soon enough. I will close this outpouring of my troubled heart with part of a little sermon I heard last fall. It was at the funeral of a kind, plain old man, who, though illiterate, tried to preach the Gospel to his fellows. He had lived at a retired place in the country. Over three hundred carriages brought mourners there from the neighborhood. At every window were many weeping heads trying to hear what a simple-hearted, unlettered old man preached. Yellow leaves were falling around us like snow-flakes, and the grass was all withered. Standing by the coffin he told us how his brother had helped him to preach the Gospel, but now he was taken home, and how much he needed him, that he felt lonely and looked wistfully for his final hour. I must quote from memory. He spoke on the virtue of a meek and humble spirit. "We are born," said he, "unto God's blessed kingdom, just like we were born when our frail life first began. Poor, little, ignorant, helpless creatures, that had to be taken care of by other people. Just so we begin the life of heaven on earth. Babies in Christ that must be fed with the milk of truth, and when they first begin to walk they will reach for the hand of an older brother or sister to hold them up. And if these let go the hold they will fall right down, and be afraid to try it again. Then the hands will help the legs, and it will go poorly enough until another hand is held out to help them up. By and by it will go better. But some children in Christ's family don't want to learn to walk before they run, and so they have it rough and tumble, all their own way, and they will be poorly prepared to hold out on the long journey to the land of the sweet 'hereafter.' Now, my dear comrades on this thorny way, let us learn to be children before we are men and women in God's household. And you who are still outside, may God make you as little children, and then you can come in too. But beware that you won't be born too big."

ONLY ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief.
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf.
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we;
One, only one—
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

THE GODDESS OF REASON. AN AWFUL RETRIBUTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"God is not mocked." BIBLE.

THE blood-chilling story of the French Revolution, brought about by atheism, has often been told. Whoever has read an account of those satanic scenes has never lost from his memory the recollections of those terrible retributions which fell upon its leaders—Robespierre unsuccessfully attempting to commit suicide, shooting off part of his under jaw, afterwards led forth to the guillotine amid the curses of the relatives and friends of those whom he had doomed to go the same melancholy road; the cloth with which he had poorly bound up his self-inflicted wound all clotted with blood torn off by the executioner, when the jaw dropped and the wretch yelled aloud in agony, filling all beholders with horror! Henriot in a state of beastly drunkenness thrown from a window, and so shattered as to have only strength enough to drag himself into a filthy drain from which he was carried away with the small remnant of life left him to public execution. Young Robespierre and Le Bas alone successful in committing suicide. Saint Just, attempting to destroy his life, and failing from irresolution to do it effectually. Conthon lying wounded and bleeding under the table, looking forth with the face of a fiend and brandishing the knife with which he had repeatedly pierced his bosom, but with too much fear of death to add force enough to the stab to reach the heart.

Such are specimens of the fate of those heroes, who thought their work of giving France a government of "Liberty and Equality" was not complete when kings of earth were dethroned, but that they must also dethrone the king of Heaven, remove from the hearts of men all hope and fear of immortality and thus prepare them for deeds of horror and blood, by writing over the graveyard gates, "Death is an eternal sleep!" These scenes in that Reign of Terror, and the retributions which overtook their leaders, are all matters of history—awful, yet instructive pages, to which all ages may refer as a lesson to such nations and men as would vote christianity and the God who made them out of existence!

There is, however, the fate of one of the actors in that bloody and blasphemous drama which is not so well known. There is one retribution which, because it was delayed, has not yet, so far as we know, found its place on the pages of history. It is the fearful end of the "GODDESS OF REASON."

It is known that the leaders in that attempt, to root out all vestige of God and religion from the French nation, to render their work complete committed one of the most ridiculous and blasphemous outrages that has ever disgraced the annals of any people. It was the formal renunciation in 1793 of all belief in a supreme Being, His public dethrone-

ment and the public installation and adoration in His place of the "Goddess of Reason." Who was this "Goddess of Reason?" Nothing more nor less than a beautiful but vicious female!

History gives the following account of this blasphemous scene with its heaven-insulting ceremonies: "An unhappy man, named Gobet, Constitutional Bishop of Paris, was brought forward to play the principal part in the most impudent and scandalous farce ever acted in the face of a national representation.

"It is said that the leaders of the scene had some difficulty in inducing the bishop to comply with the task assigned him, which, after all, he executed, not without present tears and subsequent remorse. But he did play the part prescribed. He was brought forward in full procession, to declare to the Convention, that the religion which he had taught so many years, was, in every respect, a piece of priestcraft, which had no foundation either in history or sacred truth. He disowned, in solemn and explicit terms, the existence of the Deity to whose worship he had been consecrated, and devoted himself in future to the homage of Liberty, Equality, Virtue, and Morality. He then laid on the table his Episcopal decorations, and received a fraternal embrace from the President of the Convention. Several apostate priests followed the example of this prelate.

"The gold and silver plate of the churches seized upon and decorated, processions entered the Convention, travestied in priestly garments, and singing the most profane hymns; while many of the chalices and sacred vessels were applied by Chaumette and Hebert to the celebration of their own impious orgies. The world for the first time, heard an assembly of men, born and educated in civilization, and assuming the right to govern one of the finest of the European nations, uplift their united voice to deny the most solemn truth which man's soul receives, and renounce unanimously the belief and worship of a Deity. For a short time the same mad profanity continued to be acted upon.

"One of the ceremonies of this insane time stands unrivalled for absurdity, combined with impiety. The doors of the Convention were thrown open to a band of musicians; preceded by whom, the members of the Municipal Body entered in solemn procession, singing a hymn in praise of liberty, and escorting, as the object of their future worship, a veiled female, whom they termed the Goddess of Reason. Being brought within the bar, she was unveiled with great form, and placed on the right hand of the President; when she was generally recognized as a dancing-girl of the Opera, with whose charms most of the persons present were acquainted from her appearance on the stage, while the experience of individuals was farther extended. To this person, as the fittest representative of that Reason whom they worshipped, the National Convention of France rendered public homage.

"This impious and ridiculous mummary had a certain fashion; and the installation of the Goddess of Reason was renewed and imitated throughout the nation, in such places where the inhabitants desired to show themselves equal to all the heights of the Revolution. The churches were, in most districts of France, closed against priests and worshippers—bells were broken and cast into cannon—the whole ecclesiastical establishment destroyed—and the Republican inscription over the ceme-

teries, declaring death to be perpetual sleep, announced to those who lived under that dominion, that they were to hope no redress even in the next world.

"Intimately connected with these laws affecting religion, was that which reduced the union of marriage, the most sacred engagement which human beings can form, and the permanence of which leads most strongly to the consolidation of society, to the state of a mere civil contract of a transitory character, which any two persons might engage in, and cast loose at pleasure, when their taste was changed, or their appetite gratified. If fiends had set themselves to work, to discover a mode of most effectually destroying whatever is venerable, graceful, or permanent in domestic life, and of obtaining at the same time an assurance that the mischief which it was their object to create should be perpetuated from one generation to another, they could not have invented a more effectual plan than the degradation of marriage into a state of mere occasional co-habitation, or licensed concubinage. Sophie Arnoalt, an actress famous for the witty things she said, described the Republican marriage as the Sacrament of adultery."

Now mark the future history of this Goddess of Reason. She lived yet about twenty-four years after her deification! In a Paris paper of August 1st, 1817, there stands among the obituary notices the following announcement: "Died, within these few days, in the Hospital of lunatics of Saltpetriere, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt, the Goddess of Reason, the most remarkable heroine of the Revolution."

An American paper, into which this obituary was copied in 1835, adds the following remarks and facts: "This female (nearly in a state of nudity!) was seated upon a throne by Fouché and Carnot, in the Champ de Mars, and hailed alternately as the Goddess of Reason and Liberty. There was something remarkable in the history of the latter days of this poor creature, and her life is not without its moral. She, who was taught publicly to blaspheme her Creator, and to dishonor her sex, (for she appeared in public nearly naked!) was for the last twenty years of her miserable life, the subject of the greatest of human calamities—the loss of her *reason*! She repented severely of her horrible crimes, and her few lucid intervals were filled up by the most heart-rending lamentations. She died at the age of fifty-seven."

. Being insane during the last twenty years of her life, she must have lost her reason only about four years after she permitted herself blasphemously to be placed in the stead of her God! The days of her wicked glory were short. Nor must it be overlooked that the retribution refers so directly to the nature of her sin. The Goddess of Reason is deprived of reason! Truly "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

As this miserable woman lived yet many years after the scenes of horror in which she acted so prominent a part had passed away and lived among wretched lunatics, history, as we have intimated, has not thought it necessary to follow her; but by this neglect the historian has shown himself sadly unfaithful to his duty. If it is the province of history, from the experiences of the past, to draw lessons of instruction for those who shall live and act in the future, what more important lessons

could the historian lay before the youth of France, or of any nation, than the fearful retribution which overtook in due time the wretched Theroigne de Mericourt.

The triumph of the wicked is short. Yet sometimes retribution is delayed; and because the judgments of the Lord are not always speedily executed the hearts of man are set in them to do evil. But "God is not mocked!" His judgments will come in due time. Though merey often waits long, yet when it is despised, justice will not fail to execute its sentence upon the transgressor. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished. The world shall see—if it will see—in the respect of history as well as in the teachings of the Bible, that God lives and reigns, and will vindicate his insulted honor in a way that will make the knees of the wicked quake and smite against each other! Every sin will breed its sorrow. Every dishonor given to God will bring "tribulation and wrath."

DO GOOD.

BY S. J. H. S. OF KANSAS.

"BLEST is the man whose bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul with sympathising love
Feels what his fellow men endure."
And while he each design fulfils
On which his generous heart concludes.
He need not fear life's coming ills,
With all their sad vicissitudes.

For He who hears the orphan's cry,
And soothes the suffering widow's cares,
Will mark with an especial eye
The *name* they mention in their prayers;
And blessings rich as early dew
Shall on his honored head distil,
While guardian angels shall renew
Their anxious watch around him still.

Adversity in vain shall speed
Its pointless arrows at his heel,
His "treasure" and his "peace" are hid
"Where thieves do not break thro' nor steal."
His Hope, his Righteousness and Joy,
Are lessened not in suffering wrong;
His glory is but brightened by
The poison of the slanderer's tongue.

Blest is that heart—impulse divine
Is that which succors the distress'd;
And blest the goodness and design
That seek to give the weary rest.
Yea, and when this short life is done—
When he shall sigh and weep no more!
The Lord, with an immortal crown,
Ten-fold his goodness shall restore!

BOYS! DO YOU HEAR THAT?

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have frequently endeavored to encourage our young Guardian readers to improve their minds by furnishing them the example of others. Here is another. Dr. Livingstone, whose great work on Africa is everywhere spoken of, found his way to that degree of eminence which he now enjoys from poverty and life among the lowly by his own diligence in the pursuit of knowledge. Read his own touching story.

"The earliest recollection of my mother recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet. At the age of ten I was put into the factory as a "piecer," to aid by my earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of my first week's wages, I purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin," and pursued the study of that language for many years afterward, with unabated ardor, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now.

"My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children, or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lecture of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. It "sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the gospel of Christ to the heathen." This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary Society ought to do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others; and I would not have been much put about, though my offer had been rejected.

"Looking back now on that life of toil I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

We say "boys, do you hear that." Don't you call that "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties?" Is your chance less hopeful? Are your difficulties greater? There are hundreds of boys who read the *Guardian* whose opportunities are tenfold greater. Boys on a farm have a great deal of leisure. There are all the long winter evenings. There are some rainy days. There is an hour or more at noon while the horses are feeding. Farmers have more leisure now than they used to have before threshing machines, reapers, and many other labor-saving inventions were introduced. Let that leisure be employed in cultivating the mind.

"But there are so many things to interfere." So there are. Yet many of these interferences are owing to a want of watchfulness and management. Resolution and fixedness of purpose are necessary to succeed. We must not suffer ourselves to be drawn into the current of surrounding worldliness and vanity. Keep the end in view, and husband every means to take a step toward it.

Is not the satisfaction of useful and pleasant knowledge worth self-denial and earnest effort to obtain? The fine prospect which lies before us from a mountain summit is worth the toil of laboring up. If it may be reached even by sweat of brow or brain, who would linger in the half twilight of the level below? But beyond the mere satisfaction of knowledge is the luxury of using it in deeds of goodness and love. Sanctified knowledge—and we would not give a cent for any other kind—is power, and influence. It fits us the better for any duty, for any calling, and for any sphere of labor—

Now Boys, wake up, and be at work! There is no time to be lost. As good old Chaucer said; and as, in other words, many have said since:

"The life so shorte, the crafte so longe to learne."

Boyhood and youth will soon be gone, and with them will pass away forever the seedtime of life. Though much may be done afterwards, yet these are the golden seasons; and if they be unemployed a great advantage is lost beyond recovery. Up, and adopt the motto of Dr. Lange: "The way of life is above to the wise." Higher leads the path of every one's true destiny. Set your heart on things above, and let the mind ever be directed in the same way.

OH, what a glory doth this world put on
For him, that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent:
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear.—LONGFELLOW.

"OLD HUNDREDTH."

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* gives us the following interesting facts in regard to this venerable piece of music. It has for a long time, but wrongly, been attributed to Luther.

In your issue of Dec. 25th there is the following reference to "Old Hundredth :"

"The long disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the 'Old Hundredth,' has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral Library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759. But in the Cathedral library a French Psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the 'Old Hundredth,' exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it had been attributed."

This certainly settles the point referred to. But who was the author of this excellent church melody? Will you permit me to present a few undisputed historical facts, which lead me to believe that this piece of music owes its existence to none other than Claude Goudimel :

1. The French Psalms were reduced into poetical metre by Clement Marot, born 1495; by Calvin and Beza, the latter of whom was born 1519. Marot brought the first thirty of the Psalms into metre in Paris, and the next twenty while a refugee in Geneva. Calvin composed the twenty-fifth and the forty-sixth. Beza is the author of the other ninety-eight, making the Psalter complete, 150.

2. To this version of the French Psalms, Claude Goudimel composed the melodies and harmonies. Claude Goudimel, it will be recollected, was one of the teachers of the famous composer Palestrina, who was born 1524. Goudimel himself died 1572, a martyr in the memorable Bartholomew's Massacre.

3. The melodies and harmonies by Goudimel met with such decided favor, that shortly after they made their appearance, the French version of the Psalms here referred to was translated into the German language by Ambrose Lobwasser, who was born 1515. His German version is a translation of Marot, Calvin, and Beza's French version, to which Goudimel composed the music. Lobwasser published a volume of his poems ("*Sylvula Carminum*") as early as 1548.

4. Lobwasser's German version, which, in his day, and for many years afterwards, was used in the worship of the Reformed Churches in Germany, has this identical "Old Hundredth" set to the 134th (not to the 100th Psalm,) and where it stands in all the Hymn Books of the Reformed (German) Church, in which the Psalms are contained, from Lobwasser to the present day, the German Hymn Book, published by our own Church in 1854, not excepted. I have a number of old and new German Hymn Books before me, in all of which this very "Old Hundredth" is set to the 134th Psalm, precisely as sung in our English Churches.

Now, if Goudimel prepared the music to the French Psalter, if Lobwasser transferred it to the German version, where it has been in use ever since, who but Goudimel is the author of it? If, in my conclusion, I should be in error, I should like to be set right.

THE FARM.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE following beautiful picture is the concluding passage of the address delivered by Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, before the State Agricultural Society, in Buffalo:

"As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well situated, well cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvass on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste, than a noble farm! It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forests have been cleared from a greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give picturesque effect to the landscape. The eyes range round three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds, of the mysterious everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the railroad, a social neighborhood, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden.

"A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable and barn, and corn barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring house with a living fountain of water—occupies upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front and side of the dwelling apart, to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentiment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plough

walks in rustic majesty across the plain and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels; while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry which we cannot see goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth; the moving machine and reaper—mute rivals of human industry—perform their glad-some task; the well piled wagons bring home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail."

A THRILLING POEM.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines are as follows:

A young lady, of New York, was in the habit of writing for a Philadelphia paper on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of her's accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow by father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on, from year to year—
Thy sole relief—the bitter tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt.
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive a besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed, with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep, as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall.
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

And cold the livid brow:
Go, catch his withered glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy Mother's side.
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide—
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now.

With fading frame, and trembling limb—
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
That promise, to the cursed cup.

And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright,
And chained her there, mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child!

Go—hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think of its flavor, will you try
When all proclaim: THIS DRINK, AND DIE!

Tell me I *hate* the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word:
I *loathe*, ABHOR—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the *dark beverage of he'll!*

DESCRIPTION OF A PASTOR.

Mild was his accent, and his action free;
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed—
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed;
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
He taught the Gospel, rather than the law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but loved to draw.
The tithes his parish freely paid he took,
But never sued or cursed with hell and book.
Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets; but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand without request,
To serve the sick and succor the distressed.
The proud he tamed; the penitent he cheered;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught.—CHAUCER.

A MERCHANT TURNED FARMER.

A successful merchant, after ten years' business, retired to a farm, to the astonishment of his friends, who knew, at the moment of his breaking away from his mercantile profession, that he was in the midst of prosperity. On requesting his reasons for so singular a move, he replied that the cares, anxieties, and risks of a mercantile business are destructive of comfort, security, tranquillity, and also of health; that the cultivation of fruit and field crops is much more favorable to health and comfort, both of body and of mind; that business pursuits tend to concentrate the whole energies of the mind in one direction, thus producing mental and moral deformity and disease; and that the impossibility of bringing up children in a city, without running all the risks of the contaminating and corrupt influences of silly, foolish, fashionable and vicious company and customs, is sufficient to counterbalance all the educational advantages which some claim for the city over the country; and, in a letter to one of his old city friends, writes as follows: "You seem to think that the society of farmers and rural residents must be exceedingly dull and stupid. I can assure you it is not so. My neighbors in the country may not be so quick and ready in conversation as my old friends in the city, and their attention may not have been directed to so great a diversity of subjects, but their knowledge is less superficial, and their judgment far more sound and reliable. But even if intellectually inferior, which I do not admit, they are certainly *morally superior*. Take a hundred individuals without any picking, from my new neighbors, and a like number from the old, and there will be found more among the former and the latter who deserve and might command your moral respect and approbation—more who are honest, sincere, reliable, and of good moral habits and worth of character. For my own part, I take more pleasure in the society of the good than in that of the roguish and unprincipled, be the latter ever so smart. Then, again, I can be more with my family than when keeping store, and can more easily keep my children from the contamination of evil companions. But the crowning recommendation of my farming pursuits is this, I feel that I am working together with God in providing for the primary wants of his human family."

TEARS AND BLUSHES.—The poet Goethe, being once in the company of a mother who had occasion to reprove her young daughter, just budding into womanhood, when he saw the young girl blush and burst into tears, said: "How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silver tears become her better than any ornaments of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton; but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwells.

BOOK NOTICES.

JANE EATON; OR, THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. A poem in four Books. By A. Superintendent. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson, 1858. pp. 84.

Though this poem is published modestly anonymous, yet we happen to have been in a position to peep behind the curtain, and "know a thing or two" about its author. He deserves to be exposed; but as he has given us such a chaste and truly christian poem, and thus lets his light shine, we agree that his name shall be unknown. This we say, however, he has no reason to be ashamed of his production. The poem describes the introduction of the Sunday School into a neglected region, and the happy effects wrought out by its merciful help in this spot "by other means unblest." The poem is well sustained throughout. The author speaks not only from the mind but from the heart. His has felt what he sings. We know that his own youth was blest by the Sunday School; and this poem is a worthy offering of gratitude to this institution. The Book is beautifully gotten up on solid white paper and printed on large clear type. We must earnestly recommend it to our readers, who have any taste for a truly christian and beautiful poem on this interesting subject. Call at 111 South Tenth-st., and procure a copy—and be sure, when you have read it, to present it to some Sunday School.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY. With an Outline Treatise on Logic. By Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., President of Franklin & Marshall College. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858. pp. 357.

This book is designed more immediately to be used as a Text Book in High Schools and Colleges, for which also it is well adapted in size, style, arrangement and substance. It will, however, be found interesting to the general reader. We say *interesting*, because notwithstanding the rigid thought according to which the discussion proceeds, the reader is drawn along from section to section, and from subject to subject, by a clear style and a natural arrangement—or rather development—of the matter in hand. It is properly called "an introduction to the study of Philosophy," and we are sure that he who carefully reads this book before he enters upon the wide field of philosophical study will fare the better from such an introduction. The book takes it for granted that as christianity is "the salt of the earth" in a general way, so it is also the salt of philosophy in particular—a fact which it is very strange philosophers find it so hard to discover! The majority of philosophers remind us of a certain class of novelists whose heroes and heroines never eat breakfast or dinner, but always "take tea," the other meals being vulgar, are never mentioned! Philosophy seems afraid of Jesus Christ, and studiously avoids mentioning Him, we suppose because it would not be philosophic so to do! Dr. Gerhart, we are glad to see begins at the very point which others seem to avoid. Rightly he makes God, in Christ, the key to God himself, to man, and the world. Never, especially, have we seen the gates by which many earnest philosophic thinkers pass into pantheism or materialism so excellently well shut up. We acknowledge ourselves deeply indebted to Dr. Gerhart for this book. It is gotten up in the usual fine style of Lindsay & Blakiston's publications.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

How great is this prayer! Its author was accounted unworthy of life, despised by Jews and Romans, and sent out of the world shamefully between two thieves. Yet this simple and sublime prayer has outlived the glory of Judaism, and the proud power of imperial Rome. The Cæsars and their edicts, which the world then heard with trembling reverence from the Euphrates to Gaul, and in fear of which the christians only uttered this prayer in caves and catacombs, are buried in the past; their temples are in ruins, and the oracles of their divinities are silent forever, whilst this prayer lives in ever-increasing honor and power, and millions meekly bow down to utter it. The Jews are dispersed into all nations as a by-word and an astonishment—strangers in all lands; but wherever they go and stay as strangers they find this prayer at home, the joy of hearts and families.

It has been repeated for eighteen centuries by kings and queens, by lords and nobles, by beggars and slaves, by young men and maidens, old men and children, by the learned and ignorant. It is prayed in cathedrals and chapels, in colleges and cottages, at altars and at the mother's knee, by the joyful saint and by the weeping penitent, by the child going to bed and by the culprit going to the gallows, by the martyr in the flames and the dying christian on his peaceful couch. It is prayed by land and by sea, in the Old World and the New—and not with the least devotion by the pilgrim as he walks among the broken columns and dilapidated arches of mighty Rome and polished Greece, or stands in holy silence on the very spot where its divine author "hung bleeding, three dreadful hours in pain."

With reverence and humility would we attempt a brief analysis of this sublime prayer. It stands before us as a tree of life on which millions have fed. We cannot exhaust its riches of blessed fruit; we may, however, invoke the spirit, like a friendly wind, to shake its branches and gratefully nourish our souls by what falls for us.

We wish, in this article, only to view the Prayer as a whole—examine its organism, and look at its outward position and history.

The Lord's Prayer occurs twice in the Gospels. In Math. 6 : 8-13, as against the "vain repetitions" of heathen prayers ; and in Luke 11 : 2-4, in answer to one of His disciples, who, after our Saviour had prayed, asked Him to teach them to pray as John had also taught his disciples.

No one could be so able as He to give either the spirit, the matter, or the form of a true and perfect prayer. He came forth from the bosom of the Father. Hence He could give, as He has done in this prayer, the key to the Father's heart. As the Father was in the Son, so He hears in this prayer the echo of his own words—the return to Him of His own spirit and will. "That the Son taught it," says Tertulian, "commends it to the Father."

This prayer is wonderfully comprehensive. It is a spiritual microcosm—a world of devotion ; as Jeremy Taylor says, "Like the treasures of the spirit, full of wisdom and latent senses." It sums up all the wants of man, and asks for all the gifts of God. It is a perennial, exhaustless fountain of doctrine and devotion, precept and piety. Like a tree which God has planted and blessed, though its branches are not many, yet its blossoms send fragrance like incense throughout all the church, its leaves fall as healing over the nations, and its food is as manna in every age and on every shore. It is to be valued like a gem, not according to its size, but according to its inward and inherent worth. It resembles a many-sided diamond which, in what way soever you turn it, gives forth an ever new glory of light. It contains every kind of prayer. The holy apostle Paul mentions four : prayer, supplication, intercession, and giving of thanks. 1 Tim. 2 : 1. *Prayer* is asking for good : "Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts." *Supplication* is asking God to ward off evils : "Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil." *Intercession* is asking in behalf of others. This lies in the word "us," by which others are included. *Thanksgiving* is grateful praise to God for mercies promised and received. This is the spirit of doxology : "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

It calls into exercise every grace and fruit of the spirit. In the words, "Our Father," there is faith, hope, love, and joy. In "Hallowed be thy name," there is purity and goodness. In "Thy kingdom come," there is zeal. In "Thy will be done," there is patience, meekness, and peace. In the prayer for bread, "day by day," there is temperance. In "our" and "us" there is brotherly kindness and charity.

It is wonderfully adapted to all periods of life, to all circumstances of a christian, and to all degrees of piety, knowledge and experience. As Gregory the Great said of the Scriptures as a whole, so we may say of this prayer in particular, it is like a stream so deep that an elephant can swim in it, and at the same time so shallow that a lamb can safely wade in it. It is simple enough for a child, and profound enough for a philosopher.

It is only by close and careful study into its structure that we are led to see its admirable organism. Its first and most prominent divisions are three : The address or invocation ; seven petitions, and the doxology.

The petitions are again divided into two parts. The first three per-

tain directly to the glory of God. The last four pertain to the wants of man. In this particular the division is similar to that of the ten commandments, in which there are also two tables; the first four pertaining to our duty to God; and the last six to our duty to our fellow men. As He leaves for us in the decalogue the largest number of commandments, so here He gives us the largest number of petitions.

The first three bring God down to us; the last four raise us up to God. The first three remind us of all the riches of God; the last three of all the poverty of man.

There is an order to be observed in the first three—the second growing out of the first, and the third out of both the preceding. The glory of the Father's name is the beginning of all our worship. His name can only be hallowed by the revelation of His son, and the coming of His Kingdom. This kingdom can only come by the Holy Ghost, by whose effectual working His will is done among men. Here is the Trinity indicated, each person in His order and work. "God the Father," says Gerlach, "first reveals himself as a hidden, holy being: this hidden God goes forth from Himself and takes form in the kingdom of His son; and in this kingdom He dwells and acts by the Holy Ghost making all wills as His own will."

It has been well said that in these three petitions there is a marked resemblance to the angels' song by which our Saviour's advent was proclaimed. "Glory to God in the highest"—let the Father's name be hallowed. "On earth peace"—let the Son's kingdom come. "Good will to men"—let the spirit's work be fulfilled in the hearts of men.

The second division of the petitions, containing four in number, are again divided into two parts. The first one has reference to our temporal need; the other three to our spiritual need.

That there is only one for the body and earth, and three for the soul and heaven has its design and lesson, as pointing out to us which is least and which greatest.

The location of the petition for earthly good, after the three which ask for the hallowing of His name, the coming of His kingdom, and the doing of His will, is significant. It rests on the divine word: seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be *added* unto you.

It must also be noticed that this petition for bread stands in the middle between the three that pray for God's glory and the three that refer to man's spiritual wants. It does not sunder, but it binds the two parts together. Our Saviour Himself assumed the earthly, human, material, that through it He might bring the divine and heavenly into contact and communion with our spiritual need. As the creation of the kingdom of nature precedes the founding of the kingdom of grace, so the life of nature is in order unto the life of grace. The kingdom of grace does not ignore nature—for it saves the body as well as the spirit—but it uses the bodily and earthly as the basis and organ for the spiritual and heavenly. This petition for the temporal bodily life properly follows the first three, which pertain to God's glory, since it is for the promotion of that glory—for the hallowing of His name, for the coming of His kingdom, for the doing of His will—that our bodily life is blessed and sustained. It properly precedes the last three petitions pertaining to our salvation because natural life is the initiation to the higher spiritual life.

The mercies by which the body is sustained are designed to be means of turning the spirit toward God. Through these mercies God approaches man. Through these He sheds the first faint light of His love upon the dark and alienated spirit of men to arrest their attention and attract them toward Himself. It is in this way, says the apostle, He does not leave Himself without a witness, in that He does good, giving rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

The goodness of God leads to repentance. We need only follow ouraviour's merciful ministry to see how constantly he approached the spirits of men through favor to their earthly, bodily wants—even literally by giving them bread.

The last three petitions are an echo of the first three. In these, what the first three ask for is fulfilled in us. That which in the first three flows from the heart of God toward us, is in these reproduced in us. In the first three God descends to us, in these we, by that help, labor up to God. Because the kingdom of God is come to us, therefore we ask forgiveness, strive against temptation, and seek deliverance from all evil.

The order in the last three is, as in the first, natural and beautiful. They represent beginning, progress, and end, in the work of deliverance. The first asks deliverance from debt, and thus refers to the past: "Forgive us our debts." The second asks grace in danger, and refers to the present: "Lead us not into temptation." The third asks deliverance from damnation, and relates to the future: "Deliver us from evil." The first looks penitently at a state of nature; the second believingly to a state of grace; the third hopefully to a state of glory. The first reminds us of the ransom price of the captive; in the second we follow him as he is led back through ranks of enemies; in the third we see him triumphantly restored to his fatherland; when he bursts out in grateful praise of the mercy, preservation and power to which he owes his restoration: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever."

As in the first three, so in these, we must not fail to see a very plain reference to the order and work of the holy Trinity. The forgiving mercy of the Father, the preserving power of the Son, and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost—by whose office the full and final deliverance from all evil is effected.

We must also notice the significant difference between the first three and the last three petitions, in this particular: the first three are positive; they ask for something to be given to God—to His name, to His kingdom, to His will, and to us through these. The last three are negative; they ask that something be taken away from us—sin, temptation, evil. Why are these last three negative? Why do they not ask for regeneration—for the gift of positive life and grace, for positive good, over against threatening evil? For this reason: The prayer is not constructed for such as are out of a state of grace, but for such as are in grace—not for such as would enter the kingdom, but for such as have entered.

The whole prayer, in all its petitions, hangs on the first words of it, as grapes on a stem—"OUR FATHER." Those who pray have God already as their Father, are His children, have the spirit of adoption. Hence their prayer is to be kept, and advanced, and completed in that

state. That they say, "as we forgive our debtors," also implies that they are in a state of grace; for no one can truly thus love men who has not first loved God—the last always pre-supposes the first in the teachings of scripture. The prayer not to be led into temptation, implies a vantage ground out of it. In "Deliver us from evil," or from the evil one—that is, the devil—the petitioner stands on gracious ground, and looks over supplicatingly against the threatening powers of evil into which he would not finally fall.

In this respect, also, the Lord's Prayer is like the decalogue. The commandments also are negative—not "thou shalt," but "thou shalt not." Those to whom they were given were not to become His people, but they were His people: "*I am the Lord, thy God*"—keep this position, and go not away. Being my people, do not do this and that.

In like manner, in the Lord's Prayer, those to whom it belongs to pray it aright, begin standing before their Father in possession of a filial spirit, addressing Him as His children, "Our Father." This relation is recognized throughout the whole prayer. The life and savor of the Father's name and the child's spirit breathes in every petition. "Which art in Heaven," awakens in the child's heart thoughts of home! In "hallowed be Thy name," we have the charm of those deep and mystic associations which bind the child-like heart to the parent. The kingdom to come is the Father's great family. His will to be done, is the family law of love. The daily bread is the food on the Father's table. His forgiveness of debts is the condescending love of the Father toward the errors and mistakes of inexperienced children. The Father's family is the covert and defence against temptations from without. The deliverance from evil, is by the Father's strong arm, guided by protecting love; and the end is everlasting safety in the presence of the Father and in the bosom of the redeemed family in the home of heaven. In the Father's bosom the child begins to pray; by His love it is led through all the dangerous way of its earthly path and pilgrimage; and to His bosom and home it returns again, saying with joy, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever."

The ancient church had a deep sense of the fact that this prayer is designed for such as are in grace, and that its right use presupposes a gracious state. As our Saviour taught it not to the unbelieving, but to His own disciples, so in the ancient church it was not taught to those in the world, and not even to the catechumens till just before their baptism; and the first time they were allowed to repeat it was immediately after they had received the sacrament of Baptism, when they turned and prayed it before the congregation. No one could say "Our Father" to God—so they taught—unless he was initiated into the family or church of God by baptism, and had through it received the Holy Ghost, as the spirit of adoption. Hence they called it the prayer of the believing. It was used first in the public worship of the church only in the communion service, when neither the unbelieving nor even catechumens, but only fully initiated members, were present.

It is on the ground of their gracious relation to God by baptism that the church still teaches children to use the Lord's prayer. Being baptised into Jesus Christ, and thus having put on Christ, through "the washing of regeneration," they may call God, "Our Father." The Holy

Ghost, given in baptism, is the spirit of adoption whereby they cry, *Abba, Father.*

In the doxology of the prayer the suppliant confesses the ground on which his expectation rests that all these petitions will be answered and fulfilled. The Kingdom is His—the kingdom that has come, that is coming, and that is to come. His is the power—that has come, is coming, and is to come. His is the glory—that has come, is coming, and is to come. His is the kingdom established—his the power to maintain it—and his the glory that shall result from it forever.

We must not regard as accidental, but as designed and significant, the mystic numbers that appear, and reappear in it. The three general parts—the triple three subordinate parts—two triplets in the petitions, and the three members of the doxology. Then the *one*, also a mystic number, which binds together the double three petitions;—and then the seven petitions—both one and seven being the numbers denoting perfection.

Hence the ancients saw in it not only a reference to the Holy Trinity, but were wont to compare the seven petitions of the Lord's prayer to the seven pillars in the house of wisdom (Prov. 9 : 1)—to the seven trumpets before which the walls of Jericho fell (John 6 : 4)—to the seven mighty mountains in Esdras, "whereupon there grow roses and lilies" whereby God fills His children with joy (2 Esd. 2 : 19)—and to the seven golden candlesticks among which the Son of man walked (Rev. 1 : 12, 13.)

They used it three times a day in private in honor of the Holy Trinity. They are never weary in praising it. Tertullian says it is the basis of all prayers and the seal of all, the sum of the whole gospel, and an epitome of all the teachings of Christ. Others call it the sun, the crown, the kernel, the narrow and quintessence of all prayers; an index to all heavenly and earthly gifts; a well-spring of all blessings; an armory full of all spiritual weapons; the mighty defence of all saints; the tocsin of the church against all her oppressors; a sweet sounding harp; the true heavenly ladder; the golden hammer wherewith to knock at the celestial gate; the main key to God's treasures, and to the joys of paradise.

The Lord's prayer, say others, is a mirror of all the glory of our God. In this house of prayer we are made acquainted with the whole courtly life of the great king. In it the Lord shows us all the treasures of His Grace, while He leads us, as it were, from one room into another.

In the first petition: "Hallowed be thy name," He leads us into His imperial dome church, and shows us how His holy name is there hallowed with prayer and praise, with devout attention to His divine word, and with true christian life; where the triumphant church in Heaven, angels and the redeemed, unite with the militant church on earth, singing together as in one choir, and with perfect harmony of song, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth.

In the second petition: "Thy kingdom come," He leads us into His royal palace, where we see the throne high and lifted up, and on it the king of kings, who with a right sceptre rules, almighty in the kingdom of power, graciously in the kingdom of grace, gloriously in the kingdom of glory, and reigns victoriously in the midst of his enemies.

In the third petition: "Thy will be done," He leads us into His

private chancery or cabinet office, where he reveals to us graciously what is His good and acceptable, and perfect will, which in the council of the most Holy Trinity has been determined from all eternity, and what in the law and in the gospel is required of us.

In the fourth petition : " Give us this day our daily bread," He leads us into His provision house, into his well-filled granaries, where He shows us the rich supply with which He can and will supply all our earthly wants.

In the fifth petition : " Forgive us our debts," He leads us into His royal exchequer, or office of reckoning with His stewards, shows us the record of our debts, where the ten thousand pounds of our sin-debt are all noted, but all cancelled by the precious blood of our substitute, Jesus Christ ; and where He shows us at the same time how we should forgive one another as He hath forgiven us.

In the sixth petition : " Lead us not into temptation," He brings us into His royal armory, shows us every needed kinds of armor and weapons, offensive and defensive, the sword of the spirit, the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, by which, strong in the Lord, and certain of the crown of victory, we shall be able to withstand and overcome all the temptations of the enemy.

In the seventh petition : " Deliver us from evil," He brings us at last into the royal paradise—the true palace gardens of Heaven—into the ever-blooming, shady retreats of rest and peace, perennial fountains of life always sparkle and flow for refreshment ; where, after all earthly trials and toils, free from all weariness and wo, we shall dwell in His presence, and share in His joy, world without end. *Delitzsch.*

—When a true believer has experienced the blessed fulfilment of all these seven petitions, the concluding words of the prayer will naturally follow. With joyful thanksgiving and praise, he will say, hear by faith, and yonder in blessed vision : " Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Inquirest thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto the Lord ?
 And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the majesty of heaven ?
 There is a model to thy hand ; upon that do thou frame thy supplication ;
 Wisdom hath measured its words, and redemption urgeth thee to use them.
 Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone.
 For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with all :
 Remember his high estate, that he dwelleth King of Heaven ;
 So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed with reverence :
 Be thy first petition unselfish, the honor of Him who made thee.
 And that in the depths of thy heart his memory be shrined in holiness :
 Pray for that blessed time when good shall triumph over evil,
 And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jehovah :
 Bend thou to his good-will, and subserve his holy purposes.
 Till in thee, and those around thee, grows a little heaven upon earth :
 Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of God,—
 Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of nature :
 Humility smoothed the way, and gratitude softeneth the heart.
 Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with the tear of penitence :
 Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand that should smite,
 Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less forgiveness.
 To thy Father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast not hid thy sin,
 Therefore ask him, in all trust, to lead thee from the dangers of temptation ;
 While the last petition of the soul that breathes on the confines of prayer
 Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of earth and hell.
 And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy confidence be sure ?
 Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an answer of peace ;

Thou knowest that he is King, and none can stay his hand;
Thou knowest his power to be boundless, for there is none other:
And to him thou givest glory, as a creature of his workmanship and favor,
For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright existence.

THE TWO VOYAGERS.

SWIFT glides the bark of man,
Adown Life's river;
Where many a rock lies hid
Man's bark to shiver:
O'er the smooth waters, bright,
Sails a lone stranger;
Like many a voyager
Heedless of danger.
Till on the hidden shoal—
Of many a race the goal—
When the waves swiftest roll
Strikes the poor stranger.

O'er him the waters close,
Close once forever;
And on the stream of life,
Seen is he—never.
Lightly he launched his bark,
Gaily she bore him,
Calm waters smiled around,
Fair skies above him:
But when he feared it not,
When every fear forgot,
Down, where he saw it not,
There lay the danger.

Down the same flowing tide
Smoothly and slowly,
Glides the frail bark of one
Meekly and lowly;
Safe from all danger, he
Heeds not the storm king;
Nor can the hidden rock,
To his soul harm bring—
Soothing his inmost care,
Pointing to skies more fair,
Fast by the rudder there
Stands the good Pilot.

When the storm rages round,
And the sky lowers dark,
Safe through the midnight gloom
Glides he that frail bark.
Ah! he can steer it well
Past all the danger;
Till at his journey's end,
Lands he the stranger.
From every danger free,
Over Life's troubled sea,
On to eternity,
Guide us, O Pilot!

H Y M N S .

A good hymn, it seems to us, is sure of the best kind of immortality. He who writes it is entitled to the gratitude of mankind. He becomes associated with the most sacred hours and emotions of life. He is a perpetual preacher. For how much of religious experience has been born or colored by the psalmody of the Church. By altar-side and fire-side, by childhood and age, a good hymn is continually repeated, till its chime runs through many generations and round the circuit of the globe. And for aught we know, the choice and familiar lyrics of the Church, may be repeated in choirs beyond the stars—the melodies of the earthly sanctuary not all forgotten there—after the sweet lines of Chas. Wesley :

“ They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.”

We remember a sentence of Jeremiah Evarts, when anticipating the future Moral Destiny of the United States, that “the sacred bard who composes a hymn that shall be stereotyped a century hence on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and printed on the same page with Cowper’s “Oh for a closer walk with God,” or the ‘*Martyrs Glorified*’ of Watts, will exert an efficient influence over more minds than have yet heard the names of Homer or Cicero ; and will cheer more hearts, during a single generation, than have ever yet responded to the calls of the mightiest genius.” And we are inclined to think this is not extravagant. We see not why the influence and the thrill there is in the *Marseilles Hymn*, or “Scots wha ha’ wi’ Wallace bled,” should not be put into some religious lyrics, and strike as with fire the hearts of a thousand generations.

To write one good hymn is a great service for religion, but to write a good hymn is not easy. Not every poet, nor many of the poets can do it. To say truth, there are not many which are perfect in their way. And if our psalmodies were sifted of all second rate and under, they would be a great deal thinner and a great deal better. We confess we cannot set Montgomery at the top in this difficult art. Many of his hymns are good, and will hold their place a good while. But while Charles Wesley has no rank in literature like Montgomery, he seems to us to have a far higher genius as a hymnist. He caught more of the real spirit of the Moravian Hymns than Montgomery, though born and bred in that communion.

And yet we must not refuse Montgomery the honor of having done well what so few do even tolerably. We could quote many verses quite perfect in their way, when the hymn has its blemishes. There is one of his hymns, to us his best, which has not found hospitality in many of our collections. It is not in the Psalmist. It begins, “Forever with the Lord.” Its second stanza has often come to our inward ear at evening with an uplifting beauty :

“ Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.”

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

I HAVE one of the kindest of husbands : he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G——— T——— made me his wife. I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long dark days and nights that came between ; for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirits that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family—there were three cents coming to him in change ; and unluckily the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till ; and, as it was a sharp frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both ; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and he came to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly, and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day : but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled ; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright ; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for his return : the tea pot was standing at the fire and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth,

and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he was conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door.

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show, that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field: and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I have often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirits every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left those trifles which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only the month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the

pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of pledges, and had often told him, that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tost upon the waves.

Our good clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges: the Deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very illy of our pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was as sure of it as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one who had proved so entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together.

I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe that my affection could have survived, under the pressure of that misery which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things, of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot, where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile, in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected, that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that if he had done so he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness. "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he, "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidenee and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other."

"Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery; "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted, that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirits, and that, on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink

spirituous liquors without finding that my *occasions* were more *extraordinary* than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of neighbor Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these words my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears: and the minister rode slowly away, without uttering a word.

I rejoiced even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on and weep, in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep a good heart, for he thought some one might help us when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humor would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought—poor man—that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was likely to be verified. A one-horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusual rapid rate, and the constable advised us as the road was narrow, to stand aside and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and when the dust had cleared away, it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand: and when he began, "Neighbor Johnson you are the same kind friend"—"Get in," said he; "let us have no words about it. I must be at home in a trice; for," turning to me, "your old school-mate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window till she sees you safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the gray mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer Johnson took out the children; and while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell little Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there was bread and meat and milk upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray; let us thank God for the great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try."

We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs, and tears, and prayers, could wing their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first, I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him, of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing, for an hour, in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it with a good appetite, but said little; and, now and then, I saw the tears starting in his eyes.

I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger and gave it to me the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death: it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring that ring." Memory hurried me back in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side where we sat together and agreed upon a wedding day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And now, Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me."

My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill at the back of our cottage we had a fair view of the Deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed to God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions standing in the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as he came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh, George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates; they appeared to offer him their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God," said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and, seizing my baby at the cottage door, literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in the tears of my joy.

About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office-boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said

I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but, take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to the common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house.

It was soon understood that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, Let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other.

One evening farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it when he first began to leave off spirits, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months, without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have in every trial and temptation—and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of these words—I have relied on this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring: I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsel of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved thus far, the life-boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away; and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and, turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book: my husband signed the pledge of the society, and, with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten thousand times more precious than ever—MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

LIGHT IN SORROW'S NIGHT.

Our earthly loves, like summer leaves,
Gladden, but intercept our view;
But when bereft the spirit grieves,
And hopes are crushed and comforts few,
Lo! in the depths of sorrow's night
Beams forth from far, celestial light.

ST. PAUL'S PERSON AND THORN IN THE FLESH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"How little stress is to be laid on external appearance ! This prince of apostles seems to hint concerning himself, that his bodily presence was not calculated to command respect ; 2 Cor. 10 : 10. St. Chrysostom terms him 'a little man, about three cubits (or four feet and a half) in height.' But of all other writers, Neciphorus has given us the most circumstantial account of St. Paul's person. "St. Paul was of small stature, stooping and rather inclining to crookedness ; pale-faced, and of an elderly look. His eyes lively, keen and cheerful ; shaded in part by his eyebrows, which hung a little over. His nose rather long, and not ungracefully bent. His head pretty thick with hair, and of a sufficient length, and his locks interspersed with grey." So far as this description pertains to his eyes, critics have supposed it to be incorrect at least in his later life. There seems to be some good reasons for believing that the "thorn in the flesh," to which he alludes (2 Cor. 12 : 7,) is to be referred to some defect in his eyes. It has been said, at least ingeniously, that a number of facts and incidental allusions in the epistles of Paul, receive light and explanation from this supposition. Thus, he says to the Gallatians, 4. 5 : "I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your eyes and have given them to me." How, it is asked, could such an action have been any proof of love, unless the supposed gift had been intended to supply some deficiency under which the apostle was known to labor ?

It is known also that the apostle employed an amanuensis. Some have supposed that he was unable to write the Greek characters. But this cannot be supposed of a man of his education. Besides he quotes passages from three or four of the Greek poets, which shows a familiarity with that language. This explanation seems therefore quite far-fetched ; but on the supposition of defective vision all is natural and plain.

"When the High-priest Ananias ordered Paul to be smitten, he retorted on him as an ordinary Pharisee ; 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall,'—but when informed who it was that had spoken, he excused himself by saying, 'I wist not that it was the High-priest !' The commentators account for this ignorance in various ways, but they leave the great difficulty untouched, since the seat and dress of the High-priest would have been sufficient evidence of his dignity in the eyes of a Jew, if seeing eyes he had. But if Paul's infirmity prevented him from seeing the position in the council, or the external emblems of office which indicated the high station of the speaker, a clear solution of the mystery is provided."

It has been supposed that St. Paul's infirmity was a chronic ophthalmia, a disease of the eye well known in hot climates. "The pain of ophthalmia," says Mr. Stevens, "when severe, exactly resembles that of a

thorn or pin. I once had it very severely indeed in the West Indies. It made me blind, in a manner, for about three weeks, and during that time, if a ray of light by any means broke into my darkened chamber, it was like a thorn or pin run into my eye, and so I often described it. I felt also the subsequent effect for years, which I supposed to have been felt by St. Paul, a predisposition to inflammation in the eyes, which extreme care and timely application alone prevented from recurring."

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THIS exquisite ballad, constructed by Robert Burns, out of a different and somewhat exceptionable lyric, has always left something to be wished for and regretted: it is not complete. But who would venture to *add* to a song of Burns? As Burns left it, it runs thus:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessing on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clam the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Fine as this is, it does not quite satisfy a contemplative mind; when one has gone *so far*, he looks and longs for something more—something *beyond the foot of the hill*. Many a reader of Burns must have felt this, and it is quite probable that many have attempted to supply the deficiency, but we know of only *one success* in so hazardous an experiment. This is the added verse:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we have slept thegither,
The sleep that a' maun sleep, John,
We'll wake wi' ane anither;
And in that better warld, John,
Nae sorrow shall we know;
Nor fear we e'er shall part again,
John Anderson, my jo.

Simple, touching, true—nothing wanting, and nothing to spare; precisely harmonizing with the original stanzas, and improving them by the fact of completing them. The poetical achievement is attributed to Mr. Charles Gould, a gentleman whose life has been chiefly devoted to the successful combination of *figures*—but not figures of rhetoric. The verse was written some years ago, but it has not hitherto found its way into print; yet it well deserves to be incorporated with the original song in any future edition of Burns' Poems, and we hope some publisher will act on this suggestion.

SWEET SOUNDS.

BY SELDOM.

CERTAIN qualities of sound affect the ear in the same way that savory relish affects the sense of taste on the tongue and palate. In either case the pleasure of enjoyment, in the sentient, conveys the idea of sweetness to the soul. There are, however, differences between sweet tastes and sweet sounds. One has reference more to the animal part of man, the other reaches the higher sphere of the spiritual. Both can be abused and prostituted to subserve the baser life, when they are laid hold of by "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort." In their right use both can be cultivated and their pleasures manifoldly multiplied. All know, however, that the sweet pleasures of taste are often turned into intemperance, gluttony, and debauchery, by depraved and morbid appetites. And even dulcet sounds are not unfrequently made to give charm to shameless revelry and coarse, indecent carousals. Gladly we turn to the brighter side, to the sweet sounds we so much delighted to hear, and whose echoes still intone our heart-chords.

Sweet sounds are inwoven with all the home-sounds of our life. The freshest and purest emotions that have ever swelled the heaving breast were the product of sounds common to the home circle. Our household names cannot be called except sweet sounds gush from the voice that speaks them. Whether we be old or young, none of us can use the language and terms of the home-life without attuning the articulations of the voice to its most melodious pitch. Terms of endearment, expressing the ties and relations of family, all vibrate with richest elements of harmony. No din and noisy strife can utterly destroy the memory of what charmed so sweetly in those better days. Often the yearning heart longs that the discord of busy life would give place to the lost melody of happiness now gone.

In nature's utterances we hear sweet sounds. The gurgling streamlet, the murmuring rill, the babbling brook, the rush of the roaring river, and even the deep-toned thunder of the mighty sea-wave breaking on the shore, are sounds that waken in us emotions of pleasurable delight. So, too, the whispering zephyr in the summer's eventide, the sighing breezes of autumnal days, the brisk, whistling winds of winter, and the more mournful moanings of the storm blasts, are all only the minor cadences in the great anthem of nature. Then in the animal world, the buzzing hum of insect, the croaking voice of reptile, the warbling song of bird, and the lowing of beast, all join in the choral, which had been perfect harmony, but for the discord of sin. Were it not for this, the frog-pond had been a concord of sweet sounds!

A mother's whispered love is the first and sweetest sound that ever falls on the infant's ear. The gentle soothings of a mother's lullaby distil sweet melody within the unfilled chambers of the soul, unstained as yet with actual sin. Her voice, in all its tones, vibrating with maternal love, repeats to the willing ear of childhood, sweet sounds that trace

their winding way deep down in the convolutions of the undeveloped soul. Oh, were these echoes never drowned with grosser sounds, the heart in after-life would feel fewer stings of sin and taste less the bitterness of sorrow. The chords of memory, often, like the sea-shell in the ear of manhood, murmur in mimic numbers their faint responses to sounds that strung them in the deep-toned fulness of their ocean home of love. Maternal solicitude adds tenderest sweetness to her words of prayer in behalf of her darling child. And in a father's earnest words of counsel, uttered perhaps as his last breathings in his dying hour, there are tones to charm the wanderer, in later years, to penitence and restoration.

Infantile innocence, prattling half unconsciously in the primal accents of the human voice, is another source of sweet sounds. Issuing from this "well-spring of pleasure," there is something so pure and fresh, that grosser spirits feel themselves under its influence, rebuked as by a better power. The joyous sports of happy childhood, in the merry ringing laugh, and all the cheerful sounds arising from the group engaged in the simple play, are richly musical and sweet. Gushing from the overflowing fountain of unsophisticated life, the truthful honesty of tone in young voices strikes home to the sympathies of the veriest villain whose sin-polluted soul feels all abashed in the presence of natures not yet as discordant as his own. All the intonations of virtuous souls are mellifluous.

Youthful glee has no less its own set of sweet sounds. Unalloyed happiness is sweet. In the fresh vigor of virgin life our souls have not yet tasted of the bitter dregs that settle at the bottom of the cup. Gladsome hearts of youth, therefore, beget glad sounds, and these are sweet in proportion as they come from pure and untainted fountains in the breast. When the voice of youth unites its powers in its Heavenly Father's praise, its sweetness ascends upward as odors of incense from a pure altar. The offices of devotion performed in the rich, full tones of a young heart, in its self-surrendry to the love of its Father and Maker, through the grace of its Redeemer, by the fellowship of the spirit, are the sweetest products of earth partaking of the pleasures of heaven.

Fresh spoken, early love, has something in its tones surpassingly sweet for the better part of our nature. When lovers first breathe their mutual confessions, the thrilling sweetness of those words enters the very soul chambers of each other, and mingling in the harmony of those sounds their heart-chords are strung in unison. Their words will be soft and low, that they may be near each other. Those strange and mystic sounds, so dear to them, may not be desecrated by falling on ears less interested than their own. Many of their most rapturous communings may sound flat enough to others, who only need be put in like circumstances to enjoy it all as well. The word-plighted troth is a sound too sweetly sacred to be profaned by envious ears. There is a sweetness in it, at which, Milton says, the devil once grew envious and turned aside. Much sweetness of the kiss, is in the mystic sound.

Home sounds are sweetest. To the war-horse the sound of battle is most desired. To ambition, the huzzas of the applauding multitude may be very sweet. To the miser, the clink of money in the chest is worth more than all other sounds for sweetness to charm his ear. The voice of song attuned to the harmony of melodious sounds by the science

of music, must always have a charm of sweetness for man. Men will pay for sweet sounds better prices than they will pay for any thing else. In proportion to their degree of merit, sweet singers are rewarded better than any other class of the community. They afford us a refined pleasure that is worth more than money. And they were only to be bought, men would husband their means for that purpose. But the sweetest sounds are so common as to be unvalued. A thousand of these we get at home, gratis, for every one we are able to pay for abroad. Note the home sounds for their sweetness, and they will be more valued and enjoyed.

Pardon to the penitent convict is always a sound harmonious to the ear; and the sweeter is it, because it is free. And yet there are sounds of pardoning mercy, free and full, which men despise and are unwilling to hear. The glad sound of Gospel grace, or good news to men, is above all sounds sweet to the sinner, under the curse of God's wrath. Proclaimed by the angel-band, who sang in heavenly harmony of peace and good will from God to man, we hear it and rejoice :

The Saviour ! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort 'round.

Other sounds of sweetness are, after all, when compared with this, only relative and secondary. The name of Jesus is more dear than all besides pronounced by human voice. Not heaven itself can hear sweeter sounds than Jesus' name. Oh, that all who love sweet sounds, might realize, by faith, the blessedness of summing up all others in the full, rich melody of this :

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

* * * * *

Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

* * I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Calvary echoes the sweetness of this name in sounds that ought to reach the most callous heart. But how many stop their ears to the sounds of love and mercy, and steel their hearts to the sweet influences of the blessed Saviour's grace. If we have heard the call to life and light; if we have felt the joy of peace speaking pardon in the soul, then

may we well wonder why many heed not the melting sweetness of the love of God, in calls of His gospel to salvation. Oh, that all would taste and see that the Lord is good! This love is the key-note to the soul. All its tones regulated by this will be in harmony with all of nature's sweet sounds.

For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

I. THE TRUE GOD.

A pious little boy dwelt in the house of an idolator, and often said to him: "There is only one God, who has made heaven and earth. He makes rain and sun-shine. He sees all we do and leave undone, and hears our prayers. He, the living God, can reward and punish, redeem and destroy us. These images are made of clay; they see not, hear not, and can do us neither good nor evil."

But the heathen did not heed his words.

Once on a time the man went out into the fields. Then the boy took a stick and broke the images to pieces; only the largest one he left whole, and put his stick into that one's hand.

When the man came home he called out in anger: "Who has done this?" The boy answered: "Do you not believe that your large god has broken the smaller ones?" "No," exclaimed the man, "that I do not believe; for he has never yet moved a hand. You have done it, you bad little fellow, and for this wickedness I will now kill you with this stick!"

But the boy answered in a friendly way: "O, be not angry! Do you not believe that your god could do what you say I have done with my feeble hand? How then could he be the God who has made heaven and earth?" The heathen was silent, reflected over what the boy had said, broke the remaining god, fell upon his knees, and for the first time prayed to the true and living God.

Blessed are they who know the Lord,
Obey his will, obey his word.

II. THE GOOD FATHER.

A good father, on account of important business, had to live for some time in the capitol of the country. The mother and children meanwhile lived remote from him on a small piece of land. Now, one time, the father sent them a large chest-full of beautiful things, and also a letter, in which was written: "Dear children, be good and pious, then you shall soon be permitted to come to me. Be also glad, children, for in the house I have prepared for you here, I have yet more beautiful things in reserve for you."

The children rejoiced greatly at these words, and said: "How kind is our father, and how much joy he affords us. We love him with all our hearts, even though we do not see him, and can no more remember how he looks. We will also make him glad by doing all he tells us in the letter. O, how we will rejoice once to see our good father.

Then the mother said: "Dear children, as your father on earth deals with you, so the heavenly father does with all men. Even when they do not yet love Him, He gives them all kinds of beautiful gifts—sun, moon and stars, flowers, fruits and grain; and from this goodness we know His love to us. The Holy Bible is at the same time a letter from Him in which he tells us what He wishes us to do, and promises us Heaven. O there still better gifts and greater joys await us than those which on earth are given! We will now love our heavenly Father, do his will, and rejoice in hope of Heaven. There we shall see Him face to face, and our joy will be unspeakable and full of glory.

God does every good impart;
Love Him with a joyful heart.

III. THE PIOUS MOTHER.

I.

Once on a great festive day, a noble woman in the country said to her two sons: "O, that I could also appear in the temple to-day, and join with the thousands who assemble there in worshipping Almighty God! But, alas! it is too far for me to walk to the city, and our carriage is of no use to us now, since our straitened circumstances have compelled us to sell our horses."

At once the sons pushed out the carriage, brought it to the door, and offered themselves to take their mother to the temple, which was a good distance from the place. The mother entered, and the noble youths, instead of horses, drew the carriage.

Now all the people were moved to tears, seeing the piety of the mother and the child-like affection of her sons; and from the gate of the door of the temple, they strewed their path with green leaves and flowers, exclaiming: "Hail! thou happy mother; and hail! ye noble sons!"

Those who love their parents, can
Hope for love from God and man.

II.

In the midst of the joyful shouts of the people the two sons with their mother reached the temple. The good mother knelt weeping at the altar, and prayed in her heart: "O God bless my two sons, and bestow upon them that which thou seest to be best for them!"

The youths took their mother home again, and in the evening went joyfully to sleep. In the morning, when the mother went to call them, behold! they both lay together, beautiful and lovely, like sleeping angels—but they awakened no more!

At first the mother was greatly alarmed and distressed on account of the death of the youths; but she soon composed herself, and said: "Good Lord, Thou hast heard my prayer. Now I see that a peaceful

and blessed death is the best boon which dying men can desire. My sons are now with Thee. Earth was too poor to reward them for their childlike affection to me; and hence Thou hast taken them to Thyself in Heaven.

Those prepared for endless day,
Sweetly pass through death away.

IV. THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

Jacob and Anna were at one time alone in the house. Then Jacob said to Anna: "Come, we will seek through the house for something good to eat, and enjoy it well."

Anna said: "If you will take me where no one will see us, I will join with you in eating whatever good things we can find."

"Very well," said Jacob, "then come along to the milk-cellar, there we'll drink a bowl of sweet cream."

Anna said: "There, our neighbor who is splitting wood on the street will see us."

"Then come along to the kitchen," said Jacob, "in the kitchen-cup-board there is a pot of honey; we will dip our bread into it."

Anna said: "The woman who in the next house sits spinning at the window can see us there."

"Then we will go into the cellar and eat apples," said Jacob, "there it is so perfectly dark, that certainly no one can see us."

Anna said: "O, my dear Jacob, do you really suppose that no one can see us there? Do you know nothing of that eye above us, which penetrates through the walls, and sees in the dark?"

Jacob was alarmed and said: "You are right, my dear sister; God can see us where no human eye can behold us. We will therefore do evil in no place."

Anna was glad that Jacob took her words to heart, and gave him a beautiful picture; on it was the eye of God surrounded with radiant light, and beneath it was written:

Grant Lord that I thy holy eye may always see,
And ever free from sinful thoughts and actions be.

THE FIRST PURCHASE.—There is now a young man doing a flourishing business in Massachusetts, whose boyhood was adorned by the following act: He was reared in poverty, and was early instructed to save his money. This he did with extreme care, until he had enough to pay for a Bible, when he laid it out for this Book of books. As fast as he acquired the means, he purchased other volumes, and read them over with the deepest interest. He grew up a model young man, and has been pursuing a successful business for some years. Although a young man now, he is yet the possessor of much property. If he had spent the first twenty-five cents he possessed for a visit to the theatre, or some other pleasure, he might have been a miserable spendthrift now, without wealth or character.

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHILDREN love pictures ; and what is more they often receive lasting impressions from them good or bad, pleasant or otherwise. How often have we wished we could get clear of the vivid image which haunts our memory and imagination of what was called the "battle of Waterloo" that used to hang on our wall. A pedlar had brought it round, and sold the "thing of art" for a shilling. There it hung, and in dream-like wonder did we use to gaze at the hatefully interesting thing. We could scarcely believe that there ever were horses quite such as the one which the General rode ; nor could we imagine that it was possible for a rider to sit so straight, look so calmly self-important, in the midst of bayonets, guns, cannons, broken wheels of artillery wagons, and bleeding soldiers. But so it was on the picture ; and on all this it was thought necessary our childish eyes should rest every morning and every evening—and so the disgusting picture still curses our imagination in the present.

Now had the picture been lovely or instructive, then the image of it had been pleasant and of advantage until now. Such pictures there are, and good old Noah Webster did not forget to put some of them in our spelling book. For this we thank him kindly ; and the thought of it increaseth our veneration for the man as well as continueth our love for his book.

The first picture he gives us—and which from its location about the middle of the book, formed a goal earnestly longed for by all who entered upon the mysteries of learning as opened up in that volume—is one which, with its lesson, we shall never forget. It is a rural scene connected with farm life, which shows the authors partiality to the poet's sentiment :

"God made the country, man made the town."

Still the picture is not untarnished by the evidences of mischief and sin. There is the humble frame house, with its sharp gable, low eaves, long slooping roof—with its low windows and its tall chimney, from which the smoke is gracefully curling. This, however, is mere back ground. The main idea of the picture is the old man and the apple thief. How sternly and in an attitude which indicates more than decision, does the farmer look up at the little thief hanging to the lower limb of a tree in the act of hasty descent. The old gentleman's hand swung back, and that which seems to be in it, and the little urchin's affrighted turning of the head towards him all indicate a real encounter. What the picture means, and what further took place the reader shall learn from the story itself.

"FABLE I.

"OF THE BOY THAT STOLE APPLES.

"An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing Apples, and desired him to come down ; but the young Sauce-box told him plainly he

would not. Won't you? said the old Man, then I will fetch you down; so he pulled up some tufts of Grass, and threw at him; but this only made the Youngster laugh, to think the old Man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

"Well, well, said the old Man, if neither words nor grass, will do, I must try what virtue there is in Stones; so the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young Chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old Man's pardon.

"MORAL.

"If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner."

The Fable, in perfect harmony with the entire spelling book, breathes the stern, disciplinary spirit of a time which has we fear gone by. In the school where our spelling book was used, and also in the family where we "stopped," as the Yankees say, in childhood, there was a custom in vogue which always seemed to us to be of a piece with this picture, and which carried out the moral of the fable belonging thereto. It also had—that is the custom—some relation to the apple-trees. In fact, the smooth shoots of a year's growth, which could always be found in the orchard, were regarded as indispensable aids to carry out the business to its legitimate results. A full description of the affair is hardly necessary, inasmuch as tradition, especially among the aged, still preserves the mode of procedure. If not, an account of it may be read in various parts of Solomon's Proverbs.

The question whether the custom ought to be continued, and so handed down to the generations coming, has been much discussed in late years. It has been said on the one hand that families and schools can get along as well without it, and it has been as earnestly said on the other hand that families and schools *cannot* get along as well without it. And here the dispute lies. What shall we say? How shall we argue on it? Now to us the question seemeth to resolve itself into this: Shall the Proverbs of Solomon be continued? If not, then we give it up, having no arguments beyond this. But if those venerable sayings, which old-fashioned people think will be true up to the day of judgment, are true for us, then the view to be taken of this matter delivereth itself in the following words, to wit: "A rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding. A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes. Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him. Withhold not correction from a child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell. The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

All these words are by Solomon. Now the argument, put in proper form is this: Solomon is in favor of the rod, if Solomon is to be taken as authority, then, consequently, the rod is wholesome. But, if Solomon is to be put out of schools, as the Bible in which he speaks has in many places been put out, then the rod must go with Solomon and the Bible, as belonging to an age which has been left behind by the nineteenth century.

We go with Solomon, the Bible, the picture and the fable. Let it

not be overlooked that all these authorities commend the rod only as the last resort. It is as cruel and unwise to use it in some cases as it is to neglect its use in others. That it has often been wickedly used in families and schools in former times is just as evident as that it is often wickedly neglected now. As all persons are not fit to use it, so all do not deserve to receive it.

We fear this age is becoming somewhat effeminate; and the picture, with its fable and moral, on which we are commenting, would be pronounced by many as behind the age. There is everywhere visible a relaxation in discipline and the strict administration of justice. Men would honor mercy at the expense of justice. A weak and morbid fondness of parents toward their children, leads them to neglect discipline. The same want of discipline is seen in schools. The good old name, "master," is out of fashion, and we hear only "teacher." But lately we heard it earnestly agreed that the word *school-master* ought to be done away; that it indicates too much the stern spirit of the olden time. So it does, and for that we like it. We are willing to regard this change of name as indicative of a change in school tactics, but we regard the change as evil instead of good. Whilst there has been no doubt in some cases too much sternness and strictness in times gone by, the fault was on the safe side. Too much discipline is by no means the fault of this age—the danger lies all the other way.

The relaxation of which we speak shows itself in every sphere of life. Courts and prisons are not feared as they used to be. Sentences are more mild. How common also it is for the sympathies of the public to go with criminals instead of being with the law and an outraged and injured community. Capital punishment shocks the nerves of many, who have nerve enough to see a butchered family lying in their blood! The feelings of piety and commiseration which should be given to a wife whose husband has been murdered, or to children whose parent has been cut off, is reserved for the gallows-scene of him whose hands did the deed of blood. How hard it is, says the public feeling, for that prominent citizen, who has swallowed up in a bold defalcation the substance of many widows and orphans, to be sent to the penitentiary! What a heart-rending thought! How hard for his family! But there is scarcely a sigh for fifty families whose all has been taken away by his rascality! In fact neither verdict nor sentence can be procured against such a one. Justice limps lamely after him, snuffling words of pity, and weeping tears of morbid mercy. Prosecution is regarded as persecution; crime is turned into heroism, and the injured are forgotten in sickly compassion for the injurer!

We submit to the readers of *The Guardian* whether our expansion of the moral in this fable is not just. That such a lesson stands, illustrated, in good old Noah Webster, is another witness speaking loudly to the honor and praise of our spelling book.

W O M A N .

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung—
 Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
 She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 LAST at the Cross, and EARLIEST at the grave.

ANY LETTER FOR ME, TO-DAY.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

WITH how much of hidden emotion is this question asked at the city post-office! Many a time, after receiving our own letters, have we stopped to watch the faces of the throng who were waiting their turn to ask the common question: "Any letter for me, to-day?" and were always thus led to more serious reflection upon the joys and sorrows of life, and made more sensibly to realize the power of *little things* over human happiness.

It is a little thing to ask for a letter, and the answer "yes" or "no" is but a little thing; the letter itself is but a small package, in appearance, unimportant and valueless; and when passing the post-office we casually glance at the people who have come for their little message, we deem it a very little affair—an every day occurrence of no special significance. But could we see the expectation, desire, the trembling hope and fear, smothered beneath the simple question, "Any letter for me?" then should we know that it is not a little thing to the heart interested. There is no other place in the world where strong feeling, genuine heart emotion, is so immediately aroused as at the post-office. It may be subdued, it is true, or hidden from the human eye, but it is felt there. No where else can so great a variety of feeling be called into exercise; for here all come—all ages, classes and conditions of men, each hoping and fearing.

Any letter for me to-day? asks the man of business. Yes. He takes it—opens it and reads a notice of a protested note; or of a failure; or of some other calamity from which he must date his own ruin. Perhaps he reads of rise in real estate in stocks, or of the success of some grand mercantile speculation by which he is suddenly released from embarrassment, and made rich. Oh, what an electric touch to his whole being is that letter!

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the aged mother; her voice trembles, and her heart throbs heavily while the clerk turns to look for the expected message. Her children are all scattered over the world—have been gone from her for many years, but she still feels the same love for them she did when they were "wee darlings" nestled safely under one roof, and a letter of good news from either of them thrills the heart with the same joy which their smiles and merry glee brought to her long years ago.

Any letter for me to-day? asks the young man who has been but a few months from home, seeking employment in the city. His countenance indicates a quick alteration of hope and fear, and when the answer is given, "No letter, sir," he turns away, as he has many times before, struggling to suppress tears and sighs. He had been unsuccessful in his efforts of business—the means given him by his father when he started out to *try the world for himself*, were exhausted, and weeks

before he had written imploring further aid. Thus without money, without work, in want and alone in the great city, what home yearnings arise in his heart, and upon that little expected letter seems to hang his whole destiny.

Any letter for me to-day? timidly inquires the maiden, her face suffused with the blush of first love. The clerk knows it is the heart that speaks in those low, soft tones, and a little joy touches his own, it may be from sympathy or the awakening of some cherished memory, as he discovers her name so prettily written upon an embossed envelope. So he places it in her hand with a cheerful smile, and with joy beaming eyes she hurries away eager to read over the vows of constancy and devotion, which create a new paradise in her soul. Trusting girl! Little does she dream of the wide difference between love in letters and love in real life.

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the wife whose husband is away in California seeking gold. He could not be contented with the "slow and sure" growth which honest labor invariably secures; but he must amass wealth quickly, make a fortune in two or three years, then he will return to live in "splendid style." This dream of greatness was worth to him more than all the comforts and endearments of home; and so he made the sad exchange. During the four years, he has only written as many letters to his wife, and sent her money barely sufficient to procure the necessaries of life. But her love towards him did not falter—it reached all the way to that distant land, and brought him still nearer to her. The few lines received at these long intervals, are read with tearful eyes, many times over, and sacredly treasured as mementoes of her husband's love. But to-day she received a letter bordered with black, and the hand-writing is not *his*. How like lead it falls upon her heart. The dream of her husband is ended—the delusive gold vision has faded, and he has passed away to the possession of immortal riches! That little folded sheet brought to her a life-long wo.

And thus, one after another of the great human throng, come up to the post-office, with the same inquiry upon their lips: "Any letter for me to-day?" The rich and poor, the joyful and sorrowing, the learned and ignorant, the good and depraved, all, have friends somewhere in this wide world; and what a blessed thing it is that through this medium they can hold communion. Letters are winged messengers of the heart that go out every day from thousands of homes. There is more truth in them than spoken or printed words, for their literature is not studied, but felt. They are mostly the issues of the affections—the utterance of the inner-life, and fullest representations of the various phases of common humanity.

WHERE spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull—
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent footsteps worn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn—
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied—
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

THE TWIN FISHERS.

A DIRGE—DEDICATED TO HENNIE AND ANNIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who is not acquainted with the two plaster-of-Paris images, borne about and sold by Italians, called the Twin-Fishers? What lovely symbols of innocent childhood. In their aprons they essay to carry their fishes, but the smooth-sided creatures of the stream are ever gliding out at the sides, and the innocent children elevate one side of the apron only to let them slide out the more surely on the other; and with what earnestness of look—half perplexity, because they are dropping out, and half-admiration of the beautiful captives themselves—do they gaze at them jumping at their feet while others still are falling from the carelessly held apron. Many thoughts come up in our mind while beholding these lovely Twin-Fishers. Though they are not of marble, and would perhaps never be thought of in connection with exhibitions of statuary as “things of art,” yet sure we are that there are many who *feel* the beauty of these images, where affectation of higher pretensions to taste would disown *seeing* it. No wonder then that these innocent little creatures are so popular as mantle and hearth ornaments. Thus, then, it came to pass, that a pair of the Fishers had long graced the mantle of a parlor where we had enjoyed many a social hour. It came to pass also in the process of time, that on a sad and stormy day the veering wind sent a sudden blast down the chimney, the fireboard fell and the little Fishers lay in wreck and ruin over the floor! Then it was that it fell to the Poet to allay the common grief, by the song of the Twin-Fishers. And inasmuch as sorrow is lightened by being distributed, we invite our friends of the Guardian to join us in these measures of sorrow.

I.

How oft have ye cheered me, ye sweet, tuneful Nine,
When dark, heavy sorrow has darkened my soul;
Come now with a song to this sad heart of mine,
And calm the rough billows that high o'er me roll.
O soothing consolers, ye only have skill,
To ease my heart's tremor, and bid it be still.

II.

Not selfishly sad do I call for your aid;
Not mine was the first bitter draught of this wo;
On friends of my heart the bereavement is laid,
And theirs are the tears with which mine own now flow.
Give me words that upon their stormed spirits shall fall
Like the music of David on the sad heart of Saul.

III.

To teach, O ye Muses, your tenderest vein,
And call forth your sympathy freely and true,
O lend me your numbers, and teach me the strain,
And I'll sing all the sorrowful story to you—
A story beginning all cheerful as light,
But ending as sad and as fearful as night!

IV.

O joy on the day when from Italy's fair strand—
Yes, Italy, land of soft airs and bright skies—
Came the skill of the head and the skill of the hand,
That for pleasure of others so successfully plies—
From flour of plaster the image to mould,
To nature so true with its graces untold.

V.

O joy above all on that happiest hour,
When with high inspiration, the artist conceived
That finest, most graceful display of his power,
Which praise above all, and from all, has received.
When the little Twin Fishers stood graceful to view,
Joy shone in his eyes like the sunlight in dew.

VI.

The Brother as mild as a morning in May,
The Sister as meek as a cherub—they stand;
And bearing the little pet fishes away,
They glide through the apron and slip through the hand.
Such innocent looks of contentment and love
We are wont to transfer to the cherubs above.

VII.

Sweet picture of childhood—O holiest time!
No shadow of sorrow has darkened their brows;
With hearts that hear music from Heaven's pure clime,
With love never checked by perfidious vows.
Oh beautiful Fishers, so mild and so sweet,
With the pets in their aprons, the pets at their feet.

VIII.

When Hennie and Annie had purchased the pair,
And bore them with fondness away in their arms;
The act, to the thoughtful, was evidence rare
That their hearts were well used to the purest of charms.
And there, 'neath the mantle the Twin Fishers stood,
The joy of the pure, and the praise of the good.

IX.

But O that misfortune should sadden my song!
And shadows should darken the joys that I sing!
But earth never leaves us the beautiful long,
And sweetest of flowers first attract the keen sting!
'Tis sad—yet 'tis well—for if this were not so,
We might sell our bright Heaven for the bright things below.

X.

Sad day when the storm, roaring fierce round the roof,
Sent a blast down the chimney so sudden and strong
That the fire-board yielded—the nails were not proof,
For the strength of the wind that bore down on it long.
The dear little Fisher so lovely before,
A wreck and a ruin were found on the floor!

XI.

How changed is the place! though new taste and new care
Have been busy around where the ruin was wrought,
In vain would the fresh painted fire-board there
Beguile the sad eye—it is nought! it is nought!
No! gone and for aye, is the charm and the pride,
The mantle is lone with no pets at its side!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

WE cannot but feel that it is wrong that the dead should “forgotten be,” and their narrow house “alike unknowing and unknown;” for, if “the living know that they must die,” why should they not be told of those who having already passed the iron gates have set them a safe example how to follow. This is but one reason, and that among the less important. The church needs the memory of her departed ones as well, perhaps as *much*, as the presence of her living members. For she is militant, and she is triumphant; her communion is with “those to glory gone,” as well as with “the saints terrestrial.”

“Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

The Church needs more especially the memory of those who, having led her to the margin of the flood, have themselves passed over, and now by their faith, and their patience, beckon her to follow. She needs the memory of her faithful pastors, still even now, that they are dead; for, while living, they were leaders of her hosts, and it is fitting that her members should hold in grateful remembrance those who labored among them and over them in the Lord.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

To afford me true delight,
 On these pages pure and white,
 Friend, I pray thee, only write
 What is good and what is true,
 Joy to me and praise to you.
 Have you thoughts, oh write them not,
 Which when dying you would blot.

Write me thoughts that shall be dear
 In some lonely after year,
 Whether read through smile or tear.
 In the hour which memory roves
 Over past and perished loves,
 Only holy thoughts can shed
 Light were hope and joy are fled
 With the absent and the dead!

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA: Being a Condensed Translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopedia. With additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D. Assisted by distinguished Theologians of various denominations. Part VI. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858.

The sixth part of this excellent work has appeared. It carries the work from the article Charles V. to the word Confession. We have noticed each previous Part favorably, and can only repeat our conviction that this is decidedly the most important work for ministers and private christians who take an interest in higher theological inquiry, that has yet appeared in this country. Here is a perfect library of divine wisdom in a comparatively small compass, enabling the reader to see at least the outlines of almost any point of inquiry in religion to which his attention may be called. Most of ministers know the value of this work; but we would recommend it to all laymen. It is only 50 cents per Part, and in no way that we know of could the same money be better invested. The Editor and his assistants do their work with care and ability; the publishers, Lindsay & Blakiston, deserve the thanks of the whole church for so well getting up so good a work.

THE PRINCIPLE OF VIRTUE, AND VIRTUE OF PRINCIPLE. By Rev. George B. Russell, A. M., Chambersburg, Pa: Moses Kieffer & Co., 1857. pp. 32.

This is an address delivered at the dedication of the new Hall of the Diognothian society of Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., July 29th, 1857. The theme of the discourse is ingeniously and beautifully drawn from the society's motto:

Στεφει τιμωντας αυτην αρετην.

"Virtue crowns her followers." The discussion is deep, clear and powerful; and gives fine evidence of Mr. Russell's well-known ability as a vigorous and original thinker. The address is not only valuable as showing the necessary oneness of Religion and morality, but affords many deeply practical hints. Young men, and old ones too, ought to read it—not only read but study it—not only study but lay it to heart—not only lay it to heart, but practice its wholesome teaching in their lives.

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MY SPELLING BOOK.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

How strange is this! We take a real delight in these lessons and pictures. When a child we felt almost ashamed "to be in the Spelling Book;" for the little urchins who sat dangling their legs from the benches around the stove—which were higher than need be; that is, the benches—were regarded by "the larger boys" as a decidedly inferior class of beings. Then in the plays at noon, it was seldom that any of "the spellers" attained to any prominent position. It was a bad lesson on republican equality which "the boys" thus taught their aspiring school fellows. It was this, no doubt, which begat in us the feeling, that should we grow to be a man we would wish to know nothing more of the spelling book—that we should hate its very form, lessons and pictures! But we have not found it so.

The misery was—so we now believe—that we did not then properly understand and lay to heart its lessons. Still we find, on looking back over our life, that some of the principles and morals of these lessons have really been with us, and that we have often acted upon them to our benefit. Perhaps they lay latent in our moral nature deeper than in our memory, and though we did not refer them to the spelling book as their legitimate source, yet no less thence were they derived. We felt the heat, though we did not see the light.

It may be so with many things which we learn in our childhood. The forms pass away, but the power remains with us, not so much a part of our knowledge as of our consciousness. Thus we are not to consider that what we have forgotten, has not benefited us. We have eaten many a piece of bread of which we have now no recollection, yet that life which was nourished by such eating is with us to this present. So in our simplicity do we illustrate this thing to our mind; and if this be a correct view of the matter it is something for parents and teachers to think of, and to be encouraged by.

But we are growing philosophical; and so we break off this thread, and return to the spelling book.

Here we have a picture. How familiar it seems. See that country woman. She has come from yonder cottage half hidden by trees, and was on her way to the village with a pail of milk on her head. But, alas! there lies the pail on the ground, and the milk in a rich white stream is flowing from it upon the ground. It is all lost, and the poor woman, with hands clasped on her breast, and a most woful look of grief stands lamenting her misfortune. How this mishap occurred, and the moral which thereby hangs, the reader shall learn from

“ F A B L E I I .

“ THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK PAIL.

“ When men suffer their imagination to amuse them, with the distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

“ A country Maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections : The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price ; so that by May day I cannot fail having money enough to purchase a new Gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young folks will strive to have me for a partner ; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them. Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down come the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.”

The more we reflect, the deeper seems the lesson this Fable teaches. How well it suits our times. If the Fable were written now it would only be slightly changed in terms, not at all in substance. It would run something like this :

When men suffer speculations to inflate them and make them crazy with the hope of making a large fortune in a few months, they frequently lose all they have, and often what is not theirs, by counting their gains too far ahead, or as the proverb says, by selling the bear's skin before the bear is caught.

A certain gentleman who was doing a good and regular business on his own capital, fell into the following train of reflections : The few thousand dollars which I now have as capital in my business if otherwise invested can be made to bring me three hundred for one in a short time. For several thousand dollars, I can buy many acres of coal land, half a town of town lots “ in the west,” or hundreds of acres of land in the new states. This will all double, triple, yea even quadruple itself in a year. Especially the coal land. When the railroad that is to run through it is once completed, what I can buy for \$5000 will be worth

\$100,000! WHEW!

Since this railroad *must* be made in order to raise my coal-land, I can do no better than help it along. Yea, might almost afford to build it myself. But where shall I get the money to invest in it ? That is an easy thing, since I am Director, President, or at least stand as a behind the door confidant, in the Bank, Savings Institution, or some other pile

of funds. I can take \$50,000 or more out "by private understanding"—in six months the road can be finished and the "resources developed" on my coal-tract, which will make me worth at least half

A MILLION! WHEW!

Then I can not only return the \$50,000, but can declare a double dividend to the wash-women, widows and others of that class whose money I shall thus be enabled to render more profitable to them. Poor creatures! they deserve pity, and it is my duty to aid them, while I thus increase my own resources. Yea, beyond all this, I will have many tons of coal shipped for the poor into my native place, as first fruits of what is to come in the way of blessing. The churches shall soon be out of debt, and be well supplied with bells and parsonages. It is the duty of a man who is *going to be rich* to remember the general wants of his native place; both public spirit and religion require this.

The only fear I have is that on account of the very abundance which I am about to possess, all my gifts to the poor and the church will be so easily made that I will be able to exercise no self-denial in my charity which, it is said, takes away a great deal of the good it is designed to do one's own soul. But this I must regard as one of the disadvantages under which those labor who are rich—or going to be rich—and I must watch and pray that I enter not into that temptation. Indeed it is great! For since I have access to the greatest pile of the savings of the poor—which of course I *intend* all to replace, as soon as the rail-road is completed, and "my resources are developed"—I can give thousands to charitable objects with more ease than I could give \$5 before. The Lord grant me grace to bear this prosperity. But I may hope that He who is *going to make me so rich*, will keep me humble under it! I often think of the passage, "How hardly shall they that have riches, enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

When all my "resources are developed," I will be able to live to some purpose. In a few years, I shall measurably retire. It will be pleasant to reside in my native place, and share the confidence and love of a grateful community. The members of the various churches—for I will be catholic in my gifts—shall not pass me, or see my carriage move along the street, without a swelling of heart. The pastors, comfortably located in their parsonages, will not forget him who has spread a tabernacle as a covering over them, nor cease to remember their benefactor in their prayers—and these I feel that I shall need, since good works alone cannot bring us to heaven! Indeed the poor pastors are not provided for as they should be; but thank God for the help He is raising up! Thus shall my name be connected with all that is pure, and of good report. The very bells that roll their sweet tones over village and country, will seem to repeat my name in their eddying echoes around the huts of the poor!

When our good man came thus to the sounding of bells, he thought he heard also another sound, not so sweet! It was not the rolling of cars on the railroad, nor the busy toil of laborers in his coal mines, nor the puffing of furnaces "developing his resources"—it was a sound more like smash! smash! smash! It sounded like the knock of creditors, like the strike of laborers on the railroad and in the mines, like the pro-

tests and breaking of banks—like the reproaches of widows and orphans whose all was gone! The benevolent man, *going to be rich*, wakened up from his speculating dream, and found himself in the same position as “the country Maid and her pail of milk!”

The moral that would now be drawn from the revised edition of this spelling book fable would be something like this: It is better to do a regular business honestly, and on our own capital, than to do a large business dishonestly on the capital of others; and we can assist the poor better by taking of our own resources to help them than by falling foul of their resources to help ourselves.

THE UPRIGHT EARNEST YOUNG MAN.

BY J. V. E.

DID you ever observe the manifest difference in young men? Some are living and acting under a solemn sense of responsibility and purpose, while others are living apparently with no end in view. Why is this difference? Why is it that some are peculiarly respected, and others in a measure unregarded? The cause is found in this: some are upright and earnest, while others are irregular and dishonest. Let us be more particular in analyzing the character of an upright earnest young man; and also look at his superiority above those of an opposite character.

We will first explain terms. *Upright* means, honesty, just, adhering to rectitude in all social intercourse, not deviating from correct moral principles. *Earnest* signifies, ardent in the pursuit of an object, eager to obtain, warmly engaged or incited, serious, opposed to jesting or to feigned appearance. With this definition before us, it is no difficult matter to portray his life. Remember this is no visionary subject. Young reader mark this, and look at his history soberly. It has a meaning, and an object which can be realized.

He is *honest and just*. What nobleness of spirit is wrapt up in these two qualities of soul? His words are trusted, his actions are depended on. What he says, he intends to perform; what is entrusted to his care he conscientiously superintends; and what he contracts to do, he does it uprightly. And by his demeanor in all his intercourse with the world he shows how he values a good character.

Look at him at home. You see him there loved and honored. He knows and feels the virtue of the first commandment with promise. “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee,” is no dead letter to him. Whatever may have a tendency to cheer and comfort the hearts of his aged parents, he is not slow to say and do. And anything which would in its nature carry with it dishonor, regret and sorrow, to the fireside of home, is refrained from. Sisters and brothers by him are treated with kindness and love. He does not assume a rowdyish independence in the presence of neighbors; but then especially, he sees to it that his conduct is of the most honorable character. And when absent his walk

and conversation is such, as reflects honor on his parents and home. His general deportment is such at all times, and under all circumstances, that the involuntary question is drawn from many hearts, what young man is that—whose son is that?

He adheres to the strictest rectitude also, in all his social intercourse, not deviating in the least from correct moral principles. He makes no bold pretention to what he is not; he pampers neither the body or appetite; he enters not into social follies because they are fashionable; and he neither flatters nor deceives to gain the confidence and hearts of others, that he may effect some carnal purpose. Nothing in his most familiar associations is of the least unhallowed and debasing nature; but among his fellow youth, both male and female, he demeans himself with honor. He seeks no private opportunity for scandalizing any one by word or deed; but is humble, and just to all, even respectful to the froward. No insinuations of evil, or temptations to wickedness, bend him from the path of rectitude and righteousness. He stoops not even to gaze upon, much less to indulge, in scenes of lowness and lust. His aspirations are not toward the vale of brutal depravity, but upward where angels dwell, and the spirits of just men made perfect. He listens neither to the tinklings of wantonness, or echoes of vanity; but hearkens obediently to the lurings of virtue. Honor and honesty mark out for him the road to renown and plenty; and the good, the wise, and honorable, are ever ready to welcome him into their company.

Also he feels that he is a man—a rational and religious being—an immortal creature. His eye is open to the lovely and majestic vision of Nature. The paths of knowledge he knows are around him, stretching onward and upward to eternity. And most of all, he looks forward on life, as given only to radiate the glory of an infinite, all-wise and holy God. He feels, likewise, that the treasures of earth, wisdom and eternity; are offered to his mind and spirit, as sources of usefulness, comfort and joy. His laboring thoughts are ever reaching toward the All-wise, in whom wisdom dwells. Nature has not lavished her choicest gifts on him in vain; but he feels that he stands in creation a little lower in order than the angels—he acts, therefore, like a man. And the fixed motto of his heart is—"excelsior"—higher!

Now contrast him with those of an opposite character, and behold the difference! Contrast him with yonder reckless prodigal; who is acting without any apparent sense of responsibility or honor; who is treading the delusive path of self-destruction and sin; and who, ere long, to all human hope will slide irrecoverably into the gulf of despair and damnation. Contrast him with yonder senseless, clownish rake, who hangs about the corners of the street; who stands in the way of the scorner; who seeks the vulgar, riotous throng; whose irreverent walk and words contaminate the very air. Contrast him with yonder poor captive of fashion, whose only adorning is gold rings in abundance, guards in profusion, hair to exuberancy, and airs disgusting. Contrast him with yonder hateful young sot, who loves above all things, lager, rum, and brandy; and whose only comfort seems to be in the company of the poor, half-damned debauchee. Contrast him we say with these, and many others like them, and then young reader appreciate his character, and imitate his example.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON BOYS.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves separate chapters in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written. The lives of pious and good boys, which enrich the catalogue of great publishing houses, resemble a real boy's life about as much as a chicken picked and larded upon a spit, and ready for delicious eating, resembles a free fowl in the fields. With some few honorable exceptions, they are impossible boys, with incredible goodness. Their piety is monstrous. A man's experience suffered into a little boy, is simply monstrous. And we are soundly skeptical of this whole school of *pate de foie gras* piety. Apples that ripen long before their time are either diseased or worm bitten.

So long as boys are babies, how much they are cherished! But by and by the cradle is needed for another. From the time baby becomes a boy, until he is a young man, he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in nature. They are always in the way. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome where you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief, as much as they have measles or chicken-pox. They invade your drawers; mix up your tooth-powder with hair-oil; pull your laces and collars from their repositories; upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript; tear up precious letters; scatter your wafers, stick every thing up with experimental sealing wax; and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling all your paper.

Poor boys! What *are* they good for? It is unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood (as the Israelites reached Canaan) through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies, and after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet nap! Slam-bang go a whole bevy of boys through the house! Has the nervous baby at length, after all manner of singings, trotings, soothings, and maternal bosom opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand, to bawl out for leave to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them, but to give them the opportunity to amuse themselves. It is astonishing to see how little it takes to satisfy a boy nature.

First in the list, I put *strings*. What grown up people find in a thousand forms of business and society, a boy secures in a string! He ties up the door for the exquisite pleasure of untying it again. He harnesses chairs, ties up his own fingers, halters his neck, coaxes a lesser urchin to become his horse, and drives stage—which, with boys, is the

top of human attachment. Strings are wanted for snares, for bows and arrows, for whips, for cats, cradles, for kites, for fishing, and a hundred things more than I can recollect. A knife is more exciting than a string, but does not last so long, and is not so various. After a short time it is broken, or has cut the fingers. But a string is the instrument of endless devices, and within the management and ingenuity of a boy. The first article that parents should lay in, on going to the country is a large *ball of twine*. The boys must not know it. If they see a whole ball, the charm is broken. It must come forth mysteriously, unexpectedly, and as if there were no more.

For in-doors, next, we should place upon the list pencils and white paper. At least one hour in every day, will be safely secured by that. A slate and pencil is very good. But as children always aspire to do what men do, they account the unused half of a letter and a bit of pencil to be worth twice as much as any slate.

Upon the whole, we think a safe stream of water near by, affords the greatest amount of enjoyment among all natural objects. There is wading and washing; there is throwing of stones, and finding of pebbles; there is engineering, of the most laborious kind, by which stone and mud are made to dam up the water, or to change the channel. Besides these things, boys are sensitive to that nameless attraction or beauty which specially hover about the sides of streams; and though they may not recognize the cause, they are persuaded of the fact that they are very happy when they see stones with gurgling water around them, shady trees and succulent undergrowth, moss and water-cross, insect, bird, and all the population of cool water-courses.

But boys are not always boys. All that is in us in leaf, is in them in bud. The very yearnings, the musings, yea, the very questions which occupy our latter years as serious tasks, are found in the occasional hours of boyhood. We have scarcely heard one moral problem discussed in latter life, that is not questioned by children. The creation of the world, the origin of evil, divine fore-knowledge, human liberty, the immortality of the soul, and various other elements of elaborate systems, belong to childhood. Men trace the *connections* of truths, and their ethical applications and relations, but the simple elements of the most recondite truths seem to have gained in them very little by the progress of years. Indeed, all truths, whose root and life is in the infinite, are like the fixed stars, which become no larger under the most powerful telescope than to the natural eye. Their distance is too vast to make any appreciable variation in magnitude possible. They are mere points of light.

Boys have their soft and gentle moods too. You would suppose by the morning racket that nothing could be more foreign to their nature than romance and vague sadness, such as ideality produces in adults. But boys have hours of great sinking and sadness, when kindness and sympathy are peculiarly needful to them.

It is worthy of notice, how soon a little kindness, a little consideration for their boy nature, wins their confidence and caresses. Ever boy wants some one older than himself, to whom he may go in moods of confidence and yearning. The neglect of the child's want by grown people, and the treatment of children as little, rattling, noisy imps, not

yet subject to heart-throes, because they are so frolicsome in general, is a fertile source of suffering. One of the most common forms of selfishness, is that which refuses to recognize any experience as worthy of attention, if it lies in a sphere below our own. Not only ought a man to humble himself as a little child, but also to little children.

A thousand things are blamed on them, simply because, measured by our manhood standard, they are unfit, whereas upon the scale of childhood they are congruous and proper. We deny children's requests, often upon the scale of our own likings and dislikings. We attempt to govern them by a man's regimen, and not a child's.

And yet badgered, snubbed and scolded on the one hand; petted, flattered, and indulged on the other—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an honest manhood, in spite of parents and friends. Human nature has an element of great toughness in it. When we see what men are made of, our wonder is, not that so many children are spoiled, but that so many are saved.

The country is appointed of God to be the children's nursery; the city seems to have been made by malign spirits to destroy children in. They are cramped for room, denied exercise, restrained of wholesome liberty of body, or if it is allowed, at the risk of morals.

Children are half educated, who are not allowed to be familiar with the scenes and experiences of the open country. For this, if no other reason, parents might make an effort every year, to remove their children for some months from the city to the country. For the best effect, it is desirable that they should utterly leave the city behind them. It is absurd to go into the country to find the luxuries of a city. It is to get rid of them that they go. Men are cumbered and hampered by too much convenience in the city. They grow artificial. They lose a relish for natural beauty and the simple occupations of rural life. Our children need a separate and special training in country education. We send them to the Polytechnique for eight months. But for four months we send them to God's school, in the openness and simplicity of the country. A diploma in this school will be of service to body and mind while life lasts.

HOW CAN I FORGET?

THE moon well knows her time to wane,
The stars their hour to set,
The flowers to deck the earth again—
But bid me not forget!
For memory knows no fitting day,
When she may hide one hour her ray,
Then bid me not forget!

The dew-drop trembles on each tree,
The flowers with gems are set,
The zephyrs wander, light and free—
How can I now forget?
When we have twined at such fair hours,
Fresh garlands of the heart's wild-flowers,
Then how can I forget?

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

V. SUNSHINE.

"O that only the sun did always shine," said Frederica on a dark rainy day. Her wish was fulfilled; for months not the smallest cloud was seen. The long drought caused great injury in fields and meadows; and also in Frederica's garden the herbs and flowers withered, and her flax in regard to which she had entertained great hopes was scarcely as long as her finger.

"Do you now see," said her mother, "that rain is as needful as sunshine!" And so also it would not be good for us if all our days were bright and joyful. We need also dark days of suffering and tribulation to make us grow in that which is good.

The sun and rain are needed both the herbs and flowers bless,
So joy and sorrow brings us good alike we must confess.

VI. THE RAIN.

Once a Merchant rode from the annual fair toward home carrying behind him tied to the saddle a knapsack containing a large package of money. It rained heavily; and the good man got thoroughly wet. Whereupon he murmured angrily that God should give him such bad weather for his journey.

The merchant now reached a dense forest, where he saw to his astonishment a robber standing by the side of the road, who aimed his gun at him and drew the trigger! But the rain had dampened the powder; and the gun did not discharge. The merchant gave his horse the spur and escaped.

Being now safe, he said to himself: "What a fool I was that I did not patiently endure the bad, rainy day as a blessing from God! Had the weather been fair and dry, I would now lie in my blood, and in vain would my children expect me home. The rain, on account of which I sinfully murmured, saved my money and life."

Though we complain, our God intends
For our own good whate'er He sends.

VII. THE RAINBOW.

After a fearful thunder-storm there appeared a beautiful rainbow in the heavens. Little Henry just at that moment looked out at the window and full of joy exclaimed: "Such beautiful colors I have never seen. At the willow-tree yonder by the brook they reach from the clouds down to the earth. I am sure that all the leaves of the willow are dripping with the beautiful colors. I will hasten thither and fill all the musele-shells in my box of paints."

He ran as hastily as he could toward the willow-tree; but to his astonishment he only stood there in the rain, and could see nothing of colors. Drenched with the rain he returned sadly home and complained of his mishap to his father.

The father smiled and said: "These colors cannot be gathered up into a shell. It is only the drops of rain which for a moment seem so beautifully colored in the beams of the sun. This splendor of color is nothing real, and does not endure. So, my dear child, it is with all the glory of this world. It seems to be a reality, but is only a vain show."

How vain is all this earthly show,
Build not your hopes on things below.

VIII. THE ECHO.

Little George as yet knew nothing of an Echo. Thus once he called out in the meadow: "Ho, hop!" Immediately he heard from the little woods near by, "Ho, hop!" Hereupon he called with wonder: "Who are you?" The voice answered: "Who are you?" He cried again: "You are a dumb youth"—"dumb youth," replied the voice from the woods.

Now, little George became angry and cried still more abusive words into woods. All these were faithfully returned to him again. Then he began to seek the imaginary boy in all the woods in order to punish him, but he could not find him.

Hereupon George went home and complained to his mother, telling her how a bad boy who was hidden in the woods had abused him. His mother said: "This time you have told on yourself. You heard nothing but your own words. For just as you have often seen your own face in the water, so you have heard your own voice from the woods. Had you cried friendly words into the woods, friendly words would have come to you. So it is ever, the conduct of others is mostly but the echo of our own. When we meet others kindly they will meet us in the same way; but if we act roughly and rudely toward them, we can expect nothing better in return."

Just as you call, bad or good,
So the voice comes from the wood.

OUR EARTHLY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

[THE following lines were found in the coat-pocket belonging to a young man, soon after his death, which was occasioned by consumption:]

Is it wrong to wish to see them,
Who were dear to us on earth,
Who have gone to heavenly mansions,
Who surround a brighter hearth?

Is it wrong to mourn their absence
From the parted household band?
Should we check the sigh of sadness,
Though they're in a better land?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them
Yet upon the blessed shore,
And with songs of joy to greet them,
When this toil of life is o'er?

Is it wrong to think them dearer
Than the many of the blest,
Who to us on earth were strangers?
Must love them like the rest?

I've a mother up in heaven,
And, oh! tell me, if ye will,
Will that mother know her children?
Will she recollect them still?

Can she look down from those windows,
To this dark and distant shore?
Will she know when I am coming?
Will she meet me at the door?

Will she clasp me to her bosom,
In her ecstasy of joy?
Will she ever be my mother?
Shall I ever be her boy?

And thou, loved one, who did'st leave us,
In the morning of thy bloom;
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee
When I go beyond the tomb?

Shall I see thy lovely features?
Shall I hear thy pleasant words,
Sounding o'er my spirit's heart-strings,
Like the melody of birds?

And I think me of another,
Of a darling little one,
Who went up among the angels,
Ere his life had scarce begun.

Oh! I long once more to see him,
And to fold him in my arms!
As I did when he was with us,
With his thousand budding charms.

Ah! 'tis true the soul must suffer,
And be bound with anguish down,
Ere 'tis fitted for its dwelling,
Ere 'tis ready for its crown.

But, O Jesus! blessed Jesus!
'Thou art loved without alloy,
Thou wilt meet us, thou wilt bless us,
'Thou wilt give us perfect joy.

IN Life's spring-time the purest, loveliest die.
The fairest forms, the soonest sleep in death;
Our dearest friends 'neath earth's dark sod must lie,
Oh! what is life? a short and transient breath.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF SOCIETY AT LARGE, IN REGARD TO THE QUESTION OF GENERAL IMPROVEMENT.

BY REV. SAMUEL BOWMAN, D.D.

[We had the pleasure of hearing the following truly eloquent and timely address, delivered to perhaps one thousand people in Fulton Hall, Lancaster, Pa. Having been much pleased and profited in hearing it, we felt anxious to lay it before our readers. In answer to our request, Dr. BOWMAN has kindly granted us this privilege, only modestly saying in a note, that we "must take the responsibility for its publication." On this score we have no hesitation, knowing that the readers of *The Guardian* will thank him for the truly *guardian* thoughts in which it so richly abounds. The words which it contains are well and faithfully spoken, the fruits of a venerable head and a warm heart. May they find an echo in thousands of our American people.]—ED. GUARDIAN.

It is a common observation, that as men grow old they imagine that the world is growing worse, and inquire, "What is the cause, that the former days were better than these?" To a certain extent no doubt the observation is a just one; and therefore, in asserting the fact that our social condition is declining, I must expect that what I say will be taken with some abatement, as coming from one no longer young.

It is a question however not of theory or speculation, but of fact; and so the opinion with which I set out, is to be substantiated, if at all, not by ingenious reasoning or fanciful illustrations, but by indicating changes for the worse, in the aspect of society, too plain to be overlooked or denied.

I know, indeed, that in many respects this century has witnessed great and wonderful changes for the better—changes that have set forward the material interests of mankind more than centuries before. In very many respects, it is another and vastly improved world than that on which the century dawned; and we could no more go back to what *then* was, than a man could wear the garments or resume the thoughts of his childhood. The spinning-wheel, whose busy hum was once a familiar sound to many of us, has given place to the untiring spinning-jenny of Arkwright. Lumbering coaches upon land, and the slow, uncertain packet of the ocean, have been displaced by the steamboat and the railroad. The work of a thousand horses is now easily performed by the familiar vapor of the tea-table, whose wonderful and mysterious power was so long unsuspected and unknown. With the invention of the steam engine, we supposed that we had found an agent of speed and power never to be surpassed. But it is already outstripped, and left at an immeasurable distance behind by the magnetic telegraph. Astronomers supposed that they had discovered nearly all that was ever to be known of the wonders above us; but one sweep of Lord Rosse's telescope reveals more stars, in a moment of time, than all that were known before. Whilst Lieut. Maury, by observing the winds and fathoming the depths and currents of the ocean, has established fresh channels of trade and a new era in the art of navigation, Chemistry has ascended from the

laboratory of the professor, and sheds its light and assistance in our domestic and agricultural operations; whilst geology, the youngest of the sciences, and therefore, perhaps the most confident and boastful, has made us familiar with a world of facts that had been hidden for ages. We cheerfully acknowledge these vast advances in natural science, which tend not more to promote the material interests of men, than they do to illustrate the glory of God, and the grandeur of His wonderful works. But we maintain that along with progress in this direction, we are, as a people, sadly declined in wisdom and integrity, which after all is the true glory and strength of a nation.

In maintaining, however, the general proposition of the degeneration of the times, I must not be understood as denying that there are many hopeful indications in the opposite direction. It is quite possible that the two processes may go on at the same time of improvement on one side and decline on the other, as both fanaticism and debauchery characterized the period of the great rebellion in England. In asserting then that on the whole we are declining in wisdom and virtue, and therefore in real strength as a nation, I only mean that the balance inclines to that side, not that the age has not witnessed, and is not now rejoicing in many noble enterprises of national grandeur and social improvement. I have time only to name the vast extension of that great colonizer, commerce, into regions hitherto unreached by it. The religious and charitable operations and institutions of our day, the translation of the Holy Scriptures into nearly one hundred and fifty languages and dialects, the wonderful impulse and diffusion given to missionary operations throughout the world, the prodigious increase in the spread of knowledge by means of the Press, the great advances in education through the agency of public schools and other seminaries of learning, and last though not least, the founding of the colonization society, which stands as the bow of promise on the darkest cloud that overshadows our political horizon. I rejoice to acknowledge all this; for whatever tends to enlarge and refine the human intellect, and to lessen the sum of human misery, must be acknowledged to be a step in advance and in the right direction. But my present business is to exhibit the other side of the picture.

In enumerating existing evils and evidences of degeneracy, however, I do not mean only such evils as never existed before or until of late; for there is nothing new under the sun—hardly a vice. What I mean by degeneracy is, that old evils are of late years grown to such a head of boldness and excess, as to cause the well founded apprehension that we are approaching a crisis, and that if they cannot be remedied or thrown off, society is in danger of sinking under them.

Let me begin with the young. I do not say, for I do not suppose that the children of our time are by nature any worse than the children of former generations; nor shall I stop to discuss the question—though I have a very decided opinion upon it—whether our children have been made what they are by the infelicity of the times, by their own perverseness, or by parental neglect and mismanagement. I only assert the fact of their degeneration. I remember an observation of that accomplished oriental traveler, the late Mr. Silk Buckingham, that when he turned his face homeward from the far distant east, as he came west he found all reverence and respect for age constantly growing less. When

he reached England he thought things in that respect were as bad as they well could be. But when he crossed the Atlantic he found that *we* had reached a lower depth. Certainly, it is impossible to look upon the characteristic traits and developments of the children and youth of this land without pain and alarm. The old respect for parents is gone. Age commands little or no reverence. The beautiful simplicity of childhood has disappeared. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that we are no longer children. Falsehood and insubordination are the rule; a love of truth and respect are the exceptions. Bold and proud manners are mistaken for manliness and good breeding. Fine display, and an aping of the manners of their elders, are supposed to make gentlemen and ladies. If children were always to remain such the evil would be more endurable; but the boys and girls of to-day will be men and women to-morrow. Children now, they are soon to be parents; and from a degenerate parentage, what but a still more degenerate offspring can proceed? I set down therefore the general character and condition of the children of the land, of course with many marked and beautiful exceptions, as evil in itself and prospectively evil, ominous of crime hereafter, of domestic unhappiness, of social disorder, and of national decay.

The intense and sordid thirst for gold is another, and I think most unhappy feature of the times. Certainly, men have always loved money. But the excessive love of it was long ago declared to be "the root of all evil." Do any of us remember a time when the passion was so eager and insatiable as now? It is no longer merely a motive, a stimulant, an incentive to exertion. It is a kind of possession or insanity that has seized men, and drives them like the demons of old, whithersoever it will. Reason, prudence, uprightness, all are forgotten; and the *sacra fames auri*, becomes the ruling, the engrossing passion. And there is no baser passion than a sordid love of money; and no social condition more hopeless and undesirable than that of a community given up to it. With all the means of progress and refinement at hand, nothing flourishes in such an atmosphere but what is gross and material. The science of numbers is the only science that it cares for. The ledger and day-book, the only literature it delights in. The indulgence of the animal appetites, the only recreation that it knows or allows itself. If any thing could realize and justify FRENEAU's bitter satire upon us, as "the land where genius sickens and where fancy dies," it would be the continued spread and sway of this base passion—the love of filthy lucre.

Out of this has grown another and characteristic instance of national degeneration. I mean, the terrible dishonesty of the times. The world has known nothing equal it. Like a subtilè leaven, fraud seems to have pervaded the whole mass of our business. A reckless and unscrupulous spirit has taken the place of that energy of better times which never failed to count the cost and hazard of an enterprize before beginning it. Now with narrow means the most gigantic schemes are undertaken. In the face of doubtful chances and imminent hazards the boldest speculations are ventured upon. Whilst upon the uncertain issue are staked not only the adventurer's own resources, but all that friendship and charity, that widowhood and orphanage have confided to his honesty and care. In what but the name do these wild methods of business differ from common gambling? And what casuist can distinguish between

the guilt of a man who robs you while you are sleeping, and his who does so by abusing your confidence and violating the generous trust that you have reposed in him? The whole country staggers under the weight of an unexampled pressure. But the millions it has lost are as nothing when compared with man's loss of confidence in his fellow man. Industry and enterprize may restore lost thousands; but confidence is a plant of slow growth. And the present generation will not probably see the complete restoration of that honorable trust which, till a little while ago, men thought they might safely repose in each other.

Is the legislative corruption that we hear so much of, among the causes, the incidents or the results of the unscrupulous methods of business that I have spoken of? No doubt there have always been public men capable of offering, and others of taking bribes. Sir Wm. Wraxall tells us, that in one of the early Parliaments of George the Third, Lord Holland sat in his office the day before Parliament opened, and paid out money almost without disguise or concealment, to the country members who were to vote with government. We have hardly come to that yet. But it is commonly said, and as commonly believed, that almost no measure passes our Legislatures, National or State, simply on its own merits. If it touch some political interest, office is the reward of votes. If it be of a private nature, the consideration is paid in a grosser and more undisguised form. There are at this moment, I know not how many committees, investigating charges of Congressional bribery or peculation. There is something appalling in the thought, that we hold our liberty, our homes, our welfare as a people, at the mercy or disposal of men who can be even approached by such base influences. Is it thought that this is a topic whose introduction here is of doubtful propriety? I think differently. I think that such a gathering of the people as this, where all narrow, partisan political influences are excluded or suppressed, is the very place to speak our minds on questions touching our common interests and honor, and to fix the brand of honest denunciation on those public servants—if such there be—who, from venal motives, are ready to abandon, or even to hazard, the honor, the liberty, or the substantial welfare of those who elevated them to power.

I have just said that politics, in any narrow partisan sense, are excluded here. But any broad and general view of the subject that touches all parties alike, I suppose is not inadmissible. And therefore I venture to indicate as one of the alarming features of the times, the growing recognition of the principle, that a man must always go with his party. Parties I suppose must always exist. Wiser heads than mine say they are necessary. Like the centripetal and centrifugal forces in nature they keep the government in its proper orbit, and by their antagonism, promote and secure the general welfare. But no party is infallible. All parties are liable to run into extremes—to err through passion or inconsideration—and feeling power to forget right. What then is an honest man to do when the party with which, on the whole, he heartily agrees, bring forward a measure that he is persuaded is unwise, unjust, or both? Or adopts as its candidate for a place of trust and power a man, as he thinks, unfit for it. I answer, without hesitation, that he owes it to his own self respect, to his duty as a citizen, and to his independence as a man, to follow his conscience, and for this occasion, to desert his party.

And I do not hesitate to indicate the opposite opinion as one of the alarming signs or features of the times. The man that allows any party to think for him, is already half a slave; and the fittest instrument in the world to impose the yoke of despotism on another's neck, is the man who has himself submitted to obey a despot's nod, whether that despot be a throned monarch or a political party.

If the power which enacts our laws has been brought into general suspicion, the tribunals that administer them have not escaped searching criticisms and severe censures. Certainly there is not under Heaven any post of higher dignity and more solemn responsibility than *his* who administer the laws of the land, and upon whose wisdom, integrity and firmness rest all questions touching the life and liberty, the honor and the estates of man. It is a vast trust, and difficult as vast. But whilst we own the perils and temptations that hedge it around, we have a right to insist that justice shall never be warped against or in favor of any man—that height of position shall be no advantage—poverty and helplessness no damage to any man's case—that political influence shall never pollute the tribunals of justice, and that the decision of the judge, like the ermine which he wears, shall be without stain of suspicion or reproach. It must be owned, however, and I think it should be felt as a common calamity, that the old and reverend regard for courts of justice is seriously impaired, the confidence formerly felt in their decisions greatly shaken. There is not the ready acquiescence of former times in the justice of verdicts and the wisdom of judicial decisions. The motives of the bench and jury are freely inquired into. The awful respect with which the popular mind used to regard legal adjudications is nearly dissipated, and the proceedings of courts of justice are treated with a familiarity that once would have been thought almost profane. All this, I think, must be felt as a common calamity. Confidence in an institution is its strength and safeguard; and whatever impairs reverence for the tribunals of justice, puts justice itself in jeopardy. But have the people nothing to answer for here? Let it be granted that the country has seen political judges—partial judges—timid judges—incompetent judges. It must also be considered that in this country no law can be executed that is not sustained by popular opinion. And there are many such on our statute books. Take *e. g.*, the laws relating to the christian sabbath, or to the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The laws themselves are wise and just; but the people will not have them executed. And therefore the reproach of their non-enforcement is at least a divided one. So in regard to the infliction of severe penalties—the arrest and trial of persons in high station—let courts do what they will, sometimes the jury interposes and saves the culprit—sometimes the executive interposes and pardons the criminal, whilst nothing is more common than for popular sympathy to shift suddenly round from him that has suffered to him that has done the wrong. I say not this to screen our judicial tribunals from any responsibility that justly belongs to them. But to suggest that Courts being the most conspicuous objects, they may very possibly be made to bear alone censure, and reproaches that ought at least to be shared by other parties.

In connection with this topic, let me name what seems to me a very grave evil in the administration of justice. Magnificent things have

been said of the Trial by Jury. It is the palladium of liberty—it is the ægis of individual rights. Lord Erskine took for a motto on his coat of arms, "*Trial by Jury.*" The theory is, that twelve competent and impartial men, by a deliberate review of the testimony, and a calm comparison of views, have come to an unanimous agreement in regard to the matter in question. The strength and value of the institution rests upon the popular confidence, that this is the true theory of it, and that the verdict announced has been arrived at by this process. Until of late the proceedings of the jury room have been guarded with the most jealous care, and the verdict received almost as if it came from an oracle of God. But now the veil is lifted, especially if it be a case of more than common interest. The respect which secrecy inspired is dissipated, and the popular mind is shocked to find that verdicts, instead of being the concurring judgments of honest and independent minds, are frequently arrived at by processes and under influences that must soon make the world regard the institution itself as a sham and a delusion.

Possibly I take an exaggerated view of the evil. But it does seem to me, that the most fatal stab ever given to our boasted trial by jury, is the useless and unwise removal of the veil of secrecy, and the comparative publicity of their proceedings. Without presuming, however, to adjudge and apportion the responsibility in the matter—to say how far the result is attributable to bias or incompetency in the bench—to the sympathy of jurors—the facility of executives—or to a morbid public sentiment, I do not hesitate to name the doubt, uncertainty, and distrust into which the whole administration of justice in this country has fallen as one of the greatest calamities of the times, as well as one of the most unmistakable marks of degeneration and decline.

Am I wrong in saying that there has been for many years a slow but steady decline in the character of our public men; a gradual sinking, so to speak, of the general level of capacity and fitness? Look over the world, indeed, and where in any part of it do you see any of those colossal intellects that stand as towers of strength in their day and land—to which feebler spirits look up instinctively for guidance and a leading, and under whose shadow all men feel safe? The age of great men is gone—the last of them is gone—and they have left no successors behind them. Inferior intellects rise and shine by reason of the disappearance of the greater lights from the political firmament. But for men of the old stamp, whose broad and catholic patriotism embraced the whole land and looked to the best good of the largest number, we long and wait in vain. It is the peculiar feature of a republic, that it recognizes no ranks or classes as born either to command or serve—that it chooses its own rulers—makes its own laws—and through its public servants regulates every thing that touches social welfare and the national honor. But the value of this theory depends upon the fidelity with which it is carried out. And if the time has come, or if it should ever come, when, under whatever delusion or influence, the people shall fail to choose the best and fittest men for the places they are to occupy—when clamorous partisans and heartless demagogues are preferred to men who cherish their country's honor as their own—the glory and the strength of the Republic will have departed, and the abused forms of liberty will be found the most convenient machinery in the world for the introduction

of despotism. I look therefore with apprehension and alarm upon what seems to me a gradual lowering in the popular standard of fitness for office. It amazes one to see men without knowledge, without experience, and often without principle, aspiring to places of trust and power: it is mortifying to one who cherishes his country's honor, to see how often these aspirations are realized. The remedy for the evil must be found, if at all, in the common sense of the people—in the determination never to elevate any man to office, high or low, who has not intellect enough to fill it with dignity, and honesty enough to discharge its duties with fidelity. For it is a maxim, as universally true as any other, that incompetency and dishonesty in a public servant can never result in any thing but discredit and loss to the people that trust him. It was an evil time in Israel when a wicked king took of the lowest and basest of the people and made them priests of the Lord. And I think it is a thing of the worst omen for the Republic, when moral and intellectual fitness in public servants is less looked to than party zeal, and when the best and fittest men are forgotten or passed by to make way for unscrupulous and complying partisans.

I had intended, Mr. President, to introduce other topics, but I shall only have time to suggest them for the discussion of those who shall follow me. I will therefore only name as among the marks of our degeneracy the monstrous abuse of the Press—the absurd and wicked extravagance of the times—the disparagement of honest labor—the impatience of every body to get a little higher in social rank than Providence has placed them—the eager and degrading pursuit of office—the miserable way in which manly honor, truth, and patriotism are sacrificed when they come in the way of some supposed political necessity—the base manner in which a few expert managers everywhere and in all parties succeed by cajolery, by promises and by intimidation in leading the honest masses, and in effect robbing them of the elective franchise while professing unbounded devotion to their interests and their welfare. I barely suggest these topics to the consideration of those who will presently address you, and so hasten to conclude.

What is to be the future—the distant future of this country, I think no man can with any confidence predict. What it might be if it continued to be wisely, vigorously, and honestly ruled, it needs no prophet's vision to foretell. The sun shines upon no country possessing such advantages and capabilities as this. With a territory almost boundless, of inexhaustible fertility, and bordered by two mighty oceans—abounding like the land of promise with brooks and fountains of water—with magnificent rivers—with lakes like the seas of other climes, and with vast mineral resources; above all, with a population increasing beyond all precedent, and characterized by an energy and a fertility of resources that exceed and defy competition, what do we need with the blessing of God but a wise, vigorous, and honest administration of our affairs, to send us forward in a career of unprecedented grandeur and prosperity, and to make this land what it was the noble ambition of our fathers that it should be—an asylum for the oppressed—the home of civil and religious liberty—of equal rights and equal laws to all who breathe its atmosphere or cultivate its soil.

It must be owned, however, that there is much in “the signs of the

times" to awaken and justify deep and anxious solicitude. It is impossible not to see the decay of public virtue amongst us—a lowering in the tone of popular sentiment in regard to the great points of morality and religion—a facility in evading or resisting the law—a letting down of the standard of fitness for public office and power—and the bold enunciation of doctrines that once would have inspired only abhorrence. So that many things are now said and done with impunity or visited with the lightest censures, that a few years ago would have drawn down universal condemnation; and men may now aspire to places of authority and trust, whom the Fathers of the Republic would have "disdained to set with the dogs of their flock." All this is full of omen—most inauspicious omen. It indicates the setting of the tide in a most dangerous direction. Nor is it difficult to foresee that if some remedy or check be not applied, the frame-work of this, the noblest plan of government the sun ever shone upon, is destined at no distant day to dissolve and perish in its own corruption.

And if, Mr. President, these dismal and foreboded times should ever come, and all that is dear to us in our institutions, civil and religious, should be threatened with violence and overthrow, where is there a man of the ancient stamp and model to stand in the gap—to roll back the tide of anarchy and licentiousness, and with his inspiring voice to revive the decaying virtue and rekindle the dying hope of a degenerate and expiring people?

Heaven grant that such an exigency may never happen! That before it is too late we may see the precipice towards which national corruption is drifting us, and distrusting all other securities, plant our confidence on the old and tried ground, which all experience proves to be the only safe one, viz: That whilst "righteousness exalteth a nation, sin is a reproach," and will at last be "the ruin of any people."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GRAVE.

SOFTLY, peacefully,
 Lay her to rest;
 Place the turf lightly
 On her young breast;
 Gently, solemnly
 Bend o'er the bed,
 Where you have pillowed
 Thus early her head.
 Plant a young willow
 Close by her grave;
 Let its long branches
 Soothingly wave;
 Twine a sweet rose-tree
 Over the tomb;
 Sprinkle fresh buds there—
 Beauty and bloom.
 Let a bright fountain,
 Limpid and clear,
 Murmur its music,
 Smile through a tear—

Scatter its diamonds
 Where the loved lies—
 Brilliant and starry
 Like angel's eyes.
 Then shall the bright birds,
 On golden wing,
 Lingering ever,
 Murmuring sing:
 Then shall the soft breeze
 Pensively sigh,
 Bearing rich fragrance
 And melody by.
 Lay the sod lightly
 Over her breast;
 Calm be her slumbers,
 Peaceful her rest.
 Beautiful, lovely,
 She was but given,
 A fair bud to earth,
 To blossom in heaven.

THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

GOOD and evil, truth and error, right and wrong, happiness and misery, are always connected and always opposed to each other.

They are always connected. Evil is the abuse of the good; error is the perversion of truth; wrong is the violation of right; and misery can only be found where happiness is possible.

The one depends upon the other. Evil depends upon the good. If there were no absolute good, there could be no relative good. If there were no absolute Creator to whom all things in heaven and on earth are really subordinate, there could be no creature to introduce disorder and confusion by arrogating to itself the place and the authority of Jehovah.

Error depends upon truth. If there were no truth there could be no error. If there were no One only True and Eternal God, there would be no Atheism. If there were not a Book of books; if there were no divinely inspired record of revealed truth, there could be no Infidelity, and no Deism. If there were no Word made flesh; no atoning sacrifice for sin; no resurrection from the dead; no outpouring of the Holy Ghost; no Church built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone, there could be no unbelief.

So wrong depends upon the right. If there were no divine or human law; if there were no conscience; there could be no transgression, and no sense of guilt. If there were no command, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, and no reason for the command either in God or man, there could be no profane swearing, no horrible oaths, no perjury, no blasphemy, no irreverence. If marriage were not a law of nature, and a positive institution of God, there could be no adultery. If eating and drinking were not right, and a part of duty, there could be no gluttony and no drunkenness. The possibility of the wrong depends upon the existence of the right.

Misery depends upon happiness. If there were no beings formed for happiness, and capable of happiness, and longing after happiness, there could be no dissatisfaction, no fear, no sorrow, no remorse. If there were no blessedness in heaven, there could be no wo in hell.

Men can do evil, because they were created to do good. Men can embrace and teach error, because they are capable of knowing the truth. Men can break the law of God, and do all manner of wrong, because they possess the capacity of being obedient to the law, and doing right. And men may become infinitely miserable, because they are designed by nature, by Providence, and by grace, for happiness in time and in eternity.

Thus are good and evil connected. Thus do evil, error, wrong, and misery, presuppose and depend upon the good, the true, the right, and happiness.

These things are also opposed to each other. This, indeed, is self-evident. The opposition between *good* and *evil*, *truth* and *error*, lies so plainly in the words themselves, that it seems unnecessary to state it; every one sees and feels it the moment the words are uttered. Yet it is proper to reflect upon the opposition.

The good is God, and all the works of God. The truth is the knowledge of the good. The right is obedience, or conformity, to the truth; and happiness follows as a certain consequence of doing the right.

The evil is that which is against the good. It began in Heaven when an exalted creature set himself against God, against His will, His authority, His government, and against the glorious design of all His works. *How* the evil could begin, we do not know, nor need we know. It is enough that we know the fact. It is a power that works with no intent but to destroy the good. Sin is another name for the same thing; it is the name we give to the power of evil as abiding and working in men.

Error is a false view of the truth; or we may call it the knowledge of the evil. It calls good evil; and evil good. Error calls itself truth; and calls truth error. Deriving all its vitality from a perversion of the truth, or from holding truth in false relations, it seeks to destroy the pure truth. As truth is indestructible, error continues to live on that against which it fights; and fights on with unabated virulence because it is of the nature of error to be against the truth.

The wrong is obedience to the dictates of error. Or we may call it a violation of law. The wrong is thus against the right; because the right is obedience to law. As there could be no wrong if there were no right; so the wrong perpetuates itself by waging an unceasing warfare against the right.

Misery is that state of the creature which follows from doing the wrong—from ignorance of the good and knowledge of the evil—from violation of the truth or from obedience to error. Misery follows as necessarily from the evil, as happiness follows from the good. Happiness and misery differ not in degree. We cannot say that an excess of happiness is misery, or that the least degree of misery is the lowest degree of happiness. They differ totally as to their intrinsic character. They have nothing in common. Happiness and misery are opposed to each other as really as good and evil, in which they originate respectively.

In this sense are the evil, the false, the wrong and misery opposed to the good, to truth, right and happiness—opposed, because evil with its dark followers depends upon, and is a perversion of the good and its whole bright train.

The good with its train are but different attributes of the kingdom of light. The head of this kingdom is Jesus Christ, who is the absolute good, the eternal truth, the exemplar of the right, and the ever-flowing fountain of peace and blessedness. The truth can therefore not be separated from the good; nor right from the truth; nor happiness from the right. They must go together. Where the one is the other will be also.

This kingdom is a reality—not a figment of the brain. It cannot indeed be seen by the eye, nor touched by the hand; yet it is more rea

than the objects which the eye can see or the hand can touch; more real, because Christ the king, the God-man, is more real infinitely than any part or the whole of the external world. Hence also are all the attributes of His kingdom realities in the fullest sense of the word.

We must speak in a similar manner of the evil with its dark followers. They are but different attributes of an opposing kingdom—the kingdom of darkness. The head of this kingdom is Satan, *the* evil one, the father lies, the beginning of all wrong, and the worker of all misery. Error can therefore not be separated from the evil; nor the wrong from error; nor misery from the wrong. They go together. Any one can not be found except in connection with all the rest.

What we say of the kingdom of light we must say also of the kingdom of darkness. It is a reality—not a notion of men—not a thing of the imagination. It is as real as the bodily pain we suffer—as real as the sorrows we feel, the death we die, or the grave in which we shall all lie down. Nay, it is more real than all these things; for these things derive their reality from the kingdom of darkness; and the kingdom of darkness derives its reality from Satan. The kingdom of darkness is *his* kingdom. In it he rules, and reigns, and works.

These kingdoms are connected as good and evil. The kingdom of darkness depends upon the kingdom of light. The existence of the former depends upon the previous existence of the latter; so does Satan depend upon God. Satan is the creature of God, originally good and right, now fallen from the communion of God—the creature perverted and inverted.

These kingdoms are also in a state of irreconcilable opposition and hostility. Darkness wages an unceasing warfare against Light, because Satan is the first and the chief enemy of God, of Christ, and of man.

As the evil is set against the good, and error against truth, so is the kingdom of darkness set against the kingdom of light, and Satan against Christ. And as Christ imparts His peculiar character to His kingdom and to His people, so does Satan impart *his* character to *his* kingdom, and to all the members of it. To understand the nature of the good and of truth we must know Christ, who is the life of His kingdom. So in order to form a correct conception of the nature of evil and error, or of sin, it is important to study the history and character of Satan, who is the embodiment and impersonation of all the attributes of the kingdom of darkness.

Wreathe not those glittering bands of gold
Around thy dark, unbraided hair;
Arrange not every waiving fold
Of that light dress, with studied care;
Nor fix the damask hues that fly
Deepening thy soft cheek's paler dye.
Whoever hangs the simple rose,
With glaring gems or silken shreds,
Deepens with paint the blush that glows
On every leaf: or perfume sheds,
To scent the flower which fragrance flings
On every breeze of Zephyr's wings.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

“Miss Florence Nightingale is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, in England.

“As it has been frequently stated in the British public prints, that Miss Nightingale numbers the same years with the Queen of England, and as that royal lady playfully entered her age in the list at the time the census was taken of the population of Great Britain, it would be no infringement of discretion to place the period of Miss Nightingale's birth somewhere about the year 1819; but one authority affirms that she was born at Florence, in the year 1823, and received her Christian name in memory of that fair Italian city. It is well known, also, that she is a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. She possesses a knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics; while her attainments in general art, science, and literature are of no common order. Her command of modern languages is extensive, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its farthest cataract. While in Egypt, she tended the sick Arabs with whom she came in contact; and it was frequently in her power, by judicious advice, to render them important services. Graceful, feminnie, rich, and popular, her influence over those with whom she comes in contact, is powerful as it is gentle and persuasive. Her friends and acquaintances embrace a large circle, and include persons of all classes and persuasions; but her happiest place has ever been her home, where, in the centre of numerous distinguished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents, she dwelt.

“Yet this was the life she left—a life not only blessed with all that renders existence privileged, but with all that makes it useful to others, (the dearest of all privileges to her nature,) to fulfil a self-imposed duty.

“It was because she felt the sphere of her utility to be even larger than the one afforded by her affluent home, that she gave up that home. From infancy she had a yearning affection for her kind—a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley, first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler and expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the Continent. In 1851, when the whole civilized world had a holiday during the Great Exhibition, and were engaged in parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses, or hospitals for the care of the lost and infirm. At the great Lutheran Hospital, established at Kaiserwerth, near Dusseldorf, on the Rhine—an establishment out of which no person is allowed to pass to practice as a nurse, except after having gone through severe examination—Miss Nightingale spent some months in daily and nightly attendance on the sick and miserable, accumulating experience in all the duties and labors of female ministration. The gen-

tle men at the head of that establishment, the Pastor Fliedner, asserted that since he had been director of that institution, no one had ever passed so distinguished an examination, or shown herself as thoroughly mistress of all she had to learn, as Miss Nightingale.

“On her return to England, she for a space became again the delight of her own happy home; but it was not long before her desire to extend her aid to those who needed relief, prevailed to bring her forth. The hospital established in London for sick governesses, was about to fail for want of proper management, and Miss Nightingale consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley street, to which she devoted the whole of her time and her fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose powers could have best appreciated them, was sitting beside the bed, and soothing the last complaints of some poor, dying, homeless, hapless governess. Miss Nightingale found pleasure in tending these poor, destitute women in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution; and the few friends whom she admitted, found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. Her health sunk under the heavy pressure, but a little Hampshire fresh air restored her, and the failing institution was saved.

“Miss Nightingale, in appearance, is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman, who may have seen, perhaps, rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, and an eye betokening great self-possession; and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I cannot conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws herself into a work, as its head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to her every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly. Her nerve is wonderful; I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense in every particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his case in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.

“Inexpressibly delightful is that intimation that Miss Nightingale gives token of being ‘gifted with a lively sense of the ridiculous.’ Possessing the exquisite perception of the pathetic in existence which her whole career proclaims her to have, it would have been a defect in her

nature, nay, a lack of the complete feeling for pathos itself, had she not betrayed a capacity for receiving humorous impressions. Humor and pathos are so nearly allied, in their source within the human heart, so mingled in those recesses whence spring human tears at the touch of sympathy, that scarcely any being deeply affected by mournful emotions, can remain insensible to the keen appeal that resides in a ludicrous idea. Shakspeare, who comprehended to perfection every impulse of humanity, affords multitudinous illustrations of this close consociation of a sense of pathos and a sense of humor in the finest natures. That particular feature chronicled by Mr. Osborne, in his personal description of Miss Nightingale, is just the exquisite point to our imagination, that crowns her admirable qualities. It accords with an intensely beautiful account of her, that was related by Mr. Sydney Herbert at a public meeting convened in Miss Nightingale's honor. He said an anecdote had been sent to him by a correspondent, showing her great power over all with whom she came in contact. He read the passage from the letter, which was this: 'I have just heard such a pretty account from a soldier, describing the comfort it was even to see Florence pass. She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to as many more; we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content.' What poetry there is in these men! I think I told you of another who said: 'Before she came, there was such cussin' and swearin'; and after that, it was as holy as a church.' That consoling word or two, that gentle 'nod and smile' in passing, were precisely the tokens of sympathy that would come with such home-felt charm to those manly hearts, from a face possessing the emotional expression which we can conceive it naturally to have—just the woman, with just the countenance, to exercise an almost magical moral influence over men's minds. We are told, eye-witnesses have averred, that it was singular to remark how, when men, frenzied, perhaps, by their wounds and disease, had worked themselves into a passionate refusal to submit to necessary operations, a few calm sentences of her's seemed at once to allay the storm; and the men would submit willingly to the painful ordeal they had to undergo. Noble being! Exactly that blended firmness and gentleness which makes a woman's nature so all-potent in its beneficial ascendancy over manhood. Rough, brave fellows, that would have resisted like iron any amount of men's persuasion, would melt at once into submission at a 'few calm sentences' from those lips of her's. We can fancy the mouth, capable of smiles or quivering with deepest feeling, compressed into resolute steadfastness, as it persuaded the men into reasonable acquiescence with what was for their good, while betraying the latent sympathy with their pang.

"Florence Nightingale is a woman for every living woman to be proud of calling sister; and she herself is one who would not disdain to allow the claim of sisterhood from the very lowliest of her sex."

CHRIST.—The nations must forever turn to thee,
Feeling thy lustrous presence from afar;
And feed upon thy splendor as a sea
Feeds on the shining shadow of a star.

DO NOT LAY THE BOOKS ASIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

SPRING is here. Summer is coming. The long days, the warm days, but also the beautiful days, are before us. We are entering upon outdoor life. Even now already we feel that the walls are a painful limitation around us, and that the roof is too low above us. We would be out into the wide, wide world, and have only the high blue heavens as our covering.

Shall we now lay our books aside? Some have a disposition of this kind. They, in a measure, cease reading in the summer. With them books, study, and the improvement of the mind, are only associated with the winter session of the school, or with the long winter evenings at home. During the summer they seldom see books, much less keep up a regular system of useful reading. Fearing lest some of our young friends of the Guardian might be allured into this bad habit, we raise our voice of warning, and ask them to write on their banner the words of our caption: "DO NOT LAY THE BOOKS ASIDE!"

How can you live without books, if you have really cultivated a taste for reading and study? We do not see how you can spend a whole summer without them. How long can your body live without eating? Not long. So neither can your mind. It must be fed, and knowledge is its food. How then can you get along without books? Books are your mind's breakfast, dinner, and supper daily.

You have not time. So. That is very strange, when the days are much longer in the summer than in the winter. But you have more work to do than in the winter. All right. But you certainly cannot, or at least you ought not, to work from four o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, sixteen hours! You must surely be able to save a little time for reading in all that time. What if it be but little time, let it be a little then—but never no time at all. If you cannot read twenty pages, read five. If you have no other time, take the time of usual intermission immediately after dinner, or save a little time in the twilight of evening; or during a shower when you cannot be at work. Where there is a will there is a way; and where there is a taste there is time.

We once knew a boy who spent his youth on a farm. He committed the greater part of the catechism to memory under a locust tree in the field. On this wise he did it: It was his duty to spread the manure in the field whilst it was hauled out. He hastened to finish one load fifteen or twenty minutes, and sometimes half an hour before the next load came. This time he gave to his catechism under the locust tree; and though he labored under these disadvantages he was not a whit behind the rest of the catechumens in reciting the catechism.

The same boy was in the habit of carrying a book in his pocket whilst ploughing, and this he read at intervals while the horses were allowed

their needed rest during the long, hot summer days. The feeding-room in the barn, was also a royal place for him during the time the horses were feeding at noon.

We know well the difficulty of keeping up acquaintance with books during the summer; but we have nothing that is worth having without trouble. It is because we know the temptation to omit mental improvement during this season that we propose to our young friends the banner-inscription, "*Do not lay the books aside!*"

If you read but one good book—say the history of some nation—during the summer, that is much. If that is too heavy, take the poets. Drink in their inspiration, and lodge their beautiful thoughts in your mind and heart by parcels, however small. Leave novels away. You might as well eat floating-island for breakfast, or drink bubbles when you are thirsty, during the heat of the day, as hope to feed your mind on the vaporings of modern novels.

WASHINGTON'S CHURCH.

WE find the following interesting description of a visit to the old Pohick or Washington's Church, in a late number of the *Methodist Protestant*. It will be read with a sad interest, not only because of the historical reminiscences, which cluster around it, but also because it is a melancholy instance of the blight which has fallen upon many of the early churches of Virginia and the Carolinas. It was originally an Episcopal Church, but the early worshippers now sleep side by side in the adjoining graveyard, and its doors are closed, except for an occasional sermon by a minister of another denomination.

Pohick church, or Washington church, stands on a level spot near the edge of a pretty grove, five miles from Mt. Vernon. It was built by our forefathers, with brick imported from the old country, and is still in a very good state of preservation. There are on the corners alternate blocks of stone and brick, which give the building quite a tasty appearance outside. There are two doors, one on the end of the building, opposite to which is the altar, on a slightly raised platform, on which stands a table and chair. On either side and partly effaced, are tablets, on which the ten commandments are still legible. An old unpainted desk contains a large old Bible. Right opposite the side door you see the little pulpit perched up midway between the roof and floor, with a single flight of narrow winding stairs, leading up to the sacred spot. It is shaped exactly like a goblet, and seems to rest on a stem or single centre pillar beneath. Corresponding in circumference and workmanship to the pulpit, and elevated high above, is a circular finish to the structure which one might fancy to be the goblet's cover, raised and held up by invisible hands. The aisles are paved with square flag-stones, and the pews raised one step and floored, with seats all around and high panel enclosure, they seem like rooms. One pew has no door; that, we were told was Washington's pew, and the door with the initials of his name thereon has been carried away. A large

stove with the pipe stretching across on either side, completes the furniture of the place. The stone pavement is broken and loose in many places, and the dark color of the high-backed pews, gives to the interior a gloomy look. The panes and the windows too, are small. I should have counted the pews and searched for the date when Pohick church was built, had opportunity been afforded. We were indebted to the kindness of our driver for stopping a few moments, and could not stay long enough to examine the church as we wished.

A GOOD SERMON.

WE have heard a story of Dr. Lyman Beecher, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into type, as illustrating the truth that we never can tell what may result from an apparently very insignificant action. The Doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was while the Doctor lived in Connecticut—in mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed and went in. As yet, there was no person in the house, and, after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was now the question—and it was one Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly, he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only *one* hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down to speak to “his congregation,” but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the Doctor’s mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio, he alighted from the stage one day, in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up, and spoke to him, calling him by name.

“I do not remember you,” said the doctor.

“I suppose not,” said the stranger, “but we spent two hours together, in a house, alone, once, in a storm.”

“I do not recollect it, sir,” added the old man; “pray when was it?”

“Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?”

“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor, grasping his hand; “I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I’ve been wishing to see you ever since.

“I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!”

B I R D S .

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh, the Birds!
Many Birds.

Flocks high in the air are flying,
To the south in Autumn hieing,
Thousands in the groves are sitting,
Thousands o'er the fields are flitting.
On the bushes one commences,
Thousands answer from the fences.
Small ones on the tree-tops talking,
Large ones in the water walking,
Many sizes, many races,
Loving all their several places,

Oh, the Birds,
How many Birds!

Oh, the Birds,
Pretty Birds.

How their necks are curved so nicely,
How their bills are carved precisely,
How their little eyeballs glisten,
When they turn their heads to listen!
And their many-colored feathers,
Each one on the other gathers,
With such slopings and such gradings,
Brighter lines and softer shadings;
Take it all, their forms and features.
Are they not most pretty creatures?

Yes, the Birds,
What pretty Birds!

Oh, the Birds.
The friendly Birds.

They disdain the desert places,
Where they see no human faces:
But they love the homestead hedges,
And the woodland's outer edges,
And the mullens, and the thistles,
Where the ploughman plods and whistles;
And the orchard, as 't is nearer
To the house, to them is dearer:
For they dread all lonely places,
Where they see no friendly faces—

Yes, the Birds,
The friendly Birds.

Oh, the Birds,
Singing Birds.

Singing in the morning sunlight,
Singing in the evening twilight,
On tall weeds, in meadows, swinging
In the summer sun, and singing—

Singing sweetly, singing gladly,
 Singing solemn, almost sadly :
 Singing scio, singing chorus,
 Singing softly, and sonorous.
 Earth is vocal, heaven is ringing,
 With the joyous, ceaseless singing
 Of the Birds,
 The singing Birds.

Oh, the Birds,
 Sacred Birds.

On the Bible's holy pages,
 How each bird our heart engages !
 Every instinct has its teachings,
 Every habit has its preachings ;
 Every plume reflects some glory,
 Every song-note tells some story.
 Oft our heart, in praising, praying,
 Goes, in faith and fancy straying.
 Where the Jewish shepherds wandered,
 Where the holy prophets pondered,
 Listening to the soft cantation,
 And the joyous jubilation,
 Of the Birds,
 The sacred Birds.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

I.

Let saints below His praises sing,
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King,
 In heaven and earth are one.

II.

One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath :
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

III.

One army of the living God,
 To His commands we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

HASTY WORDS.

Full oft, a word that lightly leaves the tongue
 Another's breast unconsciously has wrung ;
 And were the wound but present to the eye,
 We'd mourn the pain that solace might defy.

THAT LONELY LIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Who, in passing through a city or village, or even through the country late at night, has not had his eye allured by here and there a lonely light at some upper window. All is silent! There being few objects to attract attention, we have, on such occasions, only the more carefully noticed these mellow lights, and they have always led us on to solemn and profitable reflections.

When the light is brilliant, or is only transiently passing from room to room, we think little of it; for we easily conjecture that some one is pressed by urgent work, or is retiring late. But when it is a faint, low light, we interpret it to mean that some one is sick in that room! Some anxious hearts are watching by that lonely light. A parent, a brother, a sister, or a beloved child is in that room, suffering under disease, and perhaps slowly sinking away from the embraces of friends, and from the scenes of earth.

One who has himself been sick, or has watched over afflicted and dying friends, will easily and vividly call up the scenes, and the anxieties which transpire in that lonely room. He will silently sympathize with the afflicted, though he may not know who they are; for they are human, like himself, and as such their sorrows will touch his own heart. If he be devout, he will raise his heart in prayer to Him, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who has

A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Then, too, how well adapted are such sights, and such thoughts, to remind us of our own mercies, and to call forth our gratitude for them. Are we in good health? it is all of God's rich mercy. Are our families sleeping in peace at home? how kind is that providence which has suffered no evil to befall them, nor let any plague come nigh our dwelling!

How strangely insensible are we to our blessings. How we fail to "count them over" as we should. Yea, how prone are we to complain, inwardly if we do not to others, even when all is well with us and our families. Or if there be but one little trouble about us, we suffer its shadow to darken our eyes, so that a thousand mercies beside it are not seen. Would we not often be cured of our ungrateful murmurings, did we go out in the silent midnight and count the number of lonely lights that shine so mournfully from the windows!

IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY:

O, ye whose mouldering frames were brought and placed
By pious hands within these flowery slopes
And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now?
For man is more than element! The soul
Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives
In trees or flowers that were but clay without.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

This is a formidable work, the first volume of which does not finish the letter A itself, contains over 750 large double-column pages, and about 2,500 words. This may give the reader some idea of the extent and completeness of the work, which is of course one important element in its value. In such a work, above all we desire completeness, as nothing is more vexatious than to have a work of reference on the shelf, when ten to one the very word to which you would refer to is not found in it. Still, the principal thing in a Cyclopaedia is correctness, since many who use such a work have not the means always at hand whereby they may verify names, dates, and other facts. This work seems to have been deliberately prepared. Previous Encyclopedias have been examined, and the assistance of "nearly a hundred scholars," as the preface informs us, has been had in the preparation of the first volume. We have carefully examined many of its articles, and must give praise to the taste, learning, and care therein displayed. The mechanical execution is all that can be desired. The great progress made in all departments of knowledge within the last two or three decades, sets all the other works of this kind fairly behind the age. Those who possess them, find that those events to which they wish to refer, are not mentioned, because they are later in origin; nor can they be found conveniently elsewhere, since they have not as yet taken their place in permanent works, on history, art, or science. In this view, the work before us must satisfy an important want; and we are, therefore, not surprised at the general favor with which it is received. To persons who cannot afford a large library, a good Cyclopaedia is indispensable. He may get along without it, but how we cannot well conceive. He must often spend hours in search of a fact, chasing it in fragments through many volumes which he could find in a minute, by the aid of a faithful Cyclopaedia. Of course, a scholar in any important investigation will not be satisfied to rely wholly on such secondary sources, but even he may need to refresh his memory on certain points for temporary use, which he can do in this way with a great gain of time. Every intelligent citizen should have the means within reach to book up his mind and memory, whenever circumstances turn his attention to a particular point. We are inclined to think that many persons do not know how much they lose by not providing themselves with just such works as the Cyclopaedia.

The copy before us has been politely furnished us by Elias Barr & Co., who have lately opened a very fine Book Store and general News Depot, in East King-st., Lancaster, and who have the agency for this work for Lancaster, York, and other counties. Through them the work can be promptly procured at publisher's prices.

THE STUDENT'S HOME VISITOR. This is the title of a new monthly in quarto form of three-columned pages, published by the "Excelsior Literary Society" of Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio. The first number has reached us, and we are much pleased with its contents. It contains much original matter besides selections of a high order. Its tone is literary, moral, and religious. All success to it, and may it long live and labor in the spirit which animates this first number, for the improvement of the young and the purity of family life. Terms, fifty cents per year.

THE GUARDIAN.

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No. 5.

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE must not become tedious. Nor is it necessary that we should write a commentary on every Table in our Spelling Book. But it is difficult to resist the temptation to expand on these beautiful lessons. See, for instance, the first one that follows; how excellently well it hits off the politics of our country.

FABLE III.

THE FOX AND THE SWALLOW.

"Aristotle informs us, that the following Fable was spoken by Esop to the Samians, on a debate upon changing their ministers, who were accused of plundering the commonwealth.

"A Fox swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, which were galling him and sucking his blood, a Swallow, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. By no means, said the Fox; for if these should be chased away, which are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed, and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins."

The next Fable shows us how we may learn by experience. If we mistake not it has a national bearing. Brother Jonathan is not a little given to just such tricks. The old cat is not a bad representative of the genius of the "everlasting yankee nation."

FABLE IV.

THE CAT AND THE RAT.

"A certain Cat had made such unmerciful havoc among the vermin of her neighborhood, that not a single Rat or Mouse dared venture to appear abroad. Puss was soon convinced, that if affairs remained in their present situation, she must be totally unsupplied with provision. After mature deliberation, therefore, she resolved to have recourse to stratagem. For this purpose, she suspended herself from a hook with her head downwards, pretending to be dead. The Rats and Mice, as they peeped from their holes.

observing her in this dangling attitude, concluded she was hanging for some misdemeanor: and with great joy immediately sallied forth in quest of their prey. Puss, as soon as a sufficient number were collected together, quitting her hold, dropped into the midst of them; and very few had the fortune to make good their retreat. This artifice having succeeded so well, she was encouraged to try the event of a second. Accordingly she whitened her coat all over, by rolling herself in a heap of flour, and in this disguise lay concealed in the bottom of a meal tub. This stratagem was executed in general with the same effect as the former. But an old experienced Rat, altogether as cunning as his adversary, was not so easily ensnared. I don't much like, said he, that white heap yonder: Something whispers me there is mischief concealed under it. 'Tis true it may be meal; but it may likewise be something that I should not relish quite so well. There can be no harm at least in keeping at a proper distance; for caution, I am sure, is the parent of safety."

The Fox in Fable V., is a true philosopher; and manifests a more amiable spirit of meekness and patience than many who bear the sacred name of christian. However, we must say that in "making a virtue of necessity" he is not quite evangelical. He seems after all a Fox, a good deal of the pagan school.

" F A B L E V .

"THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLE.

"A Fox, closely pursued by a pack of Dogs, took shelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this asylum; and for a while, was very happy; but soon found that if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain; and comforted himself with reflecting that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fountain. These Briars, indeed, said he, will tear my skin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the sake of the good then let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet; and these Brambles, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger."

Next comes one which may serve as a mirror for a large class to see themselves in. We like the good humor with which the man in danger makes the bear whisper a most cutting rebuke to his cowardly companion.

" F A B L E V I .

"THE BEAR AND THE TWO FRIENDS.

"Two Friends, setting out together upon a journey, which led through a dangerous forest, mutually promised to assist each other, if they should happen to be assaulted. They had not proceeded far, before they perceived a Bear making towards them with great rage.

"There were no hopes in flight; but one of them, being very active, sprung up into a tree; upon which the other, throwing himself flat on the ground, held his breath and pretended to be dead; remembering to have heard it asserted, that this creature will not prey upon a dead carcass. The bear came up, and after smelling at him some time, left him and went on. When he was fairly out of sight and hearing, the hero from the tree called out: Well, my friend, what said the bear? he seemed to whisper you very closely. He did so, replied the other, and gave me this good piece of advice, never to associate with a wretch, who, in the hour of danger, will desert his friend."

How often have we preached to our young readers of the Guardian the lesson taught by the "Two Dogs." We hope they have profited by it long ago. Least any one should have forgotten our warnings against the keeping of evil company, we now earnestly commend to them—

" F A B L E V I I .

" THE TWO DOGS.

"Hasty and inconsiderate connections are generally attended with great disadvantages; and much of every man's good or ill fortune, depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.

"A good-natured Spaniel overtook a surly Mastiff, as he was traveling upon the high road. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tiger, very civilly accosted him: and if it would be no interruption, he said, he should be glad to bear him company on his way. Tiger, who happened not to be altogether in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal; and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation, they arrived at the next village, where Tiger began to display his malignant disposition, by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers immediately sallied forth with great indignation, to rescue their respective favorites; and falling upon our two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason, but his being found in bad company."

Good Noah Webster no doubt desired to keep the best for the last, and thus closes his Fables with an illustration of how "circumstances alter cases." There is a dry kind of genuine wit and wisdom in the Farmer which is not at all uncommon among that class of useful and honest men to which he belongs. It pleaseth us vastly to observe how he steals a march on the learned "legal gentleman," and also how he shutteth him up promptly when ^{he} proposeth scientifically to "enquire into the affair" with a view of helping himself by a quibble in the law.

" F A B L E V I I I .

" THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

"A Farmer came to a neighboring Lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which he said had just happened. One of your Oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky Bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation. Thou art a very honest fellow, replied the Lawyer, and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy Oxen in return. It is no more than justice, quoth the Farmer, to be sure; but what did I say?—I mistake—It is *your* Bull that has killed one of *my* Oxen. Indeed! says the Lawyer, that alters the case: I must enquire into the affair; and if—And *if*! said the Farmer—the business I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them."

To these Fables we must yet add the tale of poor Jack. How often have we felt for him. The tale may teach the boys how well it is to be good, and how bad it is to be rogues. It may also teach the men how nice it is to use Saxon words when they wish to tell a thing in a plain and clear style. Of what use are big words when small ones will do as well. All the words in the tale of poor Jack are small words. It is not hard to write with small words, if we only try to do it. The fact is there are few things that can not be told just as well in small words, as in big ones. But pride once in awhile gets hold of us, and we are apt to think that it sounds wise and great to use big words.

Much of God's word, and those parts too which teach deep truths, is put down in small words. Thus we have: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light that it was

good." The same we find to be the case in the words of Christ. When he speaks of his own, He says: "I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou has given me; for they are thine. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine. And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are. While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name." You will find that John speaks much more in the same kind of plain style in the place where this stands.

We find, too, that our best hymns are for the most part made up of small words. We will give a verse from each one of four hymns to show that what we say is true. Thus we have in the hymn, "Oh, where shall rest be found," this verse:

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

How fine is this, and yet how plain in style. Here is one from an old and well known hymn, which is just as good.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Here is the third verse of a hymn dear to all saints who know what it is to fight with sin, and to meet its dread foes in us and out of us.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

Take yet one verse more, which is from the Psalms. The verses are all fine and plain in that Psalm; but we give the last verse.

Hast thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death!
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

This we think will do to show that big words are not of much use in a fine style. To use them as much as some do, is a mere waste of ink, and pen, and nerve, and voice, and time. Such as do not read much are often at a loss to know what these huge words mean; and the poor man of the types must pick till his hands are sore and his eyes half blind that he may print the sense thus spun out in the threads of words that seem to have no end. It is a strange taste which some men have for the use of words that are not of right our own, but are brought in from the speech of other lands. Just as if that were best which is strange and new. So some men think that what they steal is best, as the wise man says in one place. The Jews, too, were most fond of strange gods, and would leave the true God for those that were made of "stocks and stones," which "had eyes but saw not, ears but heard not," and were in

fact no Gods at all. So some of our vain slaves of pride are wont to wear clothes made of the cloth and after the cut of the French, and will hang the last cent on their backs, if they can but strut forth in French goods and French style. Just so we act in the case of words. Our own nice words we lay by, and catch up, where we can, strange, rough words, and are proud if we can use them when we speak and write. But in this, as in the case of all sin we do not keep to the ways of the word of God.

We cannot, it is true, give up the use of all big words. We do not ask for this. Now and then they must come in, and they may do so quite well. But to use them when they must come in, is not the same thing as to seek for them and drag them in by force, or to use them from a false pride of style. But when words of this kind are used let them be our own as much as may be, and not set in like patch-work made up of all kinds of cloth, so that our style looks like a quilt, the squares of which should be brought from all the ends of the earth.

We own that our wrath boils high when we must read books in such a style. If we had the men that write them by the nose they should be taught to mend their ways. The men whose work it is to teach the young, ought to look to this thing ; and we think no one is fit for his place who does not aim to form for the youth of our land a plain style in which to speak and write.

But it is time to close this point. Yet we hope these views will be laid to heart by all ; and that our words will not have been in vain. It was not our wish at first to say half as much as we have said on plain style, but just to make way for the tale of poor Jack, which is told in the style which is of late too much put out of the way, to make room for a vain pomp of words which but hide the sense. Here is the tale, by which we will close for this time. Let all boys lay to heart what is here said, and keep out of those ways which brought poor Jack into so bad a plight, in which he well nigh lost his eyes !

TABLE XLI.

THE BOY THAT WENT TO THE WOOD TO LOOK FOR BIRDS' NESTS, WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL.

When Jack got up, and put on his clothes, he thought if he could get to the wood he should be quite well ; for he thought more of a bird's nest than his book, that would make him wise and great. When he came there, he could find no nest, but one that was on the top of a tree, and with much ado he got up to it, and robbed it of the eggs. Then he tried to get down ; but a branch of the tree found a hole in the skirt of his coat, and held him fast. At this time he would have been glad to be at school ; for the bird in a rage at the loss of her eggs, flew at him, and was like to pick out his eyes. Now it was that the sight of a man at the foot of a tree, gave him more joy than all the nests in the world. This man was so kind as to chase away the bird, and help him down from the tree ; and from that time forth he would not loiter from school ; but grew a good boy and a wise young man ; and had the praise and good will of all that knew him.

NATURE, a mother kind alike to all,
Stills grants her bliss at labor's earnest call.

THE HALF CENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WELL, what about the half-cent? That its friendly face is fast disappearing, or rather has disappeared, is most certain. Only here and there, now and then, is one to be seen. It has become one of the relics of the past; and many are they who regard it as somewhat of a rarity in their collection of coins. But this is not the point toward which our present writing looks.

That it is a beautiful coin no one will deny. Its being a kind of tiny miniature cent to the eye, gives it a peculiar interest. Besides it may be placed in very favorable contrast beside the late new cent. It is decidedly prettier. Just look at the two side by side. What a clumsy, sickly, sallow, soundless, thick thing the new cent is, with its eagle that looks as if it had been plucked and spitted alive and were raising stiffly its naked wings in the agony. It is too dull an affair for our lively nation. If there were nothing else to render it unpopular it lacks the gingle which must belong to money. It falls into the collection box on Sunday with the sound of a leaden button, and betrays to all in the neighboring pew what is going on! Had it been known that this cent would be invested, the venerable custom—now gone out of use—of having little bells at the end of collection bags would never have been displaced by baskets and plates. That would relieve the dull drop of the new cent vastly. The fact is the new cent is not loved, but only tolerated from deference to the higher powers. It can never bind the heart to it. It can gather no associations around it. Even children care little for it. They seem afraid that it will not buy a pretzel, or ginger cake, or candy stick. They hesitate to take it to Sabbath School. In short, though it says on its face “one cent,” it abides under par in our feelings, and we can hardly persuade ourselves that it is truly “one cent.” In spite of the governmental declarations under whose auspices it goes forth, it is regarded as a kind of half-cent without the beauty, grace, and gingle of the genuine old half-cent coin. But this also is not the point to which this article is to be devoted.

It is the half-cent in change that we have before us. As is known it often happens in trade that the half-cent comes to question in making change. To make the matter plain, be it remarked that since the old *levys*, or shillings, as the Yankees call them, have gone out of use, a trouble comes up whenever a *levy* purchase is made. The price of an article is twelve and a half cents. We lay down a quarter of a dollar; but there are no half-cents by which to make the change. What is to be done? Either the seller or the buyer must lose a half-cent. The change-maker may hand back twelve cents, in which case he takes thirteen; or he may hand back thirteen, and then he gets but twelve for his article. Now what is to be done?

Do not call this a small matter? Do not say “a half-cent is nothing.” It may be so to you, but it is not to all men. For just notice when the case comes up and you will see the seller in a study which betrays a

desire to take the half-cent, and behind it a secret fear and shame to do so. In the buyer you see an ill-concealed wonder whether he is to receive back twelve or thirteen cents in change. Say what you will, if the seller keeps it the buyer will put his change more slowly and more sullenly into his pocket, and the seller will feel half condemned for his close dealing and half pleased that he has made half a cent.

Moreover, if you listen and observe you will find that some dealers get a kind of public reputation arising from this half-cent transaction. Some men are known and remembered as persons "who always keep the half-cent;" whilst others are known as those "who always give the half-cent." It is a fact which no thinking person can have overlooked that men get their reputation as often from little things as from great things.

Think what we please about the half-cent business, it is not to be set aside by the generous reply, "What is a half-cent?" There are words enough—and if not words, thoughts enough—spent in any single day in relation to the "half-cent in change," which if gathered and written would make a longer, and perhaps a better article on the subject than the one we are now writing. That it is not a small matter may also be inferred from the fact that—if what is sometimes whispered outside of the curtain is true—it is a point on which in many business houses careful instruction is given to the clerks. The half-cent is to be watched; and this is to be done because in the many sales that are made it is an object worthy of attention. If the small gain amount but to ten cents a day the aggregate is \$36.50 a year—enough to pay the license of a pretty large establishment. A close-lipped, sharp-chinned man will see all this result ahead, and he will not despise the jingling aggregate. The matter is not small; and we go in for some kind of definite understanding and settlement of this business; and to contribute our mite toward it is the object of what we at present deliver.

We freely confess that it might at once and best be settled by a general revival of generosity, and a general crucifixion of all little miserly propensities. But that will only come with the mellenium; and that blessed time is not yet. The difference between *mine* and *thine* is yet by far too strongly set in the human heart to leave the settlement of the half-cent question to what philosophers call each man's subjectivity!

Perhaps the reader is beginning to say, well let us hear. But let him not be impatient; the subject had to be properly introduced, preliminarily stated, and systematically opened up. But now, this having been done as becometh scientific disquisition, if it please him, we shall enter upon the merits of the case.

Our opinion maturely considered, and definitely expressed, tendeth to this result, namely; that the one who makes the change ought not to keep, but to give the half-cent. In favor of this, our opinion, we present several considerations which are respectfully commended to the reader's attention. That we may present our reasons in a definite way, we will suppose it is yourself upon whom the responsibility of the decision is laid. Then we say:

1. You have no moral right to keep the half-cent. Your price for the article is twelve and a half cents, not thirteen. You tell him that is the price. He buys it at that price. What right have you then to keep a half-cent of his money? It is not yours, but his. To take it is to

steal it! That he silently acquiesces in your taking it does not change the nature of your act. We have no right to do a man wrong, because his good nature or generosity may make him willing to suffer injury. Your duty is not to keep it because he is willing, but to give it because it is not yours.

2. But here a difficulty meets us. It is this, you cannot give him his half-cent without also giving him a half-cent of your own. This however you can do, because you have a right to give a half-cent of your own. It is moreover the only way in which you can act honestly, since you can give yours without sin, but you cannot keep his. It may be a loss to you to give a half-cent, but it is dishonest to take one not yours. Beside the moral aspect of the case, the reason in favor of the half-cent going to the buyer is strongest; for in his case it comes off his capital, in your case it is taken from your profits.

3. A spirit of generosity ought to induce you to give it to him who places himself in your hands, who is your customer, and so far at least your friend.

4. You ought also not to be indifferent to your good name. No one who has himself a generous nature, however little he may care for a half-cent, can respect the narrowness which will lead him with whom he deals to lay hold of a half-cent in a way so palpable ungenerous if not unrighteous. If he will not chide you, he will silently pity your littleness; and if he has reason to believe that you do it from love of the small gain, you can never afterward seem the same man to him. The very smallness of the act, will make your heart seem only smaller to him. That this is the necessary consequence is evident from the fact, already alluded to, that persons who habitually do this thing secure for themselves a reputation in the community as those "who always keep the half-cent!" One who puts this mark upon himself can never be truly respected by others; and he might well say to himself, What now is my life worth to me more than that of a dog! Who can move with free and open face in a community where he is publicly known as a half-cent man.

5. You ought also to have an eye on the estimation in which such a habit will cause you to hold yourself. Even if others did respect us, what good will that do us if we cannot respect ourselves. Certainly one who knows himself to be under the power of that miserly spirit which takes a half-cent from a generous hand cannot think of himself with true respect. He may praise himself for his skill in financiering, but he cannot be pleased with himself as an honest, generous man.

Such are our views of this half-cent question. We commend what we have advanced to the serious consideration of all, and especially the young readers of the Guardian. Let no one be ensnared by this narrow habit, and fall into this contemptible vice. We have the the highest authority for saying that he who is unfaithful in that which is least is unfaithful also in that which is greatest. Nothing is small in morals, nothing indifferent where sin is involved. Many a one who has commenced with unholy love for a half-cent, has not ended where he began! As many half-cents make dollars, so many little immoralities often repeated, sum up in large and more daring sins to which they naturally lead, and end in shipwreck of character and of the soul.

GETHSEMENE.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN heart is weary,
When eyes are teary,
On life's way dreary,
I seek the shades of
Gethsemene.

And thither straying,
Believing and praying,
I hear Christ saying,
"O trust in me."

Then with confession,
And intercession,
And new profession,
Hopeful I press on,
O Christ, to Thee!
And feel Thy love more
Sweetly than e'er before
Stealing my heart o'er,
In the lone shades of
Gethsemene.

To the romantic eye,
Under the wide, wide sky,
In many climes lie,
More charming scenes than
Gethsemene—
Gardens with cool bowers,
Fountains and bright flowers,
Where pass the glad hours
In idle glee;
Here let the gay walk,
Here let the proud stalk,
And all earth's sins mock—
Mock, but not flee.
O'er sin to sorrow,
New strength to borrow,
For each to-morrow,
No spot is like to
Gethsemene.

Queen of the Holy Land!
Within thy temple grand,
Priests of the Crescent stand!
Waste lies the glory,
O Zion, of thee.
Hark! as the evening falls,
Turkman on Omar's walls,
Loud to the Moslem calls—
"Bend, bend thy knee."
Ah! me, he calls in vain;

I fly the voice profane,
I seek a better fane!
Where Thou, O Saviour,
Didst pray for me!
I find the best repose,
In the soft evening's close,
Where the bright Kedron flows,
Praying with Christ in
Gethsemene.

Yonder the Jews creep
Down by the walls steep,
And at the stones weep,
Wailing the fate of
Jerusalem!

Did ye the King sell?
Then, then your pride fell,
Unhappy Israel,
Choosing a robber—
The Mosolem!

Here he betrayed Him,
Hence ye conveyed Him,
Shamefully slayed Him
On Calvary!

Now save that vain tear;
Weep not to stones there;
Weep over your sins here,
Bowing to Christ in
Gethsemene.

Charmed on this sacred ground,
As dies each worldly sound
In the deep peace around,
Sweeter than rest is

This spot to me.
At thy foot, Olivet,
Fondly I linger yet:
Think of His bloody sweat,
And agony!

Whilst with confession,
And intercession,
And new profession,
Hopeful I press on,
O Christ, to Thee.
Jesus! Thy love more
Sweetly than e'er before,
Steals all my heart o'er
In the sweet shades of
Gethsemene.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE.

THE following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found some months after her death between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the age of nineteen.

“When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all but my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you, to others, it might not seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet dear George, it is so. Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley. “But, I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on His arm, I fear no evil.”

“Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker’s presence, embalmed in woman’s holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit’s final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour’s bosom. And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed in death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently faded from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown.

“Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me. Often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mound around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us, would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same sunlight linger and play above the grass that grows over your Mary’s grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches: ‘I am not lost, but gone before.’”

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

IX. THE FOUNTAIN.

ON a hot Summer day little William went out across the fields. His cheeks glowed from the heat and his lips parched from thirst. At length he came to a fountain which flowed forth bright as silver from beneath a rock under the cool shade of an oak.

William eagerly drank of the ice cold water and sank immediately almost fainting to the earth. He returned to the house sick, and fell into a dangerous fever. "Oh!" he sighed on his bed, "who would have thought that the beautiful fountain contained such injurious poison!"

But William's father said to him: "The pure fountain is not the cause of your sickness, but your imprudence and intemperance in drinking when you were too warm."

On other things we lay the blame
When our intemperance gives us pain!

X. THE FLOWER.

On a beautiful spring morning little Margaret came into the meadow dale near the village and plucked flowers for a nosegay.

By the side of a hedge she saw the most beautiful violets. This gave her great joy, and she began eagerly to pluck them.

A farmer called to her and said: "Child, stay away from the hedge! Poisonous serpents have their homes in it!"

Margaret was alarmed, and for a moment stood still. But too strong was her desire for the beautiful flowers. "That violet yonder," said she, "which blinks so blue and lovely in the grass I must yet have."

When now she was in the act of plucking it a fearful viper sprang suddenly from the hedge, twined itself around her arm and gave her a deadly bite, and in a few hours the healthy, blooming maiden was a corpse.

O never trust to your desires,
In following them true joy expires.

XI. THE APPLES.

One morning little Gregory saw from his window a great many beautiful red apples lying in the grass in a neighboring orchard.

Hastily he crept over through an opening in the garden fence, and filled his pockets in coat and vest with apples.

But suddenly the neighbor with a stick in his hand came into the orchard. Gregory ran as fast as he could toward the hole in the fence where he had come in, that he might escape.

But alas! on account of his full pockets the little rogue stuck fast in

the hole of the fence! He was forced to give up his apples, and was besides severely punished for the theft. "Mark you," said the neighbor:

"When other's goods you take away,
The theft itself will you betray."

XII. THE PEAR.

A noblewoman placed her son Adolph as page at the princely court. At his departure she gave him, even with tearful eyes, the most beautiful motherly instructions. Among other things she said: "My dear son, always bear God in your heart, and do all things as under his eye! Have a childlike reverence toward the prince, your lord, and the love of a brother toward your fellow servants. Especially guard against your principal fault—your fondness for dainties.

It was made Adolph's duty to serve the prince at the table. One day he carried in a silver plate of pears which had been stewed in sugar. On the way he was seized with a strong desire to take one of them and eat it! True, he remembered the caution of his mother, but he followed only his own desire. Just before he entered the dining-room he hastily took a pear, and swallowed it eagerly. Scarcely had he set the plate on the table before the prince when the unfortunate youth fell dead on the floor! The pear, which was still very hot, burnt his throat and stomach!

Your base desires indulge them never,
Or they will ruin you forever.

XIII. THE NUT.

Under the large nut tree near the village two boys found a nut. "It belongs to me," cried Ignatius, "for I saw it first." "No, it belongs to me," said Bernard, "for I first picked it up." Both got into an earnest quarrel.

"I will end the strife," said a larger youth who just then came to them. He placed himself between the two boys, opened the nut and said: "The one shell belongs to the boy who first saw the nut; the other shell belongs to the boy who first picked up the nut; but the kernel I retain for my decision in the case!

"This," he added laughing, "is commonly the end of legal contests."

Whoever takes his suit to law,
Will shells instead of kernels draw!

XIV. THE NUT-SHELL.

Little Lizzie found a nut in the garden which was yet covered with a green shell. She thought it to be an apple, and began to eat it. But scarcely had she bitten into it, when she exclaimed: "Whew! how bitter!" and cast it away.

Conrad, her brother, who was wiser, immediately picked up the nut, peeled off the rind with his teeth, and said: "I care not for this bitter shell, because I know that a sweet kernel lies hidden in it, which will only taste the better for being reached through the bitter shell."

Bitter labor cheerful greet,
If it later brings you sweet!

XV. THE GREEN BRANCH.

Frederick was a frivolous and stubborn boy. He paid no attention to the good lessons that were taught him ; yea, he even made light of them.

One day he went into the garden in company with his sister Sophia. His sister's garden bed was covered with most beautiful flowers, but his own was grown over wild with weeds.

"Brother, brother," said the careful sister, "your affairs are not at all in order. Remember what I say ; what mother says will come to pass : You will never get upon a green branch."

To get on a green branch means to prosper ; but Frederick designedly misunderstanding the expression, and wishing to ridicule it, laughing climbed upon a large pear tree, and cried : "Sophia, look here ! Now I have gotten on a green branch." Crash !—the branch broke, and Frederick falling to the ground, broke his arm.

Onward fast to ruin flies
He who ridicules the wise.

"THE NAILS ARE GONE, BUT THE MARKS ARE THERE."

ONCE there was a little boy, who had a father who loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he should do an act that was wrong ; and when he should do a good deed, he would pull one out. Now, I think this little boy tried to be good, for though there were quite a number of nails driven into the post, after awhile all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post ? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone ; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping, instead of being elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, that is true, but the *marks* are *there still*."

Oh ! children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave *marks* ? Yes, marks upon your *soul*, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out. For even though this sin may be pardoned, as to its *guilt*, and washed away, as to its *pollution*, by the atoning blood of the Redeemer, still it will leave something that will prevent its being forgotten by you. Memory, like a mirror, will often present it before you. How painful the view will be. How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon.

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a good one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles, and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart, and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Lay up for yourself a store of sweet memories that shall refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.

A KEEN REPROOF TO A WHISKEY MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT a history has Whiskey! The late murder near Lancaster of two inoffensive women, by two negroes, was the work of rum. They were already leaving the house without having done any injury, when "a desire to secure 'a levy' to buy another pint of whiskey," prompted them to go back. This being refused them, and having already enough, as one said, "to raise the devil in them," they killed their victims. Liquor was the devil which inspired them.

But another part of this story remains to be told. We are informed by *The Daily Evening Express*, that on the day these poor wretches were executed, when one of them was taking leave of his wife and children in the cell, he felt concerned that a guardian should be appointed over his children. Mr. Rockafeld, who was to publish the murderer's confession, came into the cell about that time, when the criminal, who was to die a few hours later, asked Mr. Rockafeld to become the guardian of his children. "Mr. R. said he had made arrangements to go into the liquor business at Milton, Northumberland county, Pa., and expected to leave town and therefore could not act. Anderson then said with great earnestness and solemnity: '*It was liquor that brought me here, and will soon send me to the gallows. All my crimes have been the fruits of whiskey.*'"

What a reproof to a rum-seller, coming from a murderer, almost under the gallows, in the presence of a wife and several children, robbed of a parent by rum! We should suppose that a man of any human feelings, to say nothing of religion, could never sell another drop after such a scathing rebuke. A man that can stand that, has certainly all the qualifications necessary to make a liquor seller. Being well acquainted at Milton, remembering many a battle fierce and long, fought against liquor in that beautiful Susquehanna region, and knowing the grit of the well-tried soldiers who bear up the banner there against rum and ruin, we fear "going into the liquor business at Milton," may prove a more uneasy and less profitable "arrangement" than is anticipated. We sympathize with the good people of Milton in the affliction of having a business established among them, of which a murderer in his cell says: "It brought me here, and will soon send me to the gallows!"

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapt in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when the night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

THE KATYDID.

BY PROF. W. M. NEVIN.

UNSEEN, loud chirping, merry Kate,
Of one whole tree the potentate,
What ails thee now at this round rate?
Still on to twitter?
Green drest, they say, in robes of State!—
No mantle fitter.

For colored thus, thy form deceives
The search of prying bird that thieves.
Deep hid among thy sister leaves
All round thee closing,
Though theo and them his back upheaves,
Safe art thou dozing!

It lulls thee, like some breeze at play.
That rocks thee, oft times, through the day.
But that twilight's gathering gray
Is o'er us cast,
Thou wak'st, and keep'st awake that lay
All night to last.

Ah me! it shows no syren skill!
Yet by it lured, some mink, to kill,
Close to thy tree, with eager will,
Might now be stealing,
And touch it thus: Ha! thou art still!
How *sharp* thy feeling!

Poor tiny thing, life's tenant brief,
To drop ere falls the fading leaf!
Meanwhile thou'rt charmed from all mischief
Thy foes would hatch thee.
No flying fiend, no lurking thief,
Can ever catch thee.

Kind Providence!—it cares thus then
E'en for the tree's small denizen;
While we poor, sinful sons of men,
No favor share?
O yes, we fall beneath its ken,
And sovereign care.

O Thou, who shield'st the lily's pride,
Who for the ravens dost provide,
On Thee, teach us our cares to slide,
On Thee, our love;
Wean us from earth and be our guide
To worlds above.

M O T H E R ' S G R A V E .

How still it is. The wind frills up the long summer grass, and rustles the swaying willows under which I am standing, just as softly as that other breeze that wafts up the years that lie in the shadow of the past, and stirs up my heart with the old memories it brings with it.

Twelve years ago I sat just as I do now. I am greatly changed, but all around me is the same. The far off hills with their blue misty tops, half wreathed in the folds of white clouds, the green meadows with the country sunshine, flashing like sweet thoughts all about them, and the water splashing down softly on the white pebbles. I remember all.

"Mother!" I need not whisper the name so low, for there is none to hear me but the birds on the tops of the willows, and it will not disturb her slumber. No, no, though I sit here with one arm wrapped closely round the grave, where the tears of manhood are dropping thick and fast, as the tears of my childhood dropped on her bosom; I know she will not waken.

I remember it as though it had all happened this morning—how, her cool, soft fingers used to drop like snow-flakes on my hair, and her lips murmur sweet blessings over me with every night-fall. Oh! I am a rich man now! The dews of night fall on my broad acres, and the spray of the far Pacific washes the keels of my proud ships: but I would give many a goodly acre, many a treasure that sleeps deep in the hold, to lie down one night under the old garret rafter, with that sweet seraph face bending o'er me with its playful kiss, just as it used to do.

Mother! mother! the daisies of a score of summers have bloomed and fallen above your grave, but your memory slumbers deep and sacred in the heart of your boy still. The memory of your prayers and your counsels have been with him in the long way that his feet have trodden, and he has cause to thank you for this now!

Look over the shining bastions, sainted mother, and see me as I lie here, with my cheeks pillowed in the moist grass. Here, only here, casting off all my manhood, I can be a child again, for the world will never know me as you have known me, dearest mother.

We shall know each other up there, too, where the snowy blossoms never wither on the everlasting hills, and the autumn never braids its scarlet fringing through the green eternal summers. Your boy will come to you, and from that land which is far off, we shall go no more out forever, mother.

I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

THE LATE THOMAS HART BENTON.

COLONEL Benton was born near Hillsborough, Orange county, North Carolina, March 14, 1782. His father died when he was eight years old; his early education was imperfect; he was for some time at a grammar school, and afterwards at Chapel Hill, the University of North Carolina, but finished no course of study there, as his mother removed to Tennessee to settle on a tract of land belonging to his father's estate. Thomas studied law and soon rose to eminence in his profession. He was now elected to the Legislature, serving only a single term, during which he procured the passage of a law reforming the judicial system, and of another giving to slaves the benefit of a jury trial, the same as white men. One of his earliest friends and patrons was Andrew Jackson, at that time judge of the Supreme Court, and subsequently Major General of the State militia. Benton became his aid-de-camp, and during the war also raised a regiment of volunteers. It was from that service he derived the name of Colonel, which has clung to him through life. Notwithstanding the close intimacy between Jackson and himself, which was of the most cordial and unreserved character, a rude and sudden rencontre took place, in Nashville, between Jackson and a posse of friends on one side, and Benton and his brother on the other, in which severe pistol and dagger wounds were given, and produced a rupture which estranged them for many years. After the volunteers were disbanded Mr. Madison appointed Col. Benton, in 1813, a Lieutenant Colonel in the army; but on his way to serve in Canada, in 1814, he heard the news of peace and resigned. He now removed to Missouri, and took up his abode in the city of St. Louis in 1815. There he devoted himself anew to his profession. Soon, however, engaging in the politics of the day, he was led to the establishment of a newspaper entitled the *Missouri Argus*. In this position he was involved in many disputes and contentions. Duels were usual at the time, and he had his share of them, with their unhappy consequences. In one of them, which was forced upon him, he killed his opponent, Mr. Lucas, an event he deeply regretted, and all the private papers relating to which he has destroyed.

In 1820, with the organization of the State government, Mr. Benton was elected a member of the United States Senate, and remained in that body an active and conspicuous member till the session of 1851, (thirty-one years in the Senate,) when he failed of a re-election. As Missouri, however, was not admitted into the Union until August 10th, 1821, more than a year of Benton's first term had expired before he took his seat. This interval he occupied in acquiring a knowledge of the language and literature of Spain; and thenceforth, for many years, his industry as a student during his extra hours, seized from the early morning, and appropriated from the night, form a most interesting feature of the economy and regularity of his personal habits. The results, too, were of the greatest advantage to him as a Senator, for having acquainted himself intimately with the political, social and religious systems, and with the languages, laws, and literature of the governing nations of ancient and modern times; his knowledge of every great subject involved

in a Senatorial debate covered the most minute experience and teachings of the history of man, and of his progressive steps from the patriarchal institutions of the Hebrews to the comprehensive civilization of our own day.

When Col. Benton entered the Senate Mr. Monroe was President; Governor Tompkins, Vice President; John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; Smith Thompson, of New York, Secretary of the Navy; John McLean, Postmaster General, and William Wirt, Attorney General; of whom all have disappeared from the stage of action except Mr. McLean. And here that voluminous and interesting historical political work of Mr. Benton—of his “Thirty Years in the Senate”—interposes its rich and copious details of the leading public characters, measures, events and issues which agitated the country, divided its political parties and determined the game for the Presidency from term to term, through all that long period. In glancing over the pages of these solemn volumes of a “Thirty Years’ View” of “the workings of the American Government,” we find that the first speech of Mr. Benton, prominently referred to is his speech of 1824, in favor of an amendment of the Constitution of the United States in relation to the election directly by the popular vote. It was not, however, until after the rupture between President Jackson and Vice President Calhoun, in 1831, and the breaking out of the war between Old Hickory and the United States Bank, that Col. Benton took the first rank in the Senate as a debater and the champion of the administration. The war against the bank was virtually declared in General Jackson’s first annual message in Congress in 1829, and the war began in earnest in the Senate upon the question of a re-charter in 1831—Mr. Benton leading the way as the most radical advocate of a gold and silver currency.

In person, Col. Benton was tall, muscular and robust, and with a presence singularly majestic and commanding. His features were of the strong Roman mould, and their habitual expression was that of a self-possessed, self-relying, positive and resolute man. His marriage with a daughter of Col. McDowell, of Virginia, secured him an amiable and exemplary partner, and the domestic associations of an extensive circle of influential families. Mrs. Benton died some four years ago. Of his four surviving children, all daughters, one is “our Jessie,” the wife of Col. Fremont; another is the wife of Mr. Wm. Carey Jones, returned from a government mission to Central America; another is married to Mr. Jacob, a well-to-do farmer, in Kentucky, and formerly one of Fremont’s amateur mountain men; the fourth, and youngest, some years ago was married to an *attache* of the French Legation at Washington, and now French Consul General at Calcutta. In the important matter of religion, Colonel Benton was, if not a member, a faithful attendant with his family at the New School Presbyterian Church, near his residence at Washington. Among the people of Washington he was esteemed as a citizen, and beloved as a neighbor and friend.

With Benton, the last excepting Cass, and we may say Crittenden, of the compeers of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, is gone. If Clay was distinguished for the love of his friends, and Calhoun for the veneration of his disciples, and Webster for the admiration of the commercial politicians of the North, Benton was particularly distinguished for the esteem

of those who knew him most intimately, and for the bitter hostility of his opponents who only knew him from his excusable egotism, and sometimes offensive, harsh, and imperious manner as a public debater in the Senate.

To this brief account of the life of Col. Benton we would add a few reflections.

First, we learn from it that he was a self-made man. Industry and perseverance led him forward to a position of undoubted eminence and usefulness to his country. In this respect his example may be commended to all young men. His talents, though of a high order, seem not to have been extraordinary. There are hundreds whose lives are spent in almost useless obscurity, whose native abilities were equal if not superior to his. He spared not the cost, and thus secured the end.

Whilst, however, it is pleasant to contemplate this feature in his character, how sad is the reflection that he never became a professor of the christian religion! He died, it seems, out of the church! He attended church, perhaps all his life, more or less, as thousands do. Thus he looked at religion, and heard of it, and no doubt "thought it fit and decent" so to do; but it never became to him a personal matter, and he was never brought to "the obedience of faith."

How strange is this. Men persuade themselves that they respect religion, and feel as if they had some vague interest in it, *without identifying themselves with it!* What would be thought of a man of Benton's prominence who should live 77 years in the country without acknowledging himself a citizen of the county? Standing coldly aloof from all its responsibilities and privileges? He would be regarded an enemy at heart to the land which protected him. But is not this exactly what such men do in regard to the church. Can any dishonor to the church be greater than to pass it by as though it did not exist—to say by an act running through a long life-time that it is not of sufficient importance to claim a personal acknowledgment, and merit personal attention. Is any contempt equal to silent contempt? This, we say, is a thought full of sadness.

We do not judge this eminent statesman. Nor are we unmindful of the saying, "nothing but good of the dead." We violate not this saying in our remarks; but only bear testimony against a vast error, and in favor of an everlasting good. We are persuaded that the time must come when in view of the state of the dying no comfort shall be drawn from any source where there is an absence of obedience to our blessed Saviour's dying command: "Do this in remembrance of me;" and this command can only be obeyed in the church.

N E A R E R .

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.

THE ABUSE OF THE FINE ARTS AND ITS TENDENCY.

BY HON. A. L. HAYES.

[We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers another of that series of excellent Lectures delivered in Fulton Hall, Lancaster, during the past winter. These Lectures, the proceeds of which were distributed among the poor, were all delivered by residents of the city, and never was a course more popular or better attended by our citizens. The lecture, which was brief and compact, was in each case followed by a general discussion of such topics as the subject suggested. These discussions were always interesting and highly instructive. This eloquent lecture on the Abuse of the Fine Arts, by Judge Hayes, will be found both instructive and suggestive. The Judge is one of those men—too few of whom are found—who, with the duties of his profession, keeps up a lively interest in the progress of higher literature and science. The reader will feel this in every paragraph of this polished lecture. We cannot, as a people, too earnestly lay to heart the dangers which threaten our national purity from that obscenity to which the fine arts, especially in painting and engraving, are beginning to be prostituted, chiefly by foreign influence in our land. The tribute which Judge Hayes pays to virtuous woman toward the close of his lecture, is alike honorable to his head and heart.—EDITOR GUARDIAN.]

THE proposition assigned for this evening's discussion is, The Abuse of the Fine Arts and its Injurious Tendency; or, in its original form, How the Fine Arts may be turned to pernicious uses?

The fine arts are those products of human genius and skill which are suggested and created by the sentiment of taste and the sense of the beautiful. They are often employed in adorning the useful, and, in the infancy of the arts, this was probably their only function—a union aptly indicated by nature, who folds the tender germ of the fruit in the bloom of the flower, and canopies its growth with the brilliant verdure of foliage; and, wherever fitness or utility can be traced, exhibits the *relative* beauty of the object as identified with that fitness. The faculty of taste is an intellectual susceptibility peculiar to man, by which he enjoys the contemplation of the agreeable phenomena of the external world, and his imagination is elevated to the perception of absolute beauty. The emotion to which the faculty is related, is *admiration* rather than love—a purely intellectual delight, exalting the spirit above what is merely of the earth earthy, by an enduring charm; for—

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

All this is implied by our proposition; but as the development of this topic belongs especially to a branch of the subject (the use of poetry, music and the fine arts,) which is set apart for another, I will not now trespass upon his province.

The usual classification of the fine arts embraces painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, to which are sometimes added poetry and eloquence. The business of our lecture is to point out the abuse of these, and the injury resulting from it. The necessary limitation of time will admit but a partial survey, which may, however, be enlarged and com-

pleted by the discussion that will follow ; and, before I proceed further, I will take leave to suggest, as subjects for that discussion—1. Whether any productions in poetry, music, or statuary, which serve to diminish abhorrence of crime or recommend vice, or make it tolerable, are not an abuse of the fine arts? 2. Whether the proper use of music, as a fine art, is found in the opera, or the highest achievements of skill as exhibited in the fiddling of Paganini or Sivori, or the piano performances of Strakosch or Thalberg? Are not these rather an abuse of the art? 3. In architecture, the use and purposes of the structure ought to be the controlling idea, in the dimensions, form, style, and order of the building. Is not the neglect of this object an abuse of the art, no matter how beautiful the edifice, otherwise considered? 4. Is it not an abuse of architecture, to construct an edifice as if for men one hundred feet high, which is said to have been the case of the ancient temples of Egypt? 5. Whether it is not an abuse of architecture to erect, in a climate like ours, magnificent porticoes, at a most enormous expense, which are neither intended nor used for a shelter, or for any other purpose than as a frontispiece to the main building? 6. Whether any representation of the horrible or grotesque in painting or sculpture, is not an abuse of those arts? 7. Whether there is not a struggle between the good and evil principles, in which the growing purity of public taste as manifested in the general character of the polite literature of this age is attempted to be perverted by the licentious poetry of such writers as Lord Byron and Moore, by the French novels, the yellow-covered issues of the New York press, and the nude statuary recently imported ; and is not this a grievous abuse of the fine arts? These are only suggested as some of the topics which may attract attention in the ensuing discussion.

Soon after our War of Independence, an American gentleman met, in London, with the celebrated Col. Barre. You will all remember him as the able and spirited defender of our patriot forefathers against the calumnies of the ministry in the British Parliament. It was he who, in answer to Charles Townsend, electrified the House of Commons with that noble burst of eloquence, beginning with, "They planted by *your* care! No ; your oppression planted them in America." He characterized the Americans as "sons of liberty," a name which they gloriously vindicated in the ensuing contest ; and so forcibly and firmly, says the historian, were his sentiments delivered on the occasion, that the whole House sat for a while in silent amazement. During the progress of the Revolution, our country had no more sincere and powerful friend in all Great Britain than Col. Barre.

This distinguished man, after congratulating our countrymen upon the success of our struggle, proceeded in the most serious manner to warn the American people against the introduction of the fine arts. He denounced them as the most insidious enemies of freedom, declaring that the liberties of every people by whom they had been cherished, had been sapped and destroyed by their corrupting influence. He begged the gentleman when he returned to his own country to bear with him this solemn admonition of a true friend, and to exert himself and persuade others to guard their fellow citizens against so great a

danger, to which he foresaw their prosperity and increasing wealth would expose them.

Notwithstanding the sweeping terms of this denunciation, we might possibly do injustice to the English statesman by supposing that he intended to condemn, without discrimination, every production of the fine arts, though in the infinite diversity of human opinion, large classes of men might be indicated as maintaining such a doctrine. But every blessing is liable to abuse, and our reason and virtue are, perhaps, best employed in the just appreciation and moderate use of our advantages. It is an unquestionable truth, that the most remarkable benefits that the world possesses, either from the gift of nature or the ingenuity of man, are capable, in their excess, or irregular action, of producing wide spread and tremendous disasters. The mountain glacier, which enchants the traveler with its unearthly beauty, and sends down its perennial streams to enrich and gladden the populous valleys beneath, sometimes also detaches the mighty avalanche to carry devastation and ruin in its overwhelming career. The steamboat, that magnificent creation of mechanical genius, which conveys in its spacious saloons, with all the luxuries of a well-furnished hotel, its hundreds of travelers to their distant friends and homes, has, in many instances, suddenly consigned its numerous inmates to a watery grave, sometimes without a survivor to tell the cause or manner of their fate. What more frequent occasion of bloody and destructive wars than Religion itself—even the most holy—by which is explained the prophetic language of our Saviour, who said: “Think not I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.” Calmly weighing the admonition of Col. Barre, we are brought to the conclusion, that he had chiefly in contemplation the danger of Luxury to our young and growing republic; and regarding the fine arts in their abuse as the handmaids of corruption, and his censure as a condemnation of luxury and its kindred vices, we cannot but recognize in it the voice of that wisdom who proclaims her dwelling to be with prudence.

The condition of Italy, then as now, the foster-mother of the fine arts, might well suggest the anxiety which he expressed, lest the same miserable fortune which had befallen her should be superinduced by their introduction amongst us. Italy, the seat of the old Roman Republic, as well as of the universal empire of the Cæsars—the land of Cincinnatus and Cicero—the land of poetry, song and sculpture, where earth, sea and sky are redolent of beauty; but with all the prestige of her ancient glory, and renown of modern art, has been for centuries the land of slavery, ignorance, beastly vices, and beggary. In 1701 Addison drew this description of her:

“But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heav’n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain,
The redd’ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,

And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty, eurst,
And in the loaded vineyard, dies of thirst."

One of the most obvious of the evil influences proceeding from an inordinate love of the fine arts, is the dissipation and extravagance which it encourages. That these have increased among us within a few years to an alarming extent will hardly be disputed. We have musical *artistes* from abroad making a triumphal progress through our country, and receiving pecuniary emoluments far greater than were ever conferred upon its heroes or statesmen—far greater than it bestowed upon the noble, gallant and virtuous La Fayette, who devoted life, fortune and honor to our struggling cause. We hear of pictures bought at fabulous prices by American lovers of *vertu*, and gems of countless value adorning the persons of our fashionable women. Houses and furniture are upon a scale of magnificence heretofore unknown. Dwellings and warehouses in our large cities are now erected of such height as to be out of reach of the most powerful engines, so that in case of fire all that can be done is to save the neighboring buildings. The elaborate ornaments of the façade are so costly, that the expense would, in some instances, suffice to construct a modest building of equal dimensions. A friend who had spent some years in the south of Europe told me he was, on his return, disagreeably impressed with the florid architecture of the narrow fronts in our great cities—this style being in Europe appropriated to edifices whose vast proportions require to satisfy the eye of taste the relief which such ornamentation affords.

Not long ago we had descriptions of a gorgeous mansion erected in New York and furnished with surpassing splendor by a druggist, who was supposed to have realized the enormous sum he lavished upon this establishment by the sale of patent medicines. He acquired the title of the Duke of Sarsaparilla, and, naturally enough, failed when his palace was completed. The evil of extravagance multiplies itself. A magnificent house and furniture demand a correspondent style of appointments and living. The Duke of Sarsaparilla, had he been able, must have felt bound to expend annually forty or fifty thousand dollars.

Our churches, banking houses, and other public buildings are often obnoxious to the censure of sacrificing the convenience of their design to a close imitation of some foreign model, which was constructed for a widely different purpose. We sometimes see immense sheets of unbroken steep roof presented as the most conspicuous part of a building, or at least dividing the notice of the observer with a tower attached, edged with pinnacles and surmounted by a steeple. But what has the staring steep roof to do in a climate where the snow never falls twelve feet deep? and why not give instead of the blank and barn-like expanse of slate and shingles a well-proportioned elevation of masonry? Commend me to the fair proportions and just designs of Grecian architecture, which I believe comprise the true principles of the art, with a capability of accommodation to every varied use and purpose. I am much inclined to regard any essential departure therefrom, under whatever name, as an abuse.

The most splendid banking houses in this State were those of the Bank of the United States and the Bank of Pennsylvania—each modeled

after an ancient Greek temple, with what reference to convenience I will not say, and with how much prudence in the expenditure may derive some illustration from the event—both institutions having gone down with the loss of millions to their stockholders and the public.

The Girard College for orphans, which is also an imitation of a Grecian temple, would have been most admirable had the legitimate purpose been to erect an architectural monument at any cost, in honor of the city of Philadelphia. But when the donor of the fund had prescribed the object, and indeed the form of the building, the trustees appear to have held a meretricious communication with the Fine Arts, and under their guidance wasted two millions of dollars in providing a most inconvenient series of recitation halls, which they have been frequently under the necessity of altering and re-arranging to fit them for common use. This appears to me very much like an abuse of the fine arts.

The objection to extravagance is not merely that the means wastefully expended might have been used for objects of general good—to the relief of misery and the promotion of the public weal—but, by generating habits of dissipation, it produces an inordinate desire of money, and a dissoluteness of morals; it loosens the bands of society, destroys integrity of character, and leads to infinite mischief. The readers of our revolutionary annals need not be reminded that it was precisely this vice which impelled Benedict Arnold to commit the treason that blasted his name forever.

The legitimate function of the fine arts being the just embellishment of the useful, and the proper satisfaction of the sentiment of *admiration*, or a taste for the beautiful in the abstract, it follows that when employed beyond or aside of such intents the result is an abuse of them. Employed whether as painting, sculpture, music, architecture, or poetry, to excite the low instincts of our nature, or stimulate the passions, they are grossly abused, and shed their most malign and deadly influence.

I have already directed your attention to Italy, the country in which the fine arts have attained the highest perfection; and I desire to recall it, especially to one phase of society there. I refer to the case of Lord Byron, who is both an illustration and example—corrupted and corrupting. He, abandoning his lawful spouse and native land, formed a *liaison*, at Ravenna, with a noble Roman lady, the wife of an old and wealthy count, and lived with her for many years with the full approval of her friends, and the allowance of Italian morals. To so low a condition are virtue and family honor reduced in that country, that the grossest vices hardly seek concealment from public gaze. Who can wonder that the conjugal relation should cease to command respect when the highest efforts of art are devoted to familiarizing the mind to impurity and endeavoring to make vice respectable? The process of demoralization is well described by the English poet:

“Vice is so hideous and deform’d in mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft—familiar with her face—
We first endure, then pity—then embrace.”

Who can wonder, that when the honor of the head of the family is corrupted, the whole household should become debased, and that virtue should no longer be any thing but a name? That when the land is

filled with nude exhibitions, the most shameless immoralities should hardly be required by public sentiment to assume the thinnest veil in order to screen them from the public eye? Who can wonder, that in such a country, honor is a mere bauble, justice a pretext, and liberty a by-word and reproach; and that Italy should have sunk to the lowest degradation in the scale of nations, and become a land of tyrants and of crouching slaves.

In view, then, of the state of society in this their chosen seat, I charge upon the fine arts, as there used and abused, that their influence—

—“blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers’ oaths
And from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul: and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.”

They sully and corrupt that modesty which is the foundation of the domestic virtues; they violate the sanctities of the family altar, and destroy the dearest charities of home, tending to obliterate the feature in our national character which nobly distinguishes us from those who regard themselves as the most civilized and polished people in the world, namely, the respect which is due and accorded by Americans to the female sex. The foreign tourist, however disposed to carp at our manners, fails not to give us credit in this particular. In all places, and on all occasions of a public nature, he observes that the choicest position is assigned to woman. In every assembly whereshe appears, the most convenient seat is yielded to her; and in the public conveyances by land or water, the like deference is readily conceded. All gentlemen in the railroad cars habitually rise and give place to female passengers; and any woman may travel north, south, east or west, through the length and breadth of the Union, safe beneath the ample ægis of that honorable regard, which every true-hearted American pays to the sex to which his mother and sisters belong. On the other hand, our travelers abroad are amazed, until custom familiarizes them to the fact, at the inattention shown by respectable men to the comfort and convenience of females journeying in the public conveyances. No gentleman there thinks of offering his place to a female stranger; but he would sit for hours unconcerned were she obliged to stand all the time at his elbow. This marked difference in national manners is founded upon a radical difference in sentiment, resulting, as I believe, from the bad influence under discussion. While the American entertains a just faith in the virtues of woman, considering her at least his equal, and deems every female stranger worthy of his respect, the European, on the contrary, regards her as occupying an inferior position, and (unless she has some peculiar claim upon him) treats her accordingly.

Lest it should be supposed that I am devising a fanciful theory, I will present the testimony of a foreign statesman, who, of all the intelligent Europeans that have visited our shores, is allowed to have taken the most philosophical survey of our institutions. I allude to Alexis De Tocqueville, member of the Institute of France and of the Chamber of Deputies. “Public opinion,” he says, “in the United States, espe-

cially condemns the laxity of morals which diverts the human mind from the pursuit of well-being and disturbs the internal order of domestic life, which is so necessary to success in business. To earn the esteem of their countrymen, the Americans are therefore constrained to adapt themselves to orderly habits; and it may be said in this sense, that they make it a matter of honor to live chastely; while the inexorable opinion of the public carefully circumscribes woman within the narrow circle of domestic interests and duties, and forbids her to step beyond it. In America all the vices which tend to impair the purity of morals and destroy the conjugal tie, are treated with a degree of severity which is unknown in the rest of the world. It has often been remarked, that in Europe a certain degree of contempt lurks even in the flattery which men lavish upon women. Although a European frequently affects to be the slave of woman, it may be seen that he never sincerely thinks her his equal. In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them. They constantly display an entire confidence in the understanding of a wife, and a profound respect for her freedom. They have decided that her mind is just as fitted as that of a man to discover the plain truth, and her heart as firm to embrace it; and they have never sought to place her virtue any more than his under the shelter of prejudice, ignorance and fear. It is true that the Americans rarely lavish upon women those eager attentions which are commonly paid them in Europe; but their conduct to women always implies that they suppose them to be virtuous and refined; and such is the respect entertained for the moral freedom of the sex, that in the presence of a woman the most guarded language is used, lest she should be offended by an expression. In America a young, unmarried woman may, alone and without fear, undertake a long journey;" and, in conclusion, he adds: "As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, To the superiority of their women."

There is certainly in these views of our system much sound philosophy; and the concluding opinion involves a most important political truth. The author speaks of the domain of woman in the United States as a narrow circle. It may be narrow, for it is central, like all imperial power. But the Homes of our country are the corner-stone of our temple of liberty. It was wittily remarked by Themistocles, that his wife ruled all Greece; for, said he, my wife rules me, I govern Athens, and Athens governs Greece. Seriously, we believe that the destinies of our nation are in a great measure committed to the mothers of America. In a thorough survey of our social economy we recognize as the foundation of all our constitutions—civil, political, and religious—the family institution, of which the mother is the constantly present and presiding power. From this primal fountain, so long as the heaven-directed influence of that power prevails, will perennially flow, with all

the home-bred virtues, the genial affections, the generous impulses, the patriotic desires, in exuberant streams, to refresh and strengthen the public spirit, and maintain our liberties ever green and flourishing. We are in the habit of referring to the intelligence of the people as the *palladium* of our freedom, and to the education furnished by our common schools and public seminaries as its most essential safeguards. No doubt their value is inestimable. But if ever from any cause the delicate sense of propriety, the scrupulous modesty, the finely-toned integrity of moral principle of the mothers of our land, which preserve the purity of the fireside and the sanctity of the family altar, should be impaired, we might then despair of the efficacy of subsequent training in the public schools to fit their sons and daughters to become good men and women, or useful citizens. Hence I strenuously object to the abuse of the fine arts as directly inimical to the purity of families, which it tends to contaminate, and consequently as detrimental to the republic.

My plea is, *pro aris et focis*, for the family altar and the fireside.

TWO YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Two years ago he went to heaven.

With us they have been long, long years, since we heard the sound of his sweet voice, and the merry laugh that burst from his glad heart.

He was the youngest of our flock. Three summers he had been with us, and oh! he was brighter and sunnier than any summer day of them all. But he died as the third year of his life was closing. The others were older than he; and all we had of childhood's glee and gladness was buried when we laid him in the grave. Since then our hearth has been desolate, and our hearts have been yearning for the boy who is gone. "*Gone, but not lost*," we have said a thousand times; and we think of him ever as living and blessed in another place not far from us.

Two years in heaven! They do not measure *time* in that world; there are no weeks, or months, or years; but all the time we have been mourning his absence here, he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying, and the rapid progress he has been making, we feel that it is well for him that he has been taken away.

Two years with angels! They have been his constant companions, his teachers too; and from them he has drawn lessons of knowledge and of love. The cherubim are said to excel in knowledge; while love glows more ardently in the breasts of seraphim. He has been two years in the company of both, and must have become very like them.

Two years with the redeemed! They have told him of the Saviour, in whose blood they washed their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The child, while with us, knew little of Jesus and his dying love; but he has heard of him now, and has learned to love him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There are some among those redeemed, who would have loved him here, had they been living with us; but they went to glory before him, and have welcomed him now to their company. I am not sure that they know him as our child; and yet do we love to think that he is in the arms of those who have

gone from our arms, and that thus broken families are re-united around the throne of God and the Lamb.

Two years with Christ! It is joy to know that our child has been two years with the Saviour, in his immediate presence; learning of him, and making heaven vocal with songs of rapture and love. The blessed Saviour took little children in his arms when he was here on earth, and he takes them in his bosom there. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child!

He often wept when he was with us; he suffered much before he died: seven days and nights he was torn with fierce convulsions ere his soul yielded and fled to heaven. But now for two years he has not wept. He has known no pain for two years. That little child, who was pleased with a rattle, now meets with angels and feels himself at home. He walks among the tallest spirits that bend in the presence of the Infinite, and is as free and happy as any who are there. And when we think of joys that are his, we are more than willing that he should stay where he now dwells, though our house is darkened by the shadow of his grave, and our hearts are aching all the time for his return. Long and weary have been the years without him; but they have been blessed years to him in heaven. "Even so, Father." "Not our will, but thine be done."

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A WOMAN, in many instances, has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may or may not conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought to tempt her for a moment to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin.

Nothing can be more miserable than to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortunes are in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is conceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid.

A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive that when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed, she, of all human beings, can minister to its needs. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, her patience and fortitude have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THIS morning, about 1 o'clock, a sad affair took place at a ball given by the De Soto Assembly, at the Saranak Hall, at the northeast corner of Eighth and Callowhill streets. While the ball was in progress a young woman named Adaline Yeager, who was engaged in dancing, suddenly fell upon her face on the floor. Her companions hastened to raise her up, when it was found that she was dead. The melancholy occurrence caused a deep impression among the persons who were present at the party. The body of the deceased, attired in her ball dress, was removed to the Fourteenth Ward Station House, and from there was carried to her late residence, No. 1224 North Sixteenth street, above Girard Avenue. The deceased was thirty-five years of age. Her sudden death is attributed to disease of the heart."—[Philadelphia paper.

MID brilliant light
Of chandeliers,
A damsel bright,
On that festive night,
With keen delight
In the dance appears.

Her laugh is loud,
Her eye is proud,
Her heart is gay
As a bird in May;
While light and fleet,
On her tripping feet,
She whirls around
To the viols sound
With the gladdest bound,
In that giddy crowd.

But see! she reels
With a strange advance!
And each one feels
That her step reveals
A move so wrong,
That does not belong
To the merry dance!
As the lightning flash,
Preceding the crash,
That levels the oak,
Death's sudden dart,
Struck to her heart—
And she never spoke!

How glad and gay
On that festal day,
We see her leave,
In the early eve,
Her cheerful home.
But sad and strange
Is the sudden change!

Through the dismal night,
By the street-lamp light.
With her corpse they come.
From the dancing crowd,
Where the mirth rung loud,
They bear her—yes,
In her ball-room dress—
That is now her shroud!

Disease of the heart
Has caused her death;
Disease of the heart
Has taken her breath.
'Twas this, they say,
As they bear her away,
With looks askance,
That made her reel
And first reveal
A move so wrong
That did not belong
To the merry dance.
And thus they stayed
The alarm made
By the sudden stroke,
When the archer's dart,
Struck to her heart,
That she never spoke!

I too must fall—
Death awaits us all—
Solemn and true!
Disease of the heart
May be the dart
That lays me low;
But not in the hall
Of the giddy ball
Would I hear the call,
O God, from Thee!

MARY MAGDALENE AND THE RISEN JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ST. Mark says: "Now, when Jesus was risen early, the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils." Seeking Him early in the morning, "when it was yet dark," and finding only an empty grave, she turned away weeping. At that moment Jesus stood before her in the garden. She knew Him not at first, but thought it was the gardener. He called her by name—"Mary!" The familiar tone of His voice wakened her from her dream of sorrow, and she knew Him.

Overjoyed she would have embraced His feet, as she was wont to do in devout and familiar love. But He forbids her. "Touch me not: for I am not yet ascended to my Father." These mysterious words have some mystical significance, which is rather to be felt than understood. She was yet in her mortal state, and He was in His resurrection state. With this feeling of awe He would no doubt inspire her by His words: "Touch me not!"

With this feeling of holy awe upon her heart, she is to bear the blessed news to the other disciples, who in another place, as St. Mark tells us, "mourned and wept." "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Then "Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord and that he had spoken these things unto her."

Let us meditate for a few moments on the lessons contained in these words of Jesus to Mary. They teach us this important truth, that Jesus makes Himself, and the glorious news of His grace, known to human beings. He sent Mary to carry the news to His brethren.

He had intended to go Himself, but she must go before. There were also angels at hand, but He does not send them.

The angels themselves act by the same rule. St. Matthew tells us that the angel whom the woman met at the tomb said to them, "Go quickly, and tell his disciples, that He is risen from the dead." Math. 28: 7. On the way, as they went, Jesus, Himself met them; but He did not go with them. He sent them in like manner on before, saying, "Go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me." 9.

There lies a deep truth in this precedent. We find the same habit of the divine economy of grace illustrated after Christ's ascension, in the founding of the church, as is shown by several incidents in the Acts of the Apostles.

The Ethiopian eunuch, impelled by an unconscious longing after the faith of Christ, was returning from Jerusalem, whither he had gone to worship, sitting in his chariot reading the prophet Isaiah. He needed light. The ANGEL of the Lord told Philip to go down into the desert toward Gaza and meet him. He went. As he came near to the eunuch "the SPIRIT said unto Philip, go near and join thyself to this chariot."

He did so ; and when he had fulfilled his mission in instructing and baptizing the eunuch, "the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more."

Here the angel and the spirit direct Philip, but not the eunuch. Why did not the angel or the Spirit go and instruct and convert the inquiring man ? This is not God's way. Through one human being God instructs and converts another !

In the spirit of Cornelius the centurion in Cesarea there dawned a like longing after Christ, whom then he knew not. About the ninth hour of the day an angel came to him. Did the angel instruct him ? No. He only told him that there was favor for him in store, because his prayers and alms had come up as a memorial before God. Farther, the angel can only say, "And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter : he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side : he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do."

He did so. He sent three men. The next day, Peter having been prepared by a vision to receive a Gentile message, was informed by the "Spirit" that three men were seeking him ; and the Spirit told him not to doubt, but go down, for He had sent the men. He went, told Cornelius "words," and he, and many other Gentiles received the truth, the Holy Ghost, and baptism. Behold, by men God saves men. The Spirit and the angels publish grace and salvation through men !

When Saul was on his way to Damascus to persecute the christians, he was struck down on the way, and heard a voice, which was that of Jesus Himself : "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Then Saul, trembling and astonished asked the direct question, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do ?" Did Jesus tell him ? No. "He said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." He went. There Ananias was sent to him ; and he, putting his hands on him, said, "Brother Saul, the Lord—even Jesus Christ who appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest—hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Acts 9 : ix. He was baptized. Behold God's way ! He saves men through men !

Such is the divine order. He sends man to man, that man may be saved through man. Thus He says to Mary, "Go tell my brethren ;" and she "came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord."

What a truth is this for every christian to ponder. Whenever Christ reveals Himself in any way to us, he says go and bear that good to others.

Christ the Head, works and dispenses His grace, through the church, His body, and through the members which are in the body. As the will says to the hand or foot ; "move, and do this," so the gracious will of Christ, says to every vital member in Him "go tell, go do, go act, for me."

Thus Christ, in and by all His members, reaches forth, dispensing His grace, and gathering souls to Himself.

Thus, as we have seen, the Saviour, the Spirit, and angels all work on men through men. As Christ lives in each one so He works by him on others. As the Spirit dwells in each one, so He acts through him for the reclaiming of others. And what angels do for men they do through men. Christ is Head over all things to the church. Having ascended on high, he now continues his power on earth through men. For "he gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evan-

gelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Eph. 4: 11, 12. And to all Saints He says : "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people ; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

What one christian knows he must make known to others. Like Mary, we must tell what we have seen of Christ and what he has said to us. As soon as we are blest by a revelation of Christ to ourselves, He sends us on before to those to whom He would Himself come. Even such as are already brethren and disciples, may be blessed still farther by new messages from Christ—messages borne by fellow disciples.

In the case before us, a woman is sent. Though she principally moves in a silent in-door sphere, yet is she not excluded from doing good. She also is sent forth by Christ. We need but look into the gospels and epistles to see how extensively the blessed ministry of woman wrought for the founding and spread of the church. And now still they are more than one half of the church, not only in numbers, but also in labor for furtherance of every merciful and benevolent work.

Mary Magdalene was once a sinful woman—very sinful ! But that does not now hinder her from being useful. Grace has filled her, in whom once dwelt seven devils, with the blessed spirit of Jesus Christ ; and now like Him she goes about doing good. How highly is she honored of Christ, who makes her the bearer of glorious news to the rest of the disciples. She was one of those last at the cross, and now she is first at the sepulchre, and sees first the risen Saviour. Behold ! they who stand firmest with Christ, and walk nearest Him, shall receive his choicest revelations, and be honored with joyful messages from Him to others.

MAGIC MIRRORS.

A fair young child, with heart of glee
Stands prattling by its mother's knee,
And as her eyes reflect the smile
Brightening her darling's face the while,
"Oh, mother dear," the cherub cries,
"I see a baby in your eyes !"

The mother stoops and playfully
Raising the infant to her knee,
Gazes within the azure deeps
Where joy's bright meaning never sleeps ;
A pale, sad *woman* she descries,
Out-gazing from the baby's eyes.

"Ah ! yes, tell truth," she sighs at last—
"Your's speak your *future*—mine my *past* ;
For in your radiant orbs I see
A prophecy of days to be,
And in my own dimmed eyes appears
A glimpse of childhood's vanished years."

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THE SPRING SONG OF THE LOVELY.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

THERE was once a rye-field—it stood in full bloom, and was very beautiful to behold. The stalks stood gracefully leaning, and the blooming heads sent out a fragrance which quite intoxicated with delight those that passed by it. When the breath of spring swept gently over the field, saying: I greet you, ye lovely heads of rye! they bowed so pleasantly, I tell you, many a town maiden has stood for days before the glass and the dancing-master, making courtesies, and yet has not been able to do the thing so nicely as those stalks of rye. Then there was a ceaseless whispering between the wind and the rye-heads, and a humming so pleasant and fine!—what were they telling one another? Surely they were mutually communicating the most interesting stories. Ah! who can know these and relate them to you. True, the poets understand somewhat the language of the wind and the rye-heads, the trees and flowers, the birds and fountains; but all they do not understand, and how much there may be spoken and done in the fields and woods, which no human heart can conceive!

In our rye-field every thing was very cheerful and lovely. There were also beautiful flowers in it; these looked out smilingly between the green stalks, and it was pleasant to behold how they kissed their blooming sisters, or bowed to them solemnly as if they were blessing them. It was easy to see that they loved one another, the rye-heads and the flowers; and they seemed to belong together by such an inward bond, that one felt reluctant to separate them by plucking the flowers, and thus robbing the field of its modest ornaments. Then, too, the most beautiful butterflies came, and with golden-edged wings flew from head to head, from flower to flower, bringing their greetings from their sisters in the garden, and told them stories of the beautiful rose, and the tender lily, and how sweetly the nightingale sings in the woods, and how charmingly the little brook babbles in the meadow.

But the chief charm of the field were the many larks which had built their nests in it. Oh, how endearingly, and with what care did the

friendly rye hide the tender young birds in its warm bosom, sheltering them from wet and cold, and protecting them from the hands of rude boys and from the deadly shot of the hunter. The flowers, also, hung around the peaceful nest, and smiled encouragement whenever the young fledglings moved their wings in their first efforts to fly. What joy when at last they soared from the green field, high, high, into the blue sky, singing their fresh songs down to earth and still higher up, like a prayer that seeks the loving Father's heart in heaven. Then again did the long stalks of grain bow low and thankfully toward the earth; and in their silent and happy hearts they said: We nursed and protected those sweet songsters, so that they might rise so high and pour forth their songs in so free and blessed a manner in the sunny heights, telling all creatures on earth, in notes sublime, of God's eternal goodness and love. We, it is true, are confined to the earth; we must furnish to men earthly food; but pleasant is it to know that to our nurslings God has given a voice which reminds men of a spiritual life higher than earth, and which can raise them to God and Heaven.

So thought the humble and modest stalks of rye.

But the flowers in joy raised their bright and beautiful crowns, when the song of the larks came down to them. They smiled at one another, and said: We loved and encouraged them; our beauty inspired and elevated them; and all that we thought and experienced together in silent and pious solitude here below, they now sing out above in blessed songs, and it sounds already over the wide, wide creation.

In the evening, when the larks returned home from their high flights, to nestle and rest in their well-protected home in the rye-field, how sweetly they told all that they had seen and heard in the clouds, in the blue air, and in the bright sunlight above, where they had sailed and sung in bliss! Thus it was a blessed love in which they lived together, the rye-heads, the flowers and the larks; and not a day passed without bringing some new joy to each and all.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.—That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:

“When I lived among the Choctaw Indians I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things he informed me that, at their start, they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. ‘And now,’ said he, ‘if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers they educate their sons.’” This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

THE PROVERBS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS COMPARED.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

"THE genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs," this is Lord Bacon's well-known remark ; although, indeed, only well-worn because of its truth. "In them," it has been further said, "is to be found an inexhaustible source of precious documents in regard of the interior history, the manners, the opinions, the beliefs, the customs of the people among whom they have had their course." Let us put these assertions to the proof, and see how far in this people's or in that people's proverbs, its innermost heart speaks out to us ; how far the comparison of the proverbs of one nation with those of others may be made instructive to us ; what this comparison will tell us severally about each. This only I will ask, ere we enter upon the subject, that if I should fail here in drawing out any thing strongly characteristic, if the proverbs regarded from this point of view should not seem to reveal to you any of the true secrets of national life, you will not therefore mis-doubt those assertions with which my lecture opened ; or assume that these documents would not yield up their secret, if questioned aright ; but only believe that the test has been unskilfully applied ; or, if you will, that my brief limits have not allowed me to make clear that which with larger space I might not have wholly failed in doing.

I am very well aware that in following upon this track, one is ever liable to deceive oneself, to impose upon others, picking out and adducing such proverbs as conform to a preconceived theory, passing over those which would militate against it. Quite allowing that there is such a danger which needs to be guarded against, and also that there are a multitude of these sayings which can not be made to illustrate difference, for they rest on the broad foundation of the universal humanity, underlying and deeper than that which is peculiar and national. I am yet persuaded that enough remain, and such as may with perfect good faith be adduced, to confirm these assertions ; that we *may* learn from the proverbs current among a people what is nearest and dearest to their hearts, the aspects under which they contemplate life, how honor and dishonor are distributed among them, what is of good, what of evil report in their eyes, with very much more which it can never be unprofitable to know.

To begin, then, with the proverbs of Greece. That which strikes one most in the study of these, and which the more they are studied, the more fills the thoughtful student with wonder, is the evidence they yield of a leavening through and through of the entire nation with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history and poetry. The infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to the legends of their gods and heroes, to the earlier incidents of their own history, to the Homeric narrative, the delicate side glances at all these which the Greek proverbs constantly embody, assume an acquaintance, indeed a familiarity, with all this on their parts among whom they passed current, which almost

exceeds belief. In many and most important respects, the Greek proverbs, considered as a whole, are inferior to those of many nations of modern Christendom. This is nothing wonderful; Christianity would have done little for the world, would have proved very ineffectual for the elevating, purifying and deepening of man's life, if it had been otherwise. But, with all this, as bearing testimony to the high intellectual training of the people who employed them, to a culture not restricted to certain classes, but which must have been diffused through the whole nation, no other collection can bear the remotest comparison with this.

It is altogether different with the Roman proverbs. These, the genuine Roman, the growth of their own soil, are very far fewer in number than the Greek, as was indeed to be expected from the far less subtle and less fertile genius of the people. Hardly any of them are legendary or mythological; which again agrees with the fact that the Italian pantheon was very scantily peopled as compared with the Greek. Very few have much poetry about them, or any very rare delicacy or refinement of feeling. In respect of love indeed, not the Roman only, but Greek and Roman alike, are immeasurably inferior to those which many modern nations could supply. Thus a proverb of such religious depth and beauty as our own, *Marriages are made in heaven*, it would have been quite impossible for all antiquity to have produced, or even remotely to have approached. In the setting out not of love, but of friendship, and of the claims which it makes, the blessings which it brings, is exhibited whatever depth and tenderness they may have. This indeed, as has been truly observed, was only to be expected, seeing how much higher an ideal of that existed than of this, the full realization of which was reserved for the modern Christian world. Yet the Roman proverbs are not without other substantial merits of their own. A vigorous moral sense speaks out in many; and even when this is not so prominent, they wear often a thoroughly old Roman aspect; being business-like and practical, frugal and severe, wise laws such as the elder Cato must have loved, such as must have been often upon his lips; while in the number that relate to farming they bear singular witness to that strong and lively interest in agricultural pursuits, which was so remarkable a feature in the old Italian life.

It will not be possible to pass under even this hastiest review more than two or three of the modern families of proverbs. Let us turn first to the proverbs of Spain. I instance these, because the Spanish literature, poor in many provinces wherein many others are rich, is probably richer in this province than any other literature in the world, certainly than any other in the western world; and this, I should be inclined to believe, both as respects quantity and quality. In respect of quantity, the mere number of Spanish proverbs is astonishing. A collection I have been using while preparing these lectures, contains between seven and eight thousand, and yet does not contain all; for I have searched it in vain for several with which from other sources I had become acquainted. Nay, it must be very far indeed from exhausting the entire stock, seeing that there exists a manuscript collection brought together by a distinguished Spanish scholar, in which the proverbs have attained to the almost incredible amount of from five and twenty to thirty thousand.

And in respect of their quality, it needs only to call to mind some of those, so rich in humor, so double-shotted with sense, wherewith the squire in *Don Quixotte* adorns his discourse ; being oftentime indeed not the fringe and border, but the main woof and texture of it ; and then, if we assume that the remainder are not altogether unlike these, we shall, I think, feel that it would be difficult to rate them more highly than they deserve. And some are in a loftier vein ; for taking, as we have a right to do, Cervantes himself as the truest exponent of the Spanish character, we should be prepared to trace in the proverbs of Spain a grave thoughtfulness, a stately humor, to find them breathing the very spirit of chivalry and honor, and indeed of freedom too ; for in Spain, as throughout so much of Europe, it is despotism, and not freedom, which is new. Nor are we disappointed in these our expectations. How eminently chivalresque, for instance, the following : *White hands can not hurt.* What a grave humor lurks in this : *The ass knows in whose face he brays.* What a stately apathy—how proud a manner of looking calamity in the face—speaks out in the admonition which this one contains : *If thou seest thine house in flames, approach and warm thyself by it.* What a spirit of freedom, which refuses to be encroached on even by the highest, is embodied in another : *The king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would.*

We may, too, I think, remark how a nation will occasionally, in its proverbs, indulge in a fine irony upon itself, and show that it is perfectly aware of its own weaknesses, follies and faults. This the Spaniards must be allowed to do in their proverb, *Succors of Spain, or late or never.* However largely and confidently promised, these *succors of Spain* either do not arrive at all, or only arrive after the opportunity in which they could have served have passed away. Certainly any one who reads the despatches of England's Great Captain during the peninsular war, will find in almost every page of them that which abundantly justifies this proverb—will own that those who made it read themselves aright, and could not have designated broken pledges, unfilled promises of aid, tardy and thus ineffectual assistance, by a happier title than *Succors of Spain.* And then again, what a fearful glimpse of those blood-feuds, which, having once begun, seems as if they could never end, blood touching blood, and violence evermore provoking its like, have we in the following : *Kill and thou shalt be killed, and they shall kill him who kills thee.*

The Italians also are eminently rich in proverbs ; and yet, if ever I have been tempted to retract or seriously to modify what I shall have occasion by-and-by to affirm in regard of a nobler life and spirit as predominating in proverbs, it has been after the study of some Italian collection. "The Italian proverbs," it has been said, not without too much reason, though perhaps also with overmuch severity, "have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb in an Italian collection is some cynical or some selfish maxim, a book of the world for worldlings." Certainly many of them are shrewd enough, and only too shrewd ; inculcating a universal suspicion, teaching to look everywhere for a foe—to expect, as the Greeks said, a scorpion under every stone—glorifying artifice and cunning as the true

guides and only safe leaders through the perplexed labyrinth of life, and altogether seeming dictated as by the very spirit of Machiavel himself.

And worse than this is the glorification of revenge which speaks out in too many of them. I know nothing of its kind calculated to give one a more shuddering sense of horror than the series which might be drawn together of Italian proverbs on this matter, especially when we take them with the commentary which Italian history supplies, and which shows them no empty words, but the deepest utterances of the nation's heart. There are no misgivings in these about the right of entertaining so deadly a guest in the bosom; on the contrary, one of them, exalting the sweetness of revenge, declares, *Revenge is a morsel for God*. There is nothing in them (it would be far better if there were) of blind and headlong passion, but rather a spirit of deliberate calculation, which makes the blood run cold. Thus one gives this advice: *Wait time and place to act thy revenge, for it is never well done in a hurry*; while another proclaims an immortality of hatred, which no spaces of intervening time shall have availed to weaken: *Revenge of a hundred years old hath still its sucking teeth*. We may well be thankful that we have in England, at least as far as I am aware, no sentiments paralleled to these, embodied as the permanent convictions of the national mind.

How curious again is the confession which speaks out in another Italian proverb, that the maintenance of the Romish system and the study of Holy Scripture can not go together. It is this: *With the gospel, one becomes a heretic*. No doubt, with the study of the Word of God, one does become a heretic, in the Italian sense of the word; and therefore it is only done to put all obstacles in the way of that study, to assign three years' and four years' imprisonment, with hard labor, to such as shall dare to peruse it; yet certainly it is not a little remarkable that such a confession should have embodied itself in the popular utterances of the nation.

But, while it must be freely owned that the charges brought just now against the Italian proverbs are sufficiently borne out by too many, they are not at all to be included in the common shame. Very many there are not merely of a delicate refinement of beauty, as this, expressive of the freedom in regard of *thine* and *mine* which will exist between true friends: *Friends tie their purses with a spider's thread*, of a subtle wisdom which has not degenerated into cunning and deceit, but also of a nobler stamp. Honor and honesty, plain dealing and uprightness, have here their praises too, and are not seldom pronounced to be in the end more than a match for all cunning and deceit. How excellent in this sense is the following: *For an honest man, half his wits is enough, the whole is too little for a knave*: the ways, that is, of truth and uprightness are so simple and plain, that a little wit is abundantly sufficient for those that walk in them; the ways of falsehood and fraud are so perplexed and tangled, that, sooner or later, all the wit of the cleverest rogue will not preserve him from being entangled therein. How often and how wonderfully has this found its confirmation in the lives of evil men! so true it is, to employ another proverb, and a very deep one, from the same quarter, that *The devil is subtle, but weaves a coarse web*.

Again, what description of Egypt as it now is, or indeed generally of the East, could set us at the heart of its moral condition—could make us to understand all which long centuries of oppression and misrule have made of it and of its people?—what could do this so effectually as the collection of Arabic proverbs now current in Egypt, which the traveler Burckhardt gathered, and which, after his death, were published with his name? In other books, others describe the modern Egyptians, but here they unconsciously describe themselves. The selfishness, the utter extinction of all public spirit, the servility, which no longer, as with an inward shame, creeps into men's acts, but utters itself boldly as the avowed law of their lives, the sense of the oppression of the strong, of the insecurity of the weak, and generally the whole character of life, alike the outward and inward, as poor, mean, sordid, and ignoble, with only a few faintest glimpses of that romance which one usually attaches to the East; all this, as we study these documents, rises up before us in truest though painfulest outline.

Where, but in a land which evermore was changing its rulers, and in which oftentimes the unworthiest sat in highest places of all, whom yet to propitiate was the only safety, where else could the law of baseness have proclaimed itself aloud, and this have been laid down as the maxim of conduct, *If the monkey reigns, dance before him*. The monkey, it is true, may reign in other lands besides those of the East; but the examples in a neighboring land, not merely of statesmen and warriors, of men such as Guizot and Changarnier, but of many more in every class, erect amid a too general prostration, abundantly testify, that, reign as the monkey may—*Simia in purpura*—*all* will not therefore count it their part and their wisdom to dance before him. What indeed this dancing is worth, another of those Eastern adages reveals, which says, *Kiss the hand which thou canst not bite*. Again, in no land save in one, where rulers, being evil in themselves, feel all goodness to be their instinctive foe, and themselves, therefore, entertain an instinctive hostility to it—where they punish, but never reward—where not to be noticed by them is the highest ambition of those under their yoke, in no other land could a proverb like the following, *Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil*, have ever come to the birth. How settled a conviction that wrong, and not right, was the lord paramount of the world, must have grown up in men's spirits, before such a word as this (I know of no sadder one) could have found utterance from their lips.

I have taken a wide circuit of nations; with the proverb of a people nearer home I must bring this branch of the subject to an end. It is one, and a very characteristic one, which the poet Spenser, who long dwelt in Ireland, records as current in his time among the Irish; in which were contained their offer of service to their native chiefs, with a statement of what they expected in return: *Spend me, and defend me*. Their leaders in all times have taken them only too well at their word in respect of the first half of the proverb, and have not failed prodigally to *spend* them; although their undertakings to *defend* have issued exactly as must ever issue all promises on the part of others to defend men from those evils, from which none can really protect them but themselves.

Other families of proverbs would each of them tell its own tale, give up its own secret; but I must not seek from this point of view to ques-

tion them further. I would rather bring now to your notice that even where they do not spring, as they can not all, from the centre of a people's heart, nor declare to us the secretest things which are there, but dwell more on the surface of things, in this case also they have often local or national features, which to study and trace out may prove both curious and instructive. Of how many, for example, we may note the manner in which they clothe themselves in an outward form and shape, borrowed from, or suggested by, the peculiar scenery or circumstances or history of their own land; so that they could scarcely have come into existence, not certainly in the shape which they now wear, and where besides. Thus our own, *Make hay while the sun shines*, is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not, at any rate, in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrong-heads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles, which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might easily have avoided. It is this: *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*. It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast; we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. And this, *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*; that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once: this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. So also a traveler, with any experience in the composition of Spanish sermons and Spanish ollas, could make no mistake in respect of the following: *A sermon without Augustine is as a stew without bacon*. Thus, *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany; that enormous vessel, known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish-priest can wear Dr. Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. And this, *The world is a carcase, and they who gather round it are dogs*, plainly proclaims itself as belonging to those Eastern lands, where the unowned dogs prowling about the streets of a city are the natural scavengers, that would assemble round a carcase thrown in the way. So too the form which our own proverb, *Man's extremity, God's opportunity*, assumes among the Jews, namely this, *When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes*, plainly roots itself in the early history of that nation, being an allusion to Exod. v: 9-19; and without a knowledge of that history, would be unintelligible altogether.

But while it is thus with some, which are bound by the very conditions of their existence to a narrow and peculiar sphere, or at all events move more naturally and freely in it than elsewhere, there are others, on the contrary, which we meet all the world over. True cosmopolites, they seem to have traveled from land to land, and to have made themselves a home equally in all. The Greeks obtained them probably from the older East, and again imparted them to the Romans; and from these they have found their way into all the languages of the western world.

Much, I think, might be learned from knowing what these truths are, which are so felt to be true by all nations, that all have loved to possess them in these compendious forms, wherein they may pass readily from

mouth to mouth : which, thus cast into some happy form, have commended themselves to almost all people, and have become a portion of the common stock of the world's wisdom, in every land making for themselves a recognition and a home. Such a proverb, for instance, is, *Man proposes, God disposes* ; one which I am inclined to believe that every nation in Europe possesses, so deeply upon all men is impressed the sense of Hamlet's words, if not the words themselves :

“ There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Sometimes the proverb does not actually in so many words repeat itself in various tongues. We have indeed exactly the same *thought*, but it takes an outward shape and embodiment, varying according to the various countries and periods in which it has been current ; we have proverbs totally diverse from one another in their form and appearance, but which yet, when we look a little deeper into them, prove to be at heart one and the same, all these their differences being thus only, so to speak, variations of the same air. These are almost always an amusing, often an instructive, study ; and to trace this likeness in difference has an interest lively enough. Thus the *forms* of the proverb, which brings out the absurdity of those reproving others for a defect or a sin, to whom the same cleaves in an equal or in a greater degree, have sometimes no visible connection at all, or the very slightest, with one another ; yet, for all this, the proverb is at heart and essentially but one. We say in English : *The kiln calls the oven*, “ *Burnt house* ;” the Italians, *The pan says to the pot*, “ *Keep off, or you'll smutch me* ;” the Spaniards, “ *The raven cried to the crow*, “ *Avaunt, blackamoor* ;” the Germans, *One ass nick-names another*, “ *Long-ears* ;” while it must be owned there is a certain originality in the Catalan version of the proverb : *Death said to the man with his throat cut*, “ *How ugly you look*.” Under how rich a variety of forms does one and the same thought array itself here.

Let me quote another illustration of the same fact. We probably take for granted that *Coals to Newcastle* is a thoroughly English expression of the absurdity of sending to a place that which already abounds there—water to the sea, fagots to the wood—and English of course it is in the outward garment which it wears ; but in its innermost being it belongs to the whole world and to all times. Thus the Greeks said, *Owls to Athens*, Attica abounding with these birds ; the rabbis, *Enchantments to Egypt*, Egypt being of old esteemed the headquarters of all magic ; the Orientals, *Pepper to Hindostan* ; and in the Middle Ages they had this proverb, *Indulgences to Rome*—Rome being the centre and source of this spiritual traffic ; and these by no means exhaust the list.

Let me adduce some other variations of the same descriptions, though not running through quite so many languages. Thus compare the German, *Who lets one sit on his shoulders, shall have him presently sit on his head*, with the Italian, *If thou suffer a calf to be laid on thee, within a little they'll clap on the cow* ; and again, with the Spanish, *Give me where I may sit down ; I will make where I may lie down*. They all three plainly contain one and the same hint that undue

liberties are best resisted at the outset, being otherwise liable to be followed up by other and greater ones ; but this under how rich and humorous a variety of forms. Not very different are these that follow. We say : *Daub yourself with honey, and you'll be covered with flies*—the Danes : *Make yourself an ass, and you'll have every man's sack on your shoulders*—while the French : *Who makes himself a sheep, the wolf devours him*—and the Persians : *Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up ; to which they add, however, as its necessary complement, nor yet all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out.* Or again, we are content to say without a figure, *The receiver's as bad as the thief ;* but the French, *He sins as much who holds the sack, as he who puts into it ;* and the Germans, *He who holds the ladder is as guilty as he who mounts the wall.* We say, *A stitch in time saves nine ;* the Spaniards, *Who will not repair his gutter, repairs his whole house.* We say, *Misfortunes never come single ;* the Italians have no less than three proverbs to express the same popular conviction : *Blessed is that misfortune which comes single ;* and again, *One misfortune is the vigil of another ;* and again, *A misfortune and a friar are seldom alone.* Or once more, the Russians say, *Call a peasant "Brother," he'll demand to be called "Father ;"* the Italians, *Give a peasant your finger, he'll grasp your fist.* Many languages have this proverb, *God gives the cold according to the cloth ;* it is very beautiful, but attains not to the tender beauty of our own, *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*

And, as in that last example, so not seldom will there be an evident superiority of a proverb in one language over one, which however resembles it closely in another. Moving in the same sphere, it will yet be richer, fuller, deeper. Thus our own, *A burnt child fears the fire,* is good ; but that of many tongues, *A scalded dog fears cold water,* is better still. Ours does but express that those who have suffered once will henceforward be timid in respect of that same thing whence they have suffered ; but that other the tendency to exaggerate such fears, so that now they shall fear even where no fear is. And the fact that so it will be, clothes itself in an almost infinite variety of forms. Thus one Italian proverb says : *A dog which has been beaten with a stick, is afraid of its shadow ;* and another, which could only have had its birth in the sunny south, where the glancing but harmless lizard so often darts across our path : *Whom a serpent has bitten, a lizard alarms.* With a little variation from this, the Jewish rabbis had said long before : *One bitten by a serpent, is afraid of a rope's end,* even that which bears so remote a resemblance to a serpent as this does, shall now inspire him with terror ; and the Cingalese, still expressing the same thought, but with imagery borrowed from their own tropic clime : *The man who has received a beating from a firebrand, runs away at sight of a firefly.*

Some of our Lord's sayings contain the same lessons which the proverbs of the Jewish rabbis contained already ; for he was willing to bring forth even from his treasury things old as well as new ; but it is very instructive to observe how they acquire in his mouth a dignity and decorum which, it may be, they wanted before. We are all familiar with that word in the Sermon on the mount, "Whosoever shall compel

thee to go a mile, go with him twain." The rabbis had a proverb to match, lively and piquant enough, but certainly lacking the gravity of this, and which never could have fallen from the same lips: *If thy neighbor call thee an ass, put a packsaddle on thy back*; do not, that is, withdraw thyself from the wrong, but rather go forward to meet it. But thus, in least, as in greatest, it was his to make all things new.

Sometimes a proverb, without changing its shape altogether, will yet on the lips of different nations be slightly modified; and these modifications, slight as often they are, may not the less be eminently characteristic. Thus in English we say, *The river past, and God forgotten*, to express with how mournful a frequency, he whose assistance was invoked, it may have been earnestly, in the moment of peril, is remembered no more, so soon as by his help the danger has been surmounted. The Spaniards have the proverb too; but it is with them, *The river past, the saint forgotten*, the saint being in Spain more prominent objects of invocation than God. And the Italian form of it sounds a still sadder depth of ingratitude: *The peril past, the saint mocked*; the vows made to him in peril remained unperformed in safety; and he treated something as, in Greek story, Juno was treated by Mandrabulus the Samian, who, having under her auspices and through her direction discovered a gold mine, in his instant gratitude vowed to her a golden ram; which he presently exchanged in intention for a silver one; and again this for a very small brass one; and this for nothing at all; the rapidly descending scale of whose gratitude, with the entire disappearance of his thank-offering, might very profitably live in our memories, as so perhaps it would be less likely to repeat itself in our lives.

THE MANGER AND THE CROSS.—It is a noteworthy fact, that Christendom has chosen its symbols from the deepest humiliation of its Head. It is not ashamed of its creed. The birth in the manger, and the death on the cross, are the Alpha and the Omega of its glorying. The astonishing miracles of his life, the glorious attestations of his Divine Sonship, the majesty of his rising, the crowning glory of his ascension, seal his divinity, and call forth the glad praises of his people; but it is *the manger and the cross* that are the chosen symbols of their faith. That birth so humbling, that death so shameful, are the song and the boast of the millions of his followers.

And well may they be so. Well may we glory in the depths of that voluntary humiliation by which the Lord of glory wrought out our salvation. Well may we wear within our hearts the memory of his birth and death as the most sacred of all memories, the sources of our life, our strength, and our salvation. The remembrance of his death is our boast, but it is a boast clad in cypress; it is a glory wrapped in darkness and grief, heralded by a shrouded sun, and a quaking earth. The remembrance of his birth is equally our glory and our boast, but it is a glory wreathed with green, fragrant with frankincense and myrrh, glistening with the beams of the star of Bethlehem, and hymned by the blessed angels of God. In its mystery of humiliation each is wonderful beyond computation; but at the cross we wonder with contrite grief, whilst at Bethlehem we wonder with a glad, exulting joyfulness.

C R E D I T .

WRITTEN DURING THE COMMERCIAL REVULSION OF 1857.

“Owe no man any thing,” said God of old.
 It was the injunction of paternal love,
 A warning kind, and wisely meant, like all
 His mandates, to promote the highest good
 Of creatures fallen, ignorant and frail.
 But Mammon, like his Prototype at first,
 Who won by lies the Mother of mankind,
 Said, “O, ye sons of men, a better way
 I will make known to you!” And unto him
 They listened till, by specious promises
 And subtle reasonings, and glazing lies,
 Mere shadows were transformed to substances,
 And names to things. Thus Credit, once a term
 Expressing confidence, integrity,
 Inspires ’twixt man and man, transformed, became
 A goddess, decked with charms, whose liberal hand
 Dispersed around abundance upon all
 Her votaries.

All sought for Credit now :
 The humble artizan, who once content
 With health, and strength to work, and competence,
 And gradual increase, patient Industry’s
 Most sure reward, on borrowed capital
 Branched out, a fortune seeking now to make
 From nothing ; or, what were more true to say,
 By grinding labor wrung from other hands.
 The merchant, worth ten thousand stock in trade,
 Aspired to be a millionaire, on trust,
 Moving along in all the pride and pomp
 Of business immense without a base,
 And counterfeited wealth. And all the arts,
 The manufactures, agriculture e’en,
 (Where nature’s thousand varied processes
 The same unvarying lesson ever teach,
 That whatsoe’er is permanent and good
 Is gradual in its growth,) witnessed the same
 Quick changes, sudden metamorphoses—
 Men at the bench or plough but yesterday,
 The money-dealing princes of to-day.

Now Mammon’s myriad altars in the banks,
 Exchanges, counting-rooms and marts, sent up
 Incessant incense for the wondrous gift,
 Which seemed no other than that magic stone
 Sought by philosophers so long in vain,
 That, Midas-like, transmuted into gold
 Whate’er it touched. Alas ! it did much more—
 Transmuting men to rogues ! begetting first
 Wild speculation—followed close a dark

And horrid progeny of villanies,
 Infesting all the avenues of trade :
 Stock-jobbing, with its well-formed plans to cheat,
 By lying advertisement, heightening now,
 And now depressing low the price of stocks,
 To gull, affright and rob unwary men ;
 Adulterations vile of food and drink,
 Till scarce a dish was brought to grace the board
 Round which the cheerful household daily met,
 In which some foe, placed by rapacious hands
 Lurked not, to sap the citadel of life ;
 E'en unsuspecting childhood's milk and meats,
 By callous-hearted wretches, bent on gain,
 Were tinctured with abominable drugs,
 Its young life poisoning at the very spring.
 The task were endless to enumerate
 The tricks and falsehoods, frauds and perjuries—
 Developments of peculations dark,
 In business and at posts of sacred trust,
 Adroitly managed e'en for scores of years,
 And while the guilty ministers enjoyed
 The public's and the church's confidence.
 Thus Mammon gulled his dupes, till swarmed the land
 With nameless and innumerable crimes.

But lo, a change—a sudden change has come !
 Where confidence unlimited once reigned,
 Suspicion has usurped control, and dark
 Distrust, e'en like the stealthy pestilence,
 That walks in darkness, stalks abroad, and smites
 Its victims unapprized. A dismal gloom
 O'erspreads the noisy thoroughfares of men,
 Heightened by the crash of fortunes and the wail
 Of their possessors, o'erwhelmed beneath
 The trembling mines.

Ye may speculate,
 Ye Wall street sages ! and ye worldly wise,
 Political philosophers ! about
 The causes—talk of banks, and Western loans,
 And overtrading—and reiterate
 Your sounding jargon loud, from day to day,
 Of “wide expansions and contractions quick,”
 “Inflations and depressions ;” and propose,
 For remedy, your tariffs, treasuries,
 And various nostrums ye are wont to use
 To tinker up the body politic
 When out of joint ; but fools, and slow of heart
 To learn, are all who do not see in these
 Wide-spread calamities the chastisements
 Of Him whose violated law enjoins :
 “No other God before me shall ye have !”—
 Who without witness leaves himself no more
 In the corrections of his ruling hand,
 Than in the wonders of creating power !

NEW BERLIN, April 26, 1858.

A. S.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

THE ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their eyes and their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the tattoo must be died black to be beautiful in Guzurat.. The Hottentot woman paints the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, and inserting them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and, keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four small toes are bent under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger nails so long that cases of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated and large pieces of wood or bone inserted. In the north-west coast of America an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth and the points resting on the chin.

WASHINGTON.

THERE is an awful stillness in the sky,
When after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
A star goes out in golden prophecy.
There is an awful stillness in the world,
When after wondrous deeds and light supreme,
Sceptres refused and forehead crowned with truth,
A Hero dies, with all the future clear
Before him, and his voice made jubilant
By coming glories, and his nation hushed,
As though they heard the farewell of a god.
A great man is to earth as God to Heaven.

EFFECT OF A WRONG WORD.

A whisper woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Ah! might it only perish there,
No further go.

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear.

And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
That throbbed from all the world apart—
And that it broke.

It was the only *heart* it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to other's ears,
It came a thunder-crash to *hers*,
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird,
That dreaming in a lily lay,
Was killed but by the gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came.
And thus *her* heart, unused to shame,
Shined in its lily too;
Her light and happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird;
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died.

CHANT TO THE EAST.

STILL! Oh still!

Despite of passion, sin and ill,
Despite of all this weary world hath brought,
An angel band from Zion's holy hill
Walks gently through the open gate of Thought.
Oh, still! Oh, still!

Despite of passion, sin, and ill,
ONE in red vesture comes in sorrow's time—
ONE crowned with thorns from that far Orient clime,
Who pitying looks on me
And gently asks, "Poor man, what aileth thee?"

A LEAF FROM OUR TABLE-TALK.

HOMŒOPATHY.

You remember the French definition of the practice of medicine: The art of amusing the patient while nature performs the cure. Agreeably to this idea, why may not Homœopathy answer as well as calomel and jalap, ipecacuanha, or even better than the heroic remedies of the regular school, which have little amusement in them?

Homœopathy! Nonsense! Who ever heard of an instance, a real instance of the efficacy of homœopathy?

Well, I have heard of a case. You shall judge of its efficacy.

A friend of mine had been troubled with dyspepsia, neuralgia, or some nameless ailment, which he had tried all his simple means, without success, to remove. Tired at length of being his own physician, he quietly dropped into the office of a homœopathist, and submitting his case received twenty doses of white globules, regularly numbered, with directions. These he swallowed in due succession, and lived accordingly. After disposing of the last dose, he ventured to mention the facts to his wife, and was laughed at for his pains. Mark the result. The following morning, as madame took her seat at the breakfast table, she inquired of her husband if he had not been much disturbed in the past night; for said she, I was greatly alarmed and excited. I heard a voice as distinctly as I now hear my own. It was apparently under the bed, and repeated several times, One, two, three—one, two, three. I called out, Who's there? and in a sort of wild terror sprang up, and looking beneath the bed saw a man wrapped in a white sheet. I hoarsely ordered him to come forth, and as he rose to his feet, frightened out of my wits, I began to push him out of the room. I pushed him to the head of the stairs, down stairs, and along the entry towards the front door, exclaiming all the way, "Begone, you wretch—get out of the house." I was in the act of giving the last shove at the door, when, strange to say, you first appeared on the scene, and gently laying your hand upon my arm, said: "My dear, why are you so excited? This is my homœopathic doctor."

Such was the effect of the twenty doses of white globules: they produced a dream. L.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.—A few years ago, an eloquent and learned Doctor of Divinity, now deceased, was preaching in a down-town church, in the city of New York, where the poor were kindly allowed to occupy some of the back seats; his sermon was well studied, carefully written, and delivered in good style. The doctor had occasion many times, in the delivery of his excellent discourse, to speak of the *protomartyr*. After the sermon, an old lady entered the vestry-room, and thus addressed the preacher: "Doctor, that was a good sermon, but one part I did not understand. You spoke many times of the *pro to martyr*; now, what was the *pro to martyr*?" The doctor, who was noted for his condescension, graciously enlightened the darkened understanding of the poor old lady, telling her that the *protomartyr* was the first martyr in the Christian church. "Then," said the old lady, "*why did you not say so, Doctor?*"

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

Good Noah Webster did not forget to intersperse the pages of our book with excellent maxims and proverbs. Though these are always of little account to such as have not piety and earnestness to put them in practice, yet, as monitors, they often prevent much evil. It is important that the young should have their minds well stored with approved maxims. Hence, the author of our Spelling Book acted wisely in forming his reading lessons of wholesome maxims. We heartily thank him for early planting many of them in our memory, and we would pay some of this debt of gratitude by here gathering them up for the readers of the Guardian.

MAXIMS.

"Prefer solid sense to vain wit; study to be useful rather than diverting; commend and respect nothing so much as true piety and virtue; let no jest intrude to violate good manners; never utter what may offend the chastest ear."

"Never speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back; thus you will equally avoid flattery, which is disgusting, and slander, which is criminal."

"If you are poor, labor will procure you food and clothing; if you are rich, it will strengthen the body, invigorate the mind, and keep you from vice. Every man therefore should be busy in some employment."

"We may as well expect that God will make us rich without industry, as that he will make us good and happy without our own endeavors."

"Zeno, hearing a young man very loquacious, told him that men have two ears and but one tongue; therefore they should hear much and speak little."

"A man who, in company, engrosses the whole conversation, always gives offence; for the company consider him as assuming a degree of superiority, and treating them all as his pupils."

"The basis of all excellence in writing and conversation, is truth; truth is intellectual gold, which is as durable as it is splendid and valuable."

"Faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it may find him."

"The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening."

"He who desires no virtue in a companion, has no virtue himself; and that state is hastening to ruin, in which no difference is made between good and bad men."

"Some men read for the purpose of learning to write—others for the purpose of learning to talk; the former study for the sake of science, the latter for the sake of amusement."

"He seldom lives frugally, who lives by chance."

"Most men are more willing to indulge in easy vices than to practice laborious virtues."

"A man may mistake the love of virtue for the practice of it, and be less a good man than the friend of goodness."

"Without frugality, none can be rich; and with it, few would be poor."

"Moderation and mildness often effect what cannot be done by force. A Persian writer finely observes, that 'a gentle hand leads the elephant himself by a hair.'"

"The most necessary part of learning is to unlearn errors."

"Small parties make up in diligence what they want in numbers."

"Some talk of subjects which they do not understand; others praise virtue, who do not practice it."

"No persons are more apt to ridicule or censure others than those who are most apt to be guilty of follies and faults."

"Seek a virtuous man for your friend, for a vicious man can neither love long nor be long beloved. The friendships of the wicked are conspiracies against morality and social happiness."

"More persons seek to live long, (though long life is not in their power,) than to live well, though a good life depends on their own will."

"The path of duty is always the path of safety."

"Be very cautious in believing ill of your neighbor; but more cautious in reporting it."

"It requires but little discernment to discover the imperfections of others; but much humility to acknowledge our own."

"Many evils incident to human life are unavoidable; but no man is vicious, except by his own choice."

"Avoid vicious company, where the good are often made bad and the bad worse. If the good ever associate with evil men, it should be for the same reason as a physician visits the sick—not to catch the disease, but to cure it."

"Some people are lost for want of good advice; but more, for want of giving heed to it."

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

SUNNY eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.
Like the little mountain flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flowerets dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly, loving heart.

THE DIRTY WORK—HOW IT IS DONE.

BY SELDOM.

It is said to be dangerous for children to play with edge tools. Cautious and timid people, who believe in the truth of this proverb, are thrown into a wonderful fright to see a dangerous sharp-edged instrument in the hands of a little, inexperienced innocent. Something akin to a real shudder involuntarily seizes us when we see a powerful machine, with its destructive capacity, making huge gashes in the most vital parts of our fellow-creatures. Such an engine, we think, is the Modern Satanic Press.

We ourselves may not be out of danger, while coming near enough to its sharp edges and piercing points to show them to others. It may make its thrusts and slashes of abuse and invective at us, however, for we are proof against them, if we may only warn others to beware of its death-dealing strokes against taste, morals and religion, and, therefore, against the happiness of the present generation. The modern publications of the Satanic press have done more to corrupt the better morals, to vitiate the pure, good taste, and to undermine true religion of the younger portion of society, than all the bawdy houses, drinking shops and doggeries in the land; because these cannot exist, and would not be, simply for want of patronage, except the other (i. e, demoralization of the youth,) had already been accomplished. They are only the outgrowth, or fruit, of what has been sown by the other as seed—they are only the bitter fountains, which the other has corrupted and poisoned.

As an example of its class, more respectable, in comparative language, than others we could name, the New York Ledger has done more to debauch the youth of our land than can be remedied by all our free schools. It is a melancholy example of the truth, that "one sinner destroyeth much good." God's servants will have much labor to make good the damage. And the case becomes more painful, when we consider the multiplied forms of the evil: the many thousands of copies, the active agents, and the hundreds of dirty boys, whose hawking cry is heard at every corner and meet you at every turn, to thrust their besmeared hands and filthier papers in your face. Here is where the dirty business becomes symbolized.

Ephemeral pamphlets, and dailies, and weeklies, up to bound volumes, some of which the law makes contraband articles, which are often offered in a quasi confidential way, as an acknowledgment of the illegitimate and dishonest as well as dishonorable traffic—from the meanest to the best—may find themselves in some way represented by the New York Ledger. This, *et id genus omne*, has its own method of operations, from which it reaps its success, which we are tempted to notice.

Success is not, of itself, evidence of any great amount of vitality. In some cases, as it may possibly take direction, it may prove the oppo

site. A wagon will run down hill much easier with a load on, than an empty one can be pulled up hill. So, too, rowing down stream will undoubtedly be more rapid progress than heading against the current. Now, so it is in human nature: fall in with the bent of the will, and you have easy work; cater to the depraved appetite, and you are sure to please; gratify the sinful propensities of the heart of man, and the carnal nature is with you fully. This is the ready road to success. Unscrupulous men understand and practice upon this principle, and it puts money in their pockets. So the end is gained.

Rewards generally rate in proportion to the service, but dirty work is not often better paid for than what is more pleasant and honorable. Thus we find scavengers working for no higher wages than respectable tradesmen. Indeed it seems that the meaner the business and the more degraded the employment, the more ready are the satanic agents, at small remuneration, found to do it. The pimp is bought as cheaply as honest labor, if not cheaper than the toil that earns a lawful livelihood. Whatever be the reward, one thing is certain: the generality of newspapers lend themselves to do the dirty work of somebody for some price, great or small. The man of the Ledger is called the "Napoleon of advertisers." Whether he pays for having his paper puffed into notoriety, or not, and whether he gets this done for much or little, is of small account to us. Doubtless it pays him in return, and therefore he does it, and does it on a large scale. Not satisfied with occupying much of the advertising part proper of the other papers for his use and profit, he often gets into the local and even editorial columns. Even with all this, we could not have so much right to complain; but he goes further, and, as we conceive, infringes on the rights of the public, by subsidizing baitable editors and publishers, for the use of those parts of their papers where persons do not suspect the presence of paid advertisements of questionable character.

Now, what is this, but tricking the reading public? Is it not imposing on the unsuspecting and unsophisticated patrons of our common papers? They consume reading which they have reason to suppose is good and wholesome reading matter, selected in a disinterested way for its worth; but it is only an advertisement, and would not have been inserted unless paid for, or at least promised as much. It is false pretence, and hence, in the strict eye of the law, might be indictable. The bait of reward offered blinds the eyes of many to the moral wrong thus committed. We will not speak of the verdancy of those who are thus entrapped to do what, in the end, is not only toadying to the metropolitan press, but actually cutting off their own patronage. Positively fresh, yea, green, must they be thought; and no doubt many a laugh, at their expense, might be found in the sleeve of the "Napoleon of advertisers," who reaps the profits. Little cares he if they thereby pocket what he gives them, and their dead loss besides, while the public is wronged and the patrons of those papers are outraged.

The most common ruse is to foist part of a tale upon the readers of our regular papers, under cover of appearance that it is a whole story of a proper character. This stratagem often succeeds in debauching the taste of the unsuspecting, enough to make them desire to get the

balance of the tale ; and they are told, in a paragraph added, where to buy the *Ledger*, and, when bought, they read the whole vile sheet.

Our most respectable city dailies, which are introduced into our families as comparatively harmless, thus lend themselves to pander to metropolitan "Napoleon," until children and families find their pure taste so far vitiated as to displace these by getting those they advertised. But it does not stop with them ; the country press, including almost every one of the many hundred weeklies in country towns and villages, re-hash the same, whether paid or not for the dirty work of debauchery. It is not uncommon to see the same piece of a tale appear almost simultaneously in all the city prints and country echoes of the city prints, until all the common reading of the day is the same. We remember, one week last winter, being at a hotel ; every paper we got hands on had the same part of two "thrilling" tales in, advertising where the conclusion might be found. The trick has recently been repeated. When will this kind of tale deception become stale ? Why not point it out ? Let it be exposed !

Have we not a right to complain of this ? Should our conservative newspapers, that we patronize for other purposes, thus betray our families into the hands of the satanic part of the modern press ? This kind of thing is a wrong done to the better part of the community. It is a moral nuisance, and we call for its abatement. If it has happened through inadvertence hitherto, it may be so no longer ; else we shall have to proscribe such aid-de-camps as no better than stool-pigeons for debauching the unsuspecting. The advocates of purity and truth will pay better in the end, though they come not now with a bribe in the hand, to bestow bounty in advance upon those who enlist in virtue's cause. So the *Guardian* has found it, and so others would doubtless find it too, on making the trial. The *Guardian* at least will endeavor to discharge its duties ; and if its readers suffer themselves to be duped into patronizing the satanic press, we, at least, are clear of aiding and abetting the disguised evil, foisted into innocent families. Beware of those who would betray you into sin !

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father"

A *catholic* spirit—Our Father.

A *reverential* spirit—Hallowed be Thy name.

A *missionary* spirit—Thy kingdom come.

An *obedient* spirit—Thy will be done on earth.

A *dependent* spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

A *forgiving* spirit—And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.

A *cautious* spirit—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

A *confidential* and *adoring* spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

SOCIABILITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is much said of the faults of the times. We are referred to many ways in which society has deteriorated. Those who make these charges generally cause themselves to be suspected of a croaking disposition; and to ask the question of Solomon, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" is to be doomed at once to the ranks of what are Americanically called old fogies. Yet we think the charge is not without foundation, and that, in regard to sociability, at least, there is a falling off from the free, hearty, old-fashioned times, which those who are but in middle life still remember, and which, in some towns and rural districts, least swept over by the tide of the times, still exist in something of their former joy and glory.

Free, social visits, open door hospitality, unconstrained neighborly and friendly intercourse, are evidently not in vogue as in former days. We miss that simplicity of in-door friendships, and those open-hearted interchanges of social offices, which characterized the habits of our fathers and mothers. We often hear words of this kind: "I would like to go out more. How pleasant it is to take a meal abroad. I wish I had a neighbor to run in to with my work, without an extra dressing, to spend an hour, or to open my heart and consult about little things." Such like words have been uttered, from a real feeling, by many a female especially, housed for weeks and perplexed by the monotony of household duties and family cares. By many, whose lives and business are more of an out-door character, this want is less felt; and yet they, too, are seriously injured by a want of free, social intercourse. The old proverb runs, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and sure it is, that to be immersed in the daily and incessant routine of business and cares, without that relaxation which can only be found in free, social life, makes a man or a woman, if not dull, selfish, sour and solitary.

This perhaps suggests to us one of the causes which lie at the foundation of the existing deterioration in free sociability. We are all too worldly. We hasten too much to be rich. Business is no longer a means to a temporal life, but a full-fledged passion or mania. We regard all men as subjects from which we are to make our profits. Their wants press them to call on us, and our interests and profits induce us to meet them. Our intercourse is in the shops and markets. We scarcely know where they live, how they live, or why they live; nor do we care. We meet them at church, or in places of public entertainment, but care not who sits beside us. We have no time to visit, and others have no time to receive visits. Our social nature is sacrificed to business, the god whom all the world worshipping. Thus the taste and disposition for social life is lost, and we become to one another aliens and strangers in all that pertains to the heart, with its rich capacities for high and pure social intercourse and enjoyment.

Moreover, so far as sociability is kept up, it is not free, but formal. Visits are changed into "calls." How do you do?—the state of the weather—the last murder—a little general news—an invitation to "call" soon—and good-bye—ends the formal courtesy; and perhaps the only satisfaction felt in regard to it is in the fact that such a number of "calls" have been attended to "this afternoon." If the parties are not at home, a "card" left will answer the same purpose, for this exonerates the visiting party from all charges of unsociableness, and obligates the party visited for the next "call." We hope we have not made the case too strong. It does, of course, not apply to all; yet we fear it is a glass in which the majority may see their own image.

In some cases, social intercourse takes a more enlarged and deliberate range. Then there is an invitation to tea; but how formal. In such cases, how often is the real comfort and pleasure of both parties lost in the weary preliminaries and the cumbrous appendages. As a beautiful building in course of erection is hidden by the scaffolding, so the satisfaction of this kind of social intercourse is lost in the arrangements for it and the formalities of it. It is a thing of expense and trouble, both of which facts render it unfree and uncomfortable. It is turned into mere display, and in the end ministers rather to the vanity of the party inviting, than to real, social enjoyment, whilst the party invited is indirectly placed under obligation to return the compliment, in a style which, in their circumstances, can only be done by serious injustice to themselves. Is it a wonder that persons, however socially disposed, should be slow to accept advances toward sociability which, through the tyranny of fashion, threatens to inflict a burden too heavy to be borne, and this at the peril of losing caste and breaking friendship.

In this extravagance, love of display and tyranny of fashion, we see another, and perhaps the most prominent cause of deterioration, in our habits of social intercourse. Why should such intercourse exist, when it is to be turned into a mere rivalry of feast-making, a display of the pride of wealth and an indulgence in luxuries? The song of the bird is lost, and only its gay feathers remain. We verily believe that this tendency of turning the free interchange of the sacred offices of social life into a mere feeding and feasting of the body, has done more than all else to banish from society that pleasant social intercourse which once existed, and in which heart met heart, in a style so primitive and pure.

The old is better; let us have it back. Let us not love business and stern duty less, but each other more. Let us not "call" less, but visit more. Let us have less of the form of social intercourse, and more of the genuine, free and hearty power. Let us all repent of our follies and fashions—for we are all guilty—and be converted to better ways for the future. Here's our heart and hand!

IDLENESS.

A pleasing land of drowsy heads it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer's sky.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

XVI. THE PRECIOUS HERB.

Two maidens, Brigitte and Wallburg, went to the village, each bearing on the head a heavy basket of fruit.

Brigitte murmured and sighed all the way, whilst Wallburg was pleasant and cheerful.

Brigitte said: "How can you laugh so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have laid a certain herb with my load, and hence I scarcely feel its weight. You do the same."

"So," said Brigitte, "that must be a precious herb. I would like also to lighten my burden with it. Tell me quickly what it is!"

Wallburg answered: "The precious herb which makes my burden light, is called—PATIENCE."

Pleasanter is life's dull road,
When there's patience with the load.

XVII. THE TURNIP.

A poor day-laborer had raised an uncommonly large turnip in his little garden; all who saw it, wondered at its size. "I will make a present of it," said he, "to our gracious king, for it will rejoice his heart to see how well his subjects cultivate garden and field!" He carried the turnip to the palace, and the king praised the industry and good will of the man, and presented him, in return, three ducats.

A farmer in the village, who was very rich and miserly, heard of it, and said: "Now I will go immediately and present to the king my large calf. If he gives three pieces of gold for a mean turnip, how much will I get for such a fine calf!"

He led the calf by a rope to the palace, and begged the king to receive it as a present. The king saw at once why the stingy farmer pretended such liberality. He said he did not wish to receive the calf. But the farmer was urgent, praying the king to accept it.

At length the wise king said: "Well, as you press me, I will take the calf; but since you are so specially liberal and kind to me, I must not be behind in returning the compliment. I will, therefore, make you a present in return, which cost me three times as much as your calf is worth." With these words he handed the astonished and affrighted farmer the well-known large turnip!

A noble heart secures reward, I ween,
But shame o'ertakes the stingy and the mean.

XVIII. THE PUMPKIN AND THE ACORN.

A farmer lay in the shade of an oak, contemplating a pumpkin vine which grew up the garden fence, near by. He shook his head, and said:

"Hem! hem! it does not please me at all that the lowly vine yonder is laden with such large and excellent fruit, whilst this noble oak bears nothing but small, miserable acorns. Had I made the world, the oak tree would have shone with large gold-yellow pumpkins, of a hundred pounds. That would have been a sight to see!"

Scarcely had he said this, when an acorn fell from the tree and struck his nose that it bled! "Oh! alas!" now exclaimed the affrighted man, "thus, for my folly, I have received a painful and well-deserved hit upon my nose. Had this acorn been a pumpkin, it would have smashed my nose for me!"

Great wisdom hath our God displayed,
In every object He hath made.

XIX. THE CABBAGE HEAD.

Two journeymen, Joseph and Benedict, once passed a herb garden, near a village.

"Just see," said Joseph, "what large heads of cabbage are here!"

"O," said Benedict, who loved to boast, "these are not at all large. In my travels I once saw a cabbage head which was much larger than the Parsonage yonder!"

Upon which Joseph, who was a coppersmith, answered: "That says much; still, I once helped to make a kettle which was as large as yonder church!"

"But, for heaven's sake," exclaimed Benedict, "to what purpose was such a large kettlè needed?"

Joseph answered, smilingly: "It was made expressly that your large cabbage head might be cooked in it!"

Benedict looked ashamed, and said: "Now I see what you mean. You always speak the truth, and have only told this story of the big kettle to make my boasting spirit ridiculous. I must take this reproof kindly."

He that proudly lies, to boast,
Is frightened by his own grim ghost.

XX. THE MUSHROOMS.

A mother once sent her little Catharine into the woods to gather mushrooms, of which her father was very fond. "O, mother," exclaimed the child, as she returned, "this time I have found very pretty ones. Just look here," said she, opening her basket, "they are all so beautifully red, like scarlet, and look as if they were set with pearls. There were also others there, grey and ugly, such as you brought the other day; but they were not nice enough; I left them stand."

"O, simple child!" said the mother, "these beautiful mushrooms, with all their scarlet and pearls, are nothing but poisonous toadstools, and whoever eats them must die! But those grey ones, which you despise, with all their uncomeliness are the good. And thus, my dear child, it is with many things in this world. There are modest virtues, which attract little attention; and there are brilliant vices, at which fools wonder. Yes, sin itself seeks to deceive us by assuming an agreeable shape. But

Sin which makes so fair a show,
Deceives, and leads to pain and wo."

THE RAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

RAIN, Rain, Rain !
Pattering on the roof, and running down the pane,
Roaring in the spouting, filling up the drain,
Coming with a blessing and going off again.
What a rich profusion,
What a strange confusion,
The falling of the rain !

Rain, Rain, Rain !
When the shower is heavy it flattens down the grain,
Tears the mellow highway and deluges the plain ;
Fences, bridges, houses, it hurries to the main ;
What an untold power
In the clouds that lower,
To empty down the rain.

Rain, Rain, Rain !
Oh, how very cheering when the earth in drought has lain,
When the weary farmer scans his parched fields with pain,
Looking to the burning sky, but looking all in vain :
Then with grateful wonder,
He hears the distant thunder,
And hails the coming rain.

Rain, Rain, Rain !
Welcome to my roof and welcome to my pane ;
Come, ye gentle showers, with freshness to the plain,
And lay your vernal smiles upon the waiting grain.
What a kindly feeling,
O'er my heart comes stealing,
With the falling of the rain.

GOLD.

GOLD, gold, gold, gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, roll'd,
Weary to get and hard to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold ;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, dol'd,
Spurned by the young, hugged by the old,
Up to the verge of the church-yard mould ;
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold, gold, gold, gold !
Good or bad a thousand fold !

EDITORIAL SEED THOUGHTS.

YOUNG MEN.

It cannot have escaped the notice of the thoughtful, that very many of the murders and other outrages of late so frequent in our land, are committed by young men. Many criminals tried in our courts are young men. A large number of our habitual drunkards are young men. The class most difficult to get into the church are young men. The majority of idle loungers and rowdies in our cities and larger towns are young men. This is a fearful tendency. The prophecy uttered by this fact, betokens gloom for the future in our society, and is full of ill omen to Church and State. Let the cause of the evil be studied, and the means to remove it be speedily applied.

THE FEARFUL WARFARE.

There are few persons so hardened and forsaken of all good, as not to feel a conflict within them, between evil and good. Wherever the native religious instincts have not been destroyed, by a long course of sin, and especially where earlier religious training has been enjoyed, there is an abiding struggle in the spirit between right and wrong—duty and disobedience. Persons who are so exercised, condemn themselves for that which they nevertheless do, knowing themselves to be enemies to their own peace. For years the strife is kept up, and all the while they are unhappy. The warfare in them is not only a source of bitterness to them, but it keeps them, as long as they persist, in danger of reprobacy. How great their danger! The good Spirit, against which they war, may give them over to their own stubborn folly. There is no remedy but obedience to the dictates of the better Spirit, which is working so kindly in them. This will bring peace, and, what is better still, it will secure safety. Neither of these can be secured in any other way. Permit yourself to be conquered by your best friend, and the warfare will come at once to an end!

A DIFFERENCE.

What a difference there is between him who lives indifferent to his own improvement, and him who seriously endeavors to grow wiser and better every day. In the one, life seems to be a mere sauntering and loitering along; in the other, it takes the shape and course of a high and earnest reality. The one sinks out of sight in ignoble debasement, the other rises to position, influence and honor. Careless youth passes into worthless manhood, and sere and cheerless old age. Earnest youth is its own prophet, foretelling good things to come. Blessed are they who do not stone this prophet!

BOOKS.

The divine proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," applies to books as well as to companions. As intercourse with a book is more quiet and earnest than with a companion, its influence on us is often more deep and permanent. If you choose carefully your com-

panions who talk to you, use equal caution in selecting those who write for you. A bad book may make an impression upon you which you would afterwards give much to lose. Do not say it is difficult to choose aright. Books, like companions, have a public reputation. Keep this in mind, and select accordingly. You need not lose your time and corrupt your mind to find out, yourself, what the wise tell you beforehand. If you move in the right kind of book society, you will never be done holding fellowship with those whose reputation is well established and generally known. You need not eat a rotten apple to assure yourself that it is rotten; so you need not read a bad book to know that it is bad.

WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

Companions in sin are not your friends. Those who lead you into sin are not your friends. Just as soon as the fruits of sin fall back upon you—just as soon as the evil you do strikes back and wounds you, they leave you, as flies go away from vinegar. Those who tempt and flatter you to cups of strong drink, know you no more when you are broken down by the course into which they led you. We have just visited a poor female, who is pining away in the hospital, as the result of sin. None of her old companions come near her. Once she was pure and beautiful, and those whom she believed to be her friends followed her, whilst her true friends were laughed at for their simplicity in volunteering good counsel. But now, how changed the scene! The butterflies of an hour are flown, and the only feet that visit her in suffering, anguish and remorse, are those whose friendships she had fairly forfeited and sold for companionship with destroyers! Let the young beware of flattering lips and a lying tongue. They are our true friends who seek to make us better. They are our friends, the pure and the good.

BEAUTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

THEY are not the most perfect in outward form, who usually inspire the deepest love. History shows us that the most lasting and profound attachments were lavished on women possessing but a moderate share of personal attractions. Beauty in itself is so alluring and captivating, that it is worth our while to consider in what consists the mysterious and subtle charm which has the power to enchain the heart, in spite of the eye's criticism. Women have, in all ages, regarded beauty as the most effectual weapon to conquer and subdue man; and the desire to possess it, we beg leave to suppose, results not from any passion for domination, but from a laudable desire to influence him for his own comfort and happiness. However this may be, well-intentioned or not, their solicitude for the possession of beauty has induced women of all times and nations to search after those things which seem to offer a chance of concealing imperfections and enhancing or embellishing their natural attractions. This has led them into numerous follies and extravagances, and given encouragement to a crowd of charlatans, who have known how to speculate upon a woman's anxiety to appear beautiful. If the

hours expended in contrivances for the casket were employed in polishing the jewels within—if half the time consumed in the consideration of a *coiffure*, or even in the arrangement of a *corsage*, were devoted to the moral training of the heart which beats within, and the developing the vast capabilities of that noble portion of the human frame which renders it the most beautiful and intelligent of created beings, woman would find her influence more powerful and unfailing; the admiration she would excite would be sentiment compounded of esteem and love; and in rendering herself worthy of these, she would attain what the toilet, with all its attendant mysteries, is of itself insufficient to accomplish.

The loftier ambition to be admired for the graces of the mind, more than for those of the person, would suggest the habitual practice of the social virtues of amiability, kindness and good temper, as well as the careful culture of all the faculties which refine the taste, elevate the soul, and ennoble the heart. Intelligence, unlike fashions of a day, becomes all countenances; and sweetness of temper has the inestimable advantage of making ugly women appear pretty, and elderly ones youthful.

It is a responsible duty woman owes to herself, as well as to her family and society, to render herself pleasing and agreeable. Her person claims a certain degree of attention; she has a right to study the art of dress, and to avail herself of the legitimate appliances for the improvement of her appearance; but the most scrupulous attention to the toilet will never make her sufficiently attractive to be loveable or estimable. Rich, well-chosen apparel will not compensate for a cold heart; a glowing cheek does not neutralize the effect of a freezing, supercilious manner, nor a bright smile soften the severity of an uncharitable word.

Woman is happily endowed with qualities of a gentle and enduring nature, which are often suffered to lie dormant or run riot. She is eminently qualified to be a worker of benevolence, an inspirer of high and generous sentiments, an instigator of noble deeds; let her not sink into the thralldom of vanity; let her not be what we are told some sagacious sage defines her—"an animal that delights in finery." Let her awake to her own responsibilities, and feel conscious that her influence, well intentioned and wisely directed, is a regenerating principle; that it is not the well-dressed beauty, but the woman of high intelligence and sweet temper, who becomes the theme of general admiration and individual attachment—the inspiration of the hour—the good genius of every scene.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful trait in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

You will recognize, I think, in the following stanzas, from the "Dublin University Magazine," which I have copied for the "Guardian," the genuine effervescent sparkle of the Irish muse. The dashing spirit and cheerful tone of such lines may reconcile us for a while to the absence of those lofty soarings beyond "the visible, diurnal sphere," or the mighty plunges into the dark profound, in which so much of modern poetry delights; and which, if easy writing, make very hard reading. S.

MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

The lordly merchant in his hall,
Recounts his gains with pride ;
His bales of spice, his gems of price,
His wharf and warehouse wide.
He feasteth aye on gentle fare,
He quaffs the blood-red wine ;
And yet his lot I envy not,
Nor would I change for mine !
With bosom light and spirit free,
To wander where I may,
Up to the hills and couch'd on heath,
To view the hamlets spread beneath,
And blue lakes far away.

The lowland marts, and marble domes,
Poor craven vassals gave ;
But never yet on mountain top
Was born or dwelt a slave.
Oh ! ye, whose hearts do weary beat,
With care or sorrow riv'n,
Come, climb with me, Slieve Callan's brow,
And let your thoughts, like Titan's, now
Ascend from thence to Heaven !

The scholar has a quiet look
Within his cloister'd cell ;
He poreth o'er some goodly book,

Till peals the vesper bell.
And tho' his life unruffled flows,
Like gentle streams that glide
All smooth and still through level plains,
With sunshine on their tide ;
That student pale I envy not ;
Such guise ill-suited me ;
O, better far the wave-tost lake,
The pine-crown'd crag, the forest brake,
And step o'er heather free !

The trickling rill, that cools your lips,
Soft flowing through the glen,
Or else the spring that bursts from rocks,
Like tears from rugged men :
Have Cypress wines such flavor sweet,
Or those of Malvoisie ?
Preach'd ever Abbot, like those hills,
So true a homily ?

Then, in their Sabbath solitude,
Come, often meditate ;
And when their lesson right is read,
The valley's slope then boldly tread,
A wiser man in heart and head,
To wrestle with your fate !

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL is the hard, silvery, brilliant internal layer of several kinds of shells, particularly oysters, which is often variegated with changing purple and azure colors. The large oysters of the Indian seas alone secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render their shells available to the purposes of manufactures. The genus of shell-fish called *Pendatine*, furnishes the finest pearls, as well as mother-of-pearl. It is found in greatest perfection round the coast of Ceylon, near Ormous, in the Persian Gulf, at Cape Comorin, and among some of the Australian seas. The brilliant hues of mother-of-pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice, act upon the reflected light in such a way as to produce the chromatic effect.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles Dana. Vol. II. Araktsheeff—Beale. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1858.

In a former number we noticed the first volume of this extensive work, which was published last December. That volume met with such a ready sale that the first edition was exhausted in less than two weeks. This fact shows at least that an earnest want for a work of the kind exists. We noticed the first volume favorably; and we must say our estimate of the work is increased by an examination of the second volume. Who could expect, in a work of such compass, to find every article exactly to his mind. The one who demands this has himself his peculiar bias of thinking, and may be as well in error as others. Think of a volume, like the one before us, going over more than 2,000 words, and then say whether perfection, if measured even by an absolute standard, were such an one at hand, could be expected; how much less can we hope for that kind of perfection which each one may ask according to his individual standard. We do not speak thus apologetically for the work because we think it needs it especially; but to show how unjust it is, as a few papers have done, to select here and there an article, point out some supposed or real defects, and then measure by such specimens the merits of the entire work. Such critics remind one of a certain bird which sails over a thousand beauties of landscape which it does not admire, and at length lights down with gusto on a carcass!

The present volume contains 776 neatly printed, large double-column pages. The first half finishes the letter A, and the other half is devoted to the letter B, which is not yet finished. Among the list of contributors we discover many of the most prominent literary and scientific scholars in the country. The need of a full Cyclopedia, coming down to our time, is needed, and we are glad that the present enterprise promises to succeed so well. To had of Elias Barr & Co., No. 31 East King-st., sole agents for Lancaster and York counties.

THE TRUE GLORY OF WOMAN, AS PORTRAYED IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. H. Harbaugh.

“When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.”—TE DEUM.

Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858. pp. 263. (Price 75 cents.)

We merely annouce the appearance of this new work by the Editor of the *Guardian*, leaving its merits or demerits to be discussed by others.

Some of our Exchanges.—The MORAVIAN, of Philadelphia, comes to us regularly. It is full of an earnest missionary spirit, and always holds out the banner of peace and love. . . . The MISSIONARY, published at Pittsburg, we always read with interest. It is fresh and able, and has a right, as it does, to increase in popularity. . . . THE LUTHERAN STANDARD, of Columbus, Ohio, is a good family paper. It frequently contains able articles relating to higher theological enquiry. We are glad it is so regular in its visits. . . . THE WESTERN MISSIONARY, Dayton, Ohio, is doing a good work among the Reformed churches of the west. We should be happy to see it changed from a semi-monthly to a weekly. We always welcome its friendly visits. . . . THE GERMAN REFORMED MESSENGER, Chambersburg, Pa. This old and well-established religious family paper is not weary in well-doing. It is regular, always neat in its appearance, and filled with useful matter. . . . DES BRUDER-BLATT. This is an excellent monthly, published in the German language, and devoted to the interests of the Moravian church. Printed in Lancaster, Pa. . . . THE LUTHERN HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, is a neatly printed and very interesting monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Lutheran church. It ought to be read in all the families of that denomination. Its denominational bias is not prominent, and its general contents are such as to make it a valuable periodical to the general reader. It is increasing in popularity, and deserves to circulate widely and live long. . . . THE WEEKLY EVENING EXPRESS AND NORMAL REVIEW, Lancaster, Pa. This paper has a moral tone and is ably edited. Its whole face has been lately renovated, and it makes a fine appearance. The "Normal Review" department has been lately added. This contains articles written by students of the Normal School at Millersville, Lancaster county, Pa. Price, \$1.50 per annum.

MRS. YOUNG'S FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL, READING, PA.—The Catalogue for the year 1857-58 has been distributed, from which we learn that this excellent school for females is prospering. This catalogue is as truly neat and modest as the Seminary from which it issues is deserving. The family character of this school pleases us much. We feel that there is great deal less in the idea of "boarding school" than in that of "*Family boarding school*." We have personal knowledge of the fact, that in this institution "are combined as far as possible the advantages of home training and school education."

PITTSBURG INFIRMARY.—We have received the eighth annual report of this institution of mercy, "under the care of the institution of Protestant Deaconesses." From it we learn with joy that its means and also efficiency in rendering aid to the unfortunate and afflicted, are steadily increasing. Rev. W. A. Passavant, by whose zeal this institution has been established, is still its efficient Director.

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No. 7.

OLD CUSTOMS IN PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE various customs that prevail in connection with prayer, are not accidental or arbitrary forms, but have their ground in certain thoughts and views in regard to prayer itself. It is, therefore, not mere curiosity which leads us to inquire: Why do we bow our heads in prayer? Why do we fold our hands, and teach our children to do the same? Why were our fathers wont to hold their hats before their faces when they joined silently in public prayer? We will present what we have thought on this subject, and gathered, in reference to these customs, from various sources.

THE BOWING OF THE HEAD.

Standing with bowed head and inclination of the body, between standing and kneeling, is a very old custom in prayer. It is mentioned in the Apostolic Constitutions, which dates, as is generally supposed by the learned, from the fourth century. This was the posture in which catechumens, penitents, and worshippers generally received the benediction of the pastors, and in all times when, in every direct and formal addresses to God, His mercy and favor were invoked upon the people. The direction was given: "Bow down your heads, and receive the benediction." So, also, those who were baptized were directed to bow down their heads and be blessed. St. Chrysostom says, that by this posture of the body they were to indicate that their spirits were in a praying frame. This position was to betoken meek penitence and humble desire. It seems to be suggested by pious instinct. The modest child, in the act of receiving a favor of which it feels itself unworthy, naturally assumes this attitude.

This beautiful custom still prevails in reverent worshipping assemblies where standing in prayer is custom; and wherever it is done away, some very irreverent things and highly undevout habits have taken its place, such as lolling, gaping about, a listless stare, or even sitting, a habit of all others the most reprehensible, which could only have been invented

by brother Jonathan, and that in his most easy and self-complacent mood. It evidently comes from his fondness for taking a leisurely look at "the elephant." We hope he may speedily be taught better manners.

FOLDING THE HANDS.

Folding the hands in prayer is also a very ancient custom. Sometimes the one hand was laid across the other, and at other times the fingers were interlaid so that one hand grasped the other. In earlier times, the hands thus folded were stretched out toward heaven, and later it was custom to let them depend at ease, or to fold them on the breast.

Many significations have been attributed to this beautiful habit in devotion. Some explained it by referring to the gladiators, who stretched forth both hands to indicate to their rivals that they were ready for the strife; and, on the contrary, folded their hands and let them sink, when either they did not wish to contend, or desired to give a token that they acknowledged themselves conquered. So, also, they said, does the Christian declare, when he folds his hands, that he will no longer strive against God, but surrender himself wholly to Him and His service.

One of the ancients speaks thus: "We find in the Gospel that the wicked shall be bound hand and foot; and what do they who fold their hands in the presence of God, declare? Nothing else than to say to Him: "Bind not my hands, O Lord, to cast me into outer darkness, for behold I, myself, have bound them together, and am prepared for punishment." This is designed as an humble confession of sin, and an expressive way of imploring mercy.

Another says: "We lift up our hands in prayer to indicate the lifting up of our hearts to God, or because they are heavenly gifts for which we ask; we fold our hands, in token that our spirit is collected, and that our thoughts are not open and scattered; we smite on our breast, partly in horror on account of our sins, the seat of which is the heart, and partly as if to break and soften the hard heart by the stroke."

Still others say that the crossing of the hands upon one another, and the crossing of the fingers when fully folded, originally indicated the feeling in the worshipper that all hope is in the cross of Jesus Christ—that sin can be removed, and prayer answered, only by virtue of His sufferings on the cross.

The custom is evidently significant in various ways. It certainly indicates a deliberate surrender to God—a cessation of all outward employment, and a willingness to be devoted to His service to whom we pray. The hands folded show that not for this temporal life do we ask gifts; while the heart, opened towards the Lord, indicates beautifully that we sue for spiritual blessings.

To see clearly the beautiful propriety of so disposing of the hands in prayer, we need only ask ourselves in what other position we could more appropriately place them. Children who say their prayers without folding their hands, will be likely to put them into their mouths; and children of larger growth, in church, are apt to put them into their pockets or work the one set of fingers through their hair, as a comb, and use the other to play with their watch-key! Even employing them in the

use of a fan, as is often the custom with ladies, is neither as devout nor as beautiful a disposition of them.

HOLDING THE HAT BEFORE THE FACE.

That men should worship with uncovered heads, is an apostolic precept: "Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered dishonoreth his head," says St. Paul. To keep on the hat inside of a church, and especially during service, has always been regarded, except by Quakers, as an act of great irreverence. There have been, and still are, other exceptions, but they are caused rather by bad habit than from principle. "About a hundred years ago," says Alt, "it was a custom here and there in Germany, especially in the country, that the farmers, though they took off their hats when they first entered church to pray their silent "Our Father," they immediately put them on again when they had finished, and so sat with covered head till the reading of the Gospel and Epistle began, to which they again listened with hats off. After this the hat was put on again, and so remained during the sermon, except that they took it off, or slightly moved it, whenever the name "Jesus" was mentioned. In our own country, some thoughtless persons neglect to take off their hats as soon as they enter a church, and also replace them before they are outside the door! Though this is generally regarded as a want of thought or better manners.

The custom of holding the hat before the face, when praying in a public assembly, is of very ancient origin. It was customary, in the ancient church to keep certain solemnities, such as the Eucharist, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, secret from the uninitiated, or unbaptized. Hence, as the Lord's Prayer was silently repeated by Christians on their entering the church; they held up their hats before their faces, to prevent all danger of its being heard, and even to hide the moving of the lips from the alert, curious, mocking unbelievers. This is said to have been the origin of the custom.

This beautiful custom has extensively prevailed in the church since the Reformation. Such as lay little stress on its ancient origin, find justification for it in the fact that Moses and Elijah hid their faces when God appeared to them. In our own country, especially in the churches of German origin, the custom prevailed, until of late years, in many country churches, and even now it is here and there to be seen. Old men who learned it in their youth, retain it in their lovely old age. The first thing done on entering the pew is to put up the hat, and offer up a silent prayer.

It is to be feared that many who in more modern times have learned to omit putting the hat before their face, have learned also to omit the prayer! Both customs are in danger of going away together! Covering one's face certainly aids in avoiding distraction of thought, and for this reason, we ask, why not retain the custom? Above all, if the prayer, with which every devout person ought to take his place in the church, is in danger of going with the custom, we say, by all means let it be sacredly retained where it still exists, and restored where it has already passed away.

We confess that in our childhood, when the custom was yet much more prevalent than it is now, we used to regard with peculiar reverence

those venerable men whom we saw thus enter the pews, and so begin the service with a silent prayer. The silvery or snow white hair which they uncovered, seemed to us so much like a crown of glory found in the way of righteousness. We thought of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It led us to associate holiness and piety with old age, and gray hair, and a praying spirit; and with an earnest tenderness, which we can yet recall as one remembers the tones of a half-vanished, lovely song, we felt the stirrings of a great desire to become wise and good.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

O what an awful mystery,
O what a deep, deep history,
 Hidden within us lies.
The spirit hath its unseen world,
And round it other spheres are whirl'd,
 In its own mystic skies.

What restless aspirations,
What sense of limitations,
 Live in it side by side;
What littleness to bind it,
What greatness but to blind it,
 How narrow, and how wide.

What silent revolutions
Roll in its convolutions,
 With many a grate and jar;
Yet evermore what soundings
Come like victorious boundings
 To hail it from afar.

Around its quiet fountains
Rise dark and towering mountains,
 Lost in the clouds they kiss;
Yet e'er adown them courses,
From still remoter sources,
 Its greater life and bliss.

How restless, ever heaving,
Aspiring and believing,
 Beyond its noblest flight!
High instincts, ever reaching,
Lay hold of higher teaching,
 And struggle to the light.

O joy! to it is given,
To know its home in heaven
 Where all that longs is blest.
Led by these aspirations,
It breaks its limitations,
 And find its final rest.

THE MODEL MOTHER.

[From a late work by the Editor, entitled "The True Glory of Woman, as portrayed in the beautiful Life of the Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."]

WE may here adduce the principal and ruling traits of her maternal character from some facts of her life.

Behold, first, her quiet in-door home-life. In this we have an example of one who moves in the true *sphere* of a mother, and thus possesses the true strength of maternal life and love. Home is the fortress of a mother. Here she is in possession of true power; and though she may not be heard of in the noisy strife of the world, she is training those who shall, the better for having been prepared by her in retirement, take part and well accomplish the out-door duties of public life. Here, under her gentle eye, her sons grow up silently as plants in their youth, and her daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Her's is the day of small things, which only they despise who have overlooked how in nature and in grace all immense powers have feeble and modest beginnings, do all their first work in secret, and come forth, not by observation, to rule and reign: Mothers often nurse giants when both they and the world little dream of it. Of them it may be also truly said that their voice is heard in quiet more than the cry of them that rule among fools. As though they had drawn their precepts from the life of the holy Virgin, the Apostles have characterized mothers as "keepers at home," and command, "let them learn first to show piety at home"

In the family are the germs of life and of its hopes. In vain do we look to thrones for the world's power and peace. The king is on the throne only after he has been in the family. He only rules after a mother has ruled him—and rules as he has been ruled. Thrones are not the hills whence help cometh. As in nature, streams of blessing come down from high places only after the drops of which they are composed had been silently evaporated from lowly vales, and distilled in gentle showers upon their sublime summits; so those who occupy positions of honor and power in the world, but return to families and the people what through the silent influence of the family they have first received. "Put not your trust in princes." As from families grow kings and kingdoms, so through them ultimately are both ruled.

How radical is the mistake of all social reforms which begin not in the family, and work through its divine order! Vain are all schools and schemes which include not the family. The tree cannot bless the germ from which it springs; it is the germ that blesses the tree—and from scions that spring up around the patriarchal stem are forests made. Life is in all spheres the same, and unfolds itself according to the same divine law. As in the family of Bethlehem, so still within the home circle begins all glory to God in the highest, all peace on earth, and all goodwill to men. God has ordained that earth and heaven shall be peopled from holy families.

That her quietness and love of the silent retreat of home does not betray any lack either of physical endurance or of moral courage, is seen from her readiness to suffer exile from her native land, and to endure the untold perils, trials, and privations of the flight into Egypt, from love to God and her child. In this wonderful journey we see pictured the immutable *devotion* of a mother's heart. It is an example of great heroism, which is only the more beautifully impressive from the background of womanly gentleness, in which it stands relieved. Besides the physical weariness of such a great journey over inhospitable deserts, and amid all the inconveniences of travel in that age of the world, imagination can never recount the innumerable anxieties and painful watchings which she endured for her holy charge. Such patient care and devotion as exercised by her, and imitated by all who take her as a model, grow up only in a mother's heart, and can only be known by God and the holy angels. What a range of earnest love and anxious concern, overlooked by the world, is pictured in "the Virgin's cradle Hymn;" and what more naturally could we conceive her to have sung at night in her tent, in the midst of the Desert:—

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.*

Nor must we leave out of view, in admiring the maternal character of the blessed Virgin, the solicitude with which she sought her divine boy when He remained behind in Jerusalem, in the twelfth year of His age. For three days lasted the sad suspense. They sought Him among His kinsfolk in the travelling company; they returned to Jerusalem and sought Him through the city; and when at length they found Him in the temple, the mother speaks first, "Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." Here we have the deep *anxiety* of a true mother in the absence of her child. She feels that the child is only safe under her eye, and within the circle of her watchful love.

What a lesson for mothers! How much of the true maternal spirit does she lack, who can be at ease when she knows not where her children are, or what they are doing! "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb!" Will it be said that such anxiety is only a sorrow in vain, because it does not reach them? We answer, it is a blessing every way. It not only incites

* This beautiful hymn has been well rendered into English by Coleridge. The rest being so literal and yet so happily rendered, it is to be regretted that in the last line but one, he makes her employment spinning, instead of sewing. "Inter fila cantans orat" should be rendered "she singeth between the threads," or stitches. In this sense it applies as we have used it in the quotation. The poet has also failed to retain the name Jesus in the translation. Yet who can render it better than here is done?—

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside thee smiling:
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing, as her wheel she turneth,
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

to a seeking for them, that their safety or danger may be known; but the pious solicitude of such hours, or days, or years of suspense, is a perpetual prayer which arises to God, as no other prayer does, bedewed with a mother's tears, and redolent with her purest love.

Where did she find Him? May all mothers be also like her in this—she found Him in the temple! He was lost!—ah! how blessed so to lose a child!—He was lost in admiration of the glory of the sanctuary, and devout interest in its beautiful services. In the sacred spot where His Father's honor and glory dwelt, as they did not in all the world beside, He was entranced by the holy charm of the place, and held forgetful of His way. So she lost Him, and so found Him.

The order of life so ordains that mothers must lose their children. At a certain age, they drop away from the bosom which nursed them, and they are lost and found in the nursery or on the play-grounds. Still later, they drop away from their toys and childish sports, still with faces turned toward the world in which more independent duties and responsibilities await them. At length, the family is transcended, and they are lost in a wider sphere. Now comes the question of life and death! Shall the family lose them in the world, or in the CHURCH? Blessed are those parents who, like Mary, lose their children to find them in the Church. Blessed are those children whom the Church receives from the family—who pass from the natural family into the spiritual family—from the roof of an earthly Father's house into the house and home of that Father of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named—from the embraces of an earthly mother into the holy nursery of her who is above and the mother of us all.

Who can doubt that those mothers who make Mary their model, will be permitted to enjoy these blessed results? It is abundantly promised them in the unerring word of God. The beautiful and touching incident before us may be taken as a mystical representation of this glorious and consoling promise.

Whoever she be that is a mother, and feels herself animated with a desire to attain what, in Mary's losing and finding her divine Son, was so beautifully realized, let her bear well in mind that the parents of the infant Jesus themselves loved the temple in which they lost and found their child. It was on their return from that sacred place that those deep anxieties overtook them which led them through a brief sorrow into a lasting joy. It was beyond doubt what He had heard His parents say on their annual return from Jerusalem, that had awakened in His youthful heart that interest in the temple and its worship, which now chained Him to the place as by a sacred enchantment. Their own hearts were in the temple. Their example led Him to it; and their love for it shaped His earliest inclinations and savored His devout taste for its pleasant things. Let the parents who would thus lose their children in the Church, lose themselves in it first. Let God's loving-kindness be their talk in the day-time, and their song in the night. Let them have their hearts in the Church, and the Church in their hearts. "As is the mother, so is her daughter." Ezek. xvi: 44. When parents visit the world with the diligence and devotion which should be given to the Church, in its wide, wide, uncovenanted and dreary wastes will they lose their children to find them—nevermore!

A fine lesson, too, would mothers miss, did they fail to notice that the model Mother had not in the least abated her concern for her child, though he was twelve years old. At what period of a child's life may the mother dismiss her anxieties, and consider her maternal responsibilities at an end? Ah! how many are fain to abate their solicitude when the helpless period of strict infancy is overpassed! The boy is dismissed to himself, and at the age of twelve is supposed to be surely too far grown to need anything beyond a general parental care. How sad this mistake! Those who do thus, have forgotten the example of the model Mother. Is not that the most critical of all the periods of life? How prone at that age is the boy to grow restless under parental restraint; and how necessary it is that just then all the tender resources of a mother's heart should be called into still more tender and unwearied exercise! From the boy to the youth is a transition that has in it a thousand perils. How often is the future fruit broken in the bud, or nipped in the blossom! The rising of impetuous blood, and the longings of a waking spirit toward the world that lies bestrewed with snares around, call then more loudly than earlier for the mediation of those sweet attractions and that gentle restraint which are only found in the sacred mystery of a mother's love. If these cords bind not to the shore, the bark is at the mercy of fearful waves; and, leaving the port without bearing away these strong attractions, and loving still above all music the sweet song of home, the child may never return where it went out, nor yet enter a safe and blessed haven on the eternal side of life's perilous sea.

This picture of the model Mother becomes complete when we add, that in the Virgin Mary all these features of the maternal character were so fully exhibited in the life of a mother among the lowly, and in the midst of all the limitations and cares of poverty. This fact is full of encouragement to thousands of mothers. Had she been a mother in a palace, how few would have felt the power of her example, or been cheered in their cares by her success! Had she been such a mother among those who are, in the world's eye, persons of "high degree," mothers among the lowly would have attributed the excellence of her maternal character to the supposed superior advantages of wealth, rank and social station. But how sweetly are such false refuges removed from the poor, that the foundation of their comfort may rest more firmly. As her divine Son came, so her example comes with power and consolation to the poor. As the largest oaks grow not upon the proud mountains, but in the deep valleys, so the sublimest maternal model is found, not in lofty places, but in a family among the lowly.

It is, therefore, not accidental; but there is deep purpose and glorious meaning in the fact that Christ came among the poor. The example of the Virgin Mother is a great light in humble homes. Who can measure the encouragement which has been, and may be, drawn from this fact by millions of toiling, careworn and suffering mothers among the poor. The remembrance of Mary bringing forth and nursing her holy child in a stable, and cradling Him in a manger, gives new nerves to a weary, poor mother's arm, and brings new joy to her heart. Oh! how has it cheered huts, and hovels, and garrets, age after age!

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

XXI. THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

ONE morning, after a fearfully stormy night, Father Richard went with his son Anselm into the field to see what injury had been done by the storm.

Little Anselm exclaimed, "See! just see, Father, the strongest oak lies yonder prostrate on the ground, while the tender willow here at the rill—what a wonder!—still stands straight and firm, I would have thought that the storm would crush the willow much sooner than the oak."

"Child," said the Father, "that proud oak which would not bend had to break; whilst the willow yielded and bowed before the storm and so escaped uninjured."

The humble still in lowly beauty stand,
When pride is levelled by a mighty hand.

XXII. THE OAK TREE.

Once in the olden times, two youths, Edmund and Oswald, appeared before the Judge. Edmund said to the judge, "Three years ago as I was about to go on a journey, I gave this Oswald, whom I regarded my best friend, a very costly ring beset with jewels, to keep for me till I should return; but now he will not return me the ring."

Oswald laid his hand on his heart and said, "I declare by my honor that I know nothing at all of the ring of which he speaks; indeed my friend Edmund cannot be in his right mind."

"Edmund," said the Judge, "have you no witnesses who can testify that you gave him the ring to keep for you?"

Edmund answered, "Alas! there was no one present, only an old oak tree in the field, under whose shadow we parted."

"Go, Edmund," said the Judge, "and bring me a twig from the oak tree; I wish to see one. But you, Oswald, will in the meantime wait here till Edmund shall return."

Edmund went. In a little time the Judge said, "Where can Edmund stay so long. Oswald, go and open the window and see whether you can not see him coming."

Whereupon Oswald said, "My lord, he cannot be returning yet; the tree is more than three miles from here!"

"Now," exclaimed the Judge, "Now, O you wicked and deceitful boy, you have betrayed yourself! you were willing to swear that you knew as little of the tree as of the ring! you know just as much of the ring as you do of the tree."

Oswald was compelled to give up the ring, and afterwards he was hung upon the oak tree !

Thus secret sin will out and often is revealed e'en here,
But all must out when we before the final Judge appear.

XXIII. THE FARM.

The hut of poor Nicholas stood in a desolate place, all overgrown with thorns and hazel bushes. On a hot day in the time of harvest, Nicholas lay in the shade of a hazelbush. A farmer with a wagon loaded high with sheaves of grain drove past. Nicholas looked at the wagon with envious eyes, and scarcely bid the farmer good day.

The farmer halted, and said to Nicholas, "If you did only each day clear as much of your over-grown ground as your lazy body covers, you could reap each year more grain than you see on this wagon."

This cutting hint pleased Nicholas. He cleared away the thorns and bushes ; and soon found himself in possession of fields which cost him not a cent of money, but yielded him ample bread for himself and all his family.

The lazy man is pressed with want and dread,
Industry brings ever contentment and bread.

R U T H .

BY THOMAS HOOD.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

MY SPELLING BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN this number of the Guardian reaches its readers, mid-summer will be upon us. The farmer will be in his fields amid the smell of hay and the waving of the golden harvest. The scene before him comes, it is true, by the kind hand of Him who is the Lord of the harvest, and yet it comes only through his own industry and care. He has toiled, and now the fruits of his labor are before him as the rich reward which always awaits the diligent. This is the fit time to give in our spelling-book reminiscences, the graphic story of "Thrifty and Unthrifty." How often have we seen men who might have sat for this picture. How true it is to the life. How full of instructive hints. We must especially wonder that as early as 1816, before the modern temperance reformation began, there should have existed such deep and clear convictions in regard to the great ruin caused by strong drink. Who can tell how many, now thriving farmers, have been guided aright by these lessons of the spelling book. Well do we remember the deep impression made on our youthful mind by this picture. But here is the story—let not the moral be lost.

THE HISTORY OF THE THRIFTY AND UNTHRIFTY.

"THERE is a great difference, among men, in their ability to gain property; but a still greater difference in their power of using it to advantage. Two men may acquire the same amount of money, in a given time; yet one will prove to be a poor man, while the other becomes rich. A chief and essential difference in the management of property, is, that one man spends only the *interest* of his money, while another spends the *principal*.

"I know a farmer by the name of THRIFTY, who manages his affairs in this manner: He rises early in the morning, looks to the condition of his house, barn, home-lot and stock—sees that his cattle, horses and hogs are fed; examines the tools to see whether they are all in good order for the workmen—takes care that breakfast is ready in good season, and begins work in the cool of the day—when in the field, he keeps steadily at work, though not so violently as to fatigue and exhaust the body—nor does he stop to tell or hear long stories. When the labor of the day is past, he takes refreshment, and goes to rest at an early hour—in this manner he earns and gains money.

"When *Thrifty* has acquired a little property, he does not spend it or let it slip from him, without use or benefit. He pays his taxes and debts when due or called for, so that he has no officers' fees to pay, nor expenses of courts. He does not frequent the tavern and drink up all his earnings in liquor that does him no good. He puts his money to use; that is, he buys more land, or stock, or lends his money at interest—in short, he makes his money produce some profit or income. These savings and profits, though small by themselves, amount in a year to a considerable sum, and in a few years, they swell to an estate—Thrifty becomes a wealthy farmer, with several hundred acres of land, and a hundred head of cattle.

"Very different is the management of UNTHRIFTY. He lies in bed till a late hour in the morning—then rises, and goes to the bottle for a dram, or to the

tavern for a glass of bitters—thus he spends six cents before breakfast, for a dram that makes him dull and heavy all day. He gets his breakfast late, when he ought to be at work—when he supposes he is ready to begin the work of the day, he finds he has not the necessary tools, or some of them are out of order—the plow-share is to be sent half a mile to a blacksmith to be mended; a tooth or two in a rake or the handle of a hoe, is broke; or a scythe or an axe is to be ground—now, he is in a great hurry, he bustles about to make preparation for work—and what is done in a hurry is ill done—he loses a part of the day in getting ready—and perhaps the time of his workmen. At ten or eleven o'clock, he is ready to go to work—then comes a boy and tells him, the sheep have escaped from the pasture—or the cows have got among his corn—or the hogs into the garden—he frets and storms and runs to drive them out—a half hour or more time is lost in driving the cattle from mischief, and repairing a poor broken fence—a fence that answers no purpose but to lull him into security, and teach his horses and cattle to be unruly. —After all this bustle, the fatigue of which is worse than common labor, *Unthrifty* is ready to begin a day's work at twelve o'clock. Thus half his time is lost in supplying defects, which proceed from want of foresight and good management. His small crops are damaged or destroyed by unruly cattle. His barn is open and leaky, and what little he gathers, is injured by the rain and snow. His house is in like condition—the shingles and clapboards fall off and let in the water, which causes the timber, floors and furniture to decay—and exposed to inclemencies of weather, his wife and children fall sick—their time is lost, and the mischief closes with a ruinous train of expenses for medicines and physicians. After dragging out some years of disappointment, misery and poverty, the lawyer and the sheriff sweep away the scanty remains of his estate. This is the history of *UNTHRIFTY*—his principal is spent—he has no interest.

“Not unlike this, is the history of the Grog-drinker. This man wonders why he does not thrive in the world; he cannot see the reason why his neighbor *Temperance* should be more prosperous than himself—but in truth, he makes no calculations. Ten cents a day for grog, is a small sum, he thinks, which can hurt no man! But let us make an estimate—arithmetic is very useful for a man who ventures to spend small sums every day. Ten cents a day amount in a year to thirty-six dollars and a half—a sum sufficient to buy a good farm horse! This surely is no small sum for a farmer or mechanic—But in ten years, this sum amounts to three hundred and sixty-five dollars, besides interest in the meantime! What an amount is this for drams and bitters in ten years! it is money enough to build a small house! But look at the amount in thirty-years! One thousand and ninety-five dollars! What a vast sum to run down one man's throat in liquor—a sum that will buy a farm sufficient to maintain a small family. Suppose a family to consume a quart of spirit in a day, at twenty-five cents a quart. The amount of this in a year, is ninety-one dollars and a quarter—in ten years, nine hundred and twelve dollars and a half—and in thirty years, two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-seven dollars and a half! A great estate, may thus be consumed, in single quarts of rum! What mischief is done by the love of spirituous liquors!

“But,” says the laboring man, “I cannot work without spirits—I must have something to give me strength.” Then drink something that will give durable nourishment.—Of all the substances taken into the stomach, spirituous liquors contain the least nutriment, and add the least to bodily vigor. Malt liquors, molasses and water, milk and water, contain nutriment, and even cider is not wholly destitute of it—but distilled spirituous liquors contain little or none.

“But says the laborer or the traveller, “spirituous liquors warm the stomach and are very useful in cold weather.” No, this is not correct. Spirits enliven the feelings for half an hour—but leave the body more dull, languid and cold than it was before. A man will freeze the sooner for drinking spirits of any

kind. If a man wishes to guard against cold, let him eat a biscuit, a bit of bread or a meal of victuals. Four ounces of bread will give a more durable warmth to the body, than a gallon of spirits—food is the natural stimulant or exciting power of the human body—it gives warmth and strength, and does not leave the body, as spirit does, more feeble and languid. The practice of drinking spirits gives a man red eyes, a bloated face, and an empty purse. It injures the liver, produces dropsy, occasions a trembling of the joints and limbs, and closes life with slow decay or palsy.—This is a short history of the drinker of distilled spirits. If a few drinking men are found to be exceptions to this account, still the remarks are true, as they apply to most cases. Spirituous liquors shorten more lives than famine, pestilence and the sword!

THE PRAIRIE FIRE AND THE RUM FIRE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE prairie fire! at midnight hour
 The traveler hears it roaring by—
 A form of terror and of power,
 That walks the earth and licks the sky.

The wild deer, on his grassy bed,
 Wakes from his dream of breaking day,
 Listens, and lifts his antler'd head,
 Snuffs the hot blast, and bounds away.

Where that destroying angel goes,
 Borne on the wings of autumn's wind,
 He leaves no grass, no prairie rose,
 And all is scorched and black behind.

But when spring comes, a flowery belt
 Across the prairie's bosom thrown,
 Shows us that where his foot was felt
 The angel dropped a jeweled zone.

* * * * *

But there's a fire along whose track
 Spring never scatters flowers in bloom;
 No joys ere follow; all is black
 As midnight in a hopeless tomb.

Alike upon the low and high
 Falls this strange fire; it feeds and plays
 On beauty's cheek, in wisdom's eye,
 And melts down manhood in its blaze.

In youth and age—its power is such—
 Blossom and fruit alike are burned;
 And every virtue by its touch
 Is shriveled, and to ashes turned.

Quench, holy Father, by thy power,
 By love and law, with spring and well,
 With stream and cistern, flood and shower—
 In mercy quench this fire from hell!

WHAT IT IS TO LIE, AND HOW EASY.

BY D.

THE Holy Word records many fearful warnings against lying. In their twin fate, who of old, fell dead before the breath of the Divine wrath, we are awfully reminded of this sin's blackness, in the eye of the Infinite Truth. The plagues which carried terror and torture into Egyptian homes, were not less to punish the perfidy, than to subdue the stubbornness of that Pharaoh, whose repeated refusals after repeated false promises to "let Israel go," were remembered when the returning sea buried him and his hosts. Even the all-zealous Peter, who earnestly vowed his ardent attachment, and his eagerness to die with his Lord and master, rather than deny him—and after, in the hour of dire extremity, sealed his thrice base denial with cursing and swearing, when he remembered the prophetic words of the Saviour, and his own false professions, was seized with the keenest remorse and anguish, "he went out and wept bitterly." How dreadful was the self-executed doom of the traitor, who imprinted the lying kiss on the pure brow of Holy innocence, and after that, returned to the temple, bringing the thirty pieces of silver, for which he had bartered away his soul, and saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood," cast down the detested treasure, and while the pangs of hell were torturing his soul, "departed, and went and hanged himself." The event again fulfilled the fearfully portentous words of the Saviour, "Wo unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." These instances are adduced only to illustrate the fact that lying is an all-prevailing human infirmity, to show how easy it is to fall into this temptation, and even from the highest pinnacle of sanctity to tumble into perdition; and to show how it is viewed and warned against in that inspired Word, which represents it as the very child and darling of the devil.

The reader will pardon our adoption of the vulgar, unclassical Saxon word *lying*, when it is considered in view of its fitness, its expressive force, and its universal use and sanction. We will not therefore attempt a definition, nor oppress the subject with gorgeous verbiage, nor convey such a simple thing to the reader's mind in such polished, spacious vehicles, as "false speaking," "perversions of fact," "deviations from truth," "departures from verity," etc. We use rather that familiar word, which is coeval with the Saxon tongue, and coming down from the immemorial past, has ripened into a hoary hatefulness, which makes the quick resenting of "the lie," the first dictate of honor.

Daring speculation may venture an answer to Pilate's question, "What is truth?" This question is irrelevant, although not foreign to our subject; for truth and falsehood are nearly related. Falsehood is only the negative of truth; if there were no truth there could be no falsehood. Before the world, truth was. It is a truth that the earth turns round

on its axis once in twenty-four hours. It is a truth that it revolves round the sun once in a year. It is a truth that water boils at 212° , and Petroleum at 320° . But how these truths are connected with the abstract truth which was before the world, is not clearly perceptible. All the truths of philosophy and science, the laws of nature are only coeval with this world, and had no existence before. All our rules and axioms, in relation to the "measurement of extension," however, may be excepted from this limitation; for they were true before the world as they are now. Space even is and was the same. It is to be presumed that in the Infinite and chaotic void, prior to the creation, an imaginary straight line was the shortest distance between two imaginary points; that then as now parallel lines would never meet, and that the three angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to two right angles. All such vagaries, however, are of no practical interest here. Although man's mind may not pierce into the eternal past, and learn what absolute truth is, for it is co-existent with God, he yet knew enough truths for the happiness of his immortal being; he knows that whatever violates any truth is a falsehood; that all truths are related; that they are the same in essence; and that every falsehood is at war with all truth. Every falsehood disturbs and violates the harmony of the universe, and strikes a discord, which vibrates through eternity. "Every truth agrees with every other truth, whereas falsehoods not only conflict with truth, but quarrel among themselves."

It is not natural to lie. It requires an effort. It is an off-shoot of the corruption and perversion of human nature. A standard authority on the law of evidence, maintains truly that the most inveterate and habitual liar, tells the truth a hundred times to once that he lies; that unlimited credulity marks the age of infancy—that early childhood knows only truth—until it bears a falsehood, and has discernment to detect it—that it must *learn to lie*. Like many other things, the proclivity to falsehood is greatly modified by early training. Mothers often, unconsciously give their children the first start in falsehood. The fond and foolish mother practices many little deceptions upon the child; makes a hundred threats which she never puts in execution; promises the importunate urchin a hundred sweet things, which he never sees. He thus learns at the same time to doubt and to deceive. It is wonderful how the seeds of evil grow and strike root in the quick soil of the child's heart. He gets his initiation lesson in lying from the maternal lips. In the course of time he gets to school, and there he is afforded many chances to progress in the subtle art. There is nothing to restrain him but the fear of detection and punishment. He finds it is a common thing with his playmates and he yields. To do a clever trick and get out of it is a master-stroke. To tell on another boy is cowardly and mean; to "lie him out of it" is the test of honor. To divulge the truth, often puts the poor lad under ban below par, until he redeems himself by some bold stratagem, which, perhaps, being the first essay of a novice, subjects his back to the inexorable birch. As he grows older, and travels farther on the journey of life, he finds falsehood and deceit to be the order of the world. I need not say how falsehoods increase and multiply—how many it takes to conceal one, &c.; this is all an old song to the school-boy. Lying may become so habitual through long practice and encourage-

ment, that nature will be reversed, and it will be almost as easy to lie as tell the truth ; indeed we have known persons whose constant luxury it is to vamp old and fabricate new lies, and were it not for the every where present atmosphere of fact, reality and truth, to contradict falsehood and compel truth, obliging those who lie for the love of it, to resort to the ideal rather than the real, to the "*heaven of invention*," rather than the vulgar atmosphere of experience, they would probably lie much oftener than speak truth.

Lieing is not a passion. It is not of those amiable or excusable weaknesses, those generous faults which sometimes indirectly and undesignedly effect vast evil. It is not of those violent volcanic forces which are ever struggling forth, which,

When fierce temptation, seconded within
By traitor appetite, and armed with darts,
Tempered in Hell, invades the throbbing breast,

are harder to resist—more desolating than fire and flood. Such are men's appetites—his natural passions—his necessities. When a poor houseless wretch is turned out by the freezing, starving charities of the hard world, to steal or starve, the voice of nature and those self-preserving instincts which know no denial plead his cause. The asperity of our judgment is softened when we can trace even a deep-dyed crime to unconscious rage, to wounded honor or to a stunning blow, under the blinding force of which the brain reels in insane fury. But lieing has no such defence. It is pure deceit. It springs not up spontaneously in the soul. It is done with reflection—done with an object. For truth will utter itself unless there is a motive for falsehood. The proneness of mankind to this perversity, is declared in the Divine truth, "*The human heart is deceitful above all things.*" Since the first woman was deceived by the subtle falsehoods of the serpent, all her descendants have been given to deceit ; to deceive, or to be deceived. The human heart is an enigma, which with all the light of experience and books is, and ever will be hard to read. There are who vaunt themselves on their knowledge of human nature. There is no human penetration so deep and piercing that it may not be duped and hoodwinked by human deceit. We read of immortal poets, who were thorough masters of the human heart ; of inspired orators, who could read the intents of the soul in the lines of the face ; of great commanders, who knew mankind perfectly. But were they not capable of being deceived ? Experience, study and great penetration may enable the far-seeing judgment to detect the ordinary workings of the human heart, and in most instances, to deduce motives from actions. But the acutest judgment may be blunted and blinded even by flattery. The profoundest instinct may be bewildered, when deceit comes lurking in some specious glittering temptation. Let some darling weakness be assailed. The human heart is naturally suspicious and jealous. Let jealousy be aroused. There lives not the man who loves warmly and intensely, whose jealousy may not be excited even by appearance. Let his suspicions be started by some cunning, ministering dog, regarding the faithfulness even of his bosom companion—the object of his nearest life. Let the incidental suggestions of some simple, *honest* Iago, lead him to suspect his Desdemona ; let her handkerchief be found in the possession of her suspected paramour ; let his own eyes

see the soft interchange of speaking glances—the frequent meeting—let him hear her pleading for him, and see him kneeling to her—where is the Othello, who would not give the plausible devil Iago, all the credit of honest loyalty, and suspect his wife, pure and constant though she be. Where is the Psychologist, the profound reader of the heart, who could judge in this case between his Desdemona's virtue and Iago's truth. Even the great author of this profound lesson, had he been placed in Othello's situation, what a tempest of doubts, distrusts and dark jealousies would have raged through his soul. It is all vain to talk of reducing this mystery to science or system. Some new shift of hypocrisy, some strange and novel disguise, springs up every day, to baffle and confound all our rules. Can it be? Is that smiling, smirking face, the mask of a lying heart. Is that fawning, flattering wretch, so sorry when the fainted shadow comes over your brow, or your hopes, an incarnate lie? Do you believe that man who greets you with the unfailing smile—or who professes his friendship even with tears in his eyes? He is a viper! Ah! what deceit lurks in smiles! "A man may smile and be a villain," elsewhere than in Denmark. That fluttering belle, all gaiety and smiles, is all anguish within; perhaps raging with jealousy, or deploring blighted hopes. That flattering tongue, so lavish of loving words, of kind deference and unselfish goodness, is constantly rebuked by a heart that knows its own bitterness, thinks only of itself, and gives the lie to all this seeming flow of prattling innocence. Those two affectionate creatures, kissing and smiling sweetly in the parting embrace, are bitter with mutual hate, and return each to the grateful pastime of slandering the other. There is deceit even in the best doings of life. There are lies in tears—in embraces—in kisses—in solemn faces—even in far sounding deeds of benevolence. Most persons who are driven to falsehood by interest only, tell the truth when nothing is to be gained by lying. Some who would be shocked and horrified at the mere thought of a bare-faced lie, yet practice little deceptions, when it is convenient—supposed to be innocent; these trifling frauds open the way imperceptibly to unmistakable falsehoods, which being cleverly disguised, do not seem so bad. Those falsehoods which arise from avarice are perhaps the most common. In the prolific darkness of this heated atmosphere, are perpetually hatching and brooding whole swarms of falsehoods of every curious, cunning shape and various color, from the most bald, crooked, ugly lie, to the smoothest and most ingenious disguise, from the most monstrous cheat to the meanest little half-penny swindle. Look when we will among the thronging, jostling followers of mammon, we see the great truth illustrated by lying, that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Horse jockeys, so rapturous over the virtues of a poor, vicious jade, that you would think "the basest horn of her hoof was more musical than the pipe of Hermies." Here the vender of galvanized watches hangs out his glittering store, and holding up a tempting article, invites attention to the beautiful motions of her, and with a coolness quite refreshing, and an unflushed face as brazen and deceitful as the spurious machine he is showing, informs the gaping crowd that "she is positively the last watch," that "she is pure gold," and that "she never stops." Then there is the countless pack of mountebanks, quacks, pertuacion pedlars, travelling humbugs, panacea men, upstart doctors, from the in-

fallible vegetable pain exterminator to the lowly curer of errors, all whose stock in trade is lying. There are popular styles of lying; they are such common every-day occurrences, they seem so much a matter of course that they pass unnoticed. Rising from these humble affairs to the grander farces which are acting on the theatre of the world, the diplomacy of nations, is a constant conflict of jarring sophistries. International compacts and treaties are made for present use, being forced by sudden conjunctions and exigencies, to be violated at the earliest opportunity. How many solemn, ceremonial, national promises are thus broken! Nations declare war ostensibly to help weaker powers—really to rob them of their possessions. But perhaps the most exuberant spoutings of falsehood are found in the field of politics. The delightful and mutually instructive exchange of political thought between cotemporary journals; with what virtuous ferocity they denounce even the semblance of falsehood! It is a safe rule not to be surprised at anything; but especially not to be surprised at anything that may issue from the brains of some newspaper editors. Whoever has regaled himself at times with newspaper controversies, especially political and personal, know too well what calumnies spring forth in full life, fanged, forked and venomed, the monstrous births of laboring editorial brains. Behold the innumerable army of invincible borers and hangers on, the office seekers, the candidates, the standard bearers, the fiddlers and followers, all let loose to scramble for office all ready to

“Accumulate the lie
And pile the pyramid of calumny.”

Of the several shades of blackness and perfidy, of the political sommersets, the vile slang and wire-pulling of squabbling patriots, of ranting politicians and bawling demagogues, of their false promises and impudent pretensions, of the ever extended hand before election and the cold shoulder after it—and all their hocus pocus arts, “’twere long to tell.” A brief apprenticeship, served in the workshop of modern politics, gives one a marked proficiency in the mystery of falsehood.

Worse than any of the forms of lying which have been noticed, is that which benefits ourselves by defaming others. But worse and blacker than all is that which is purely malicious, arising solely from a desire to injure another, which may be either the expression of a particular spite, or the mere luxury of malice or mischief. This is the most abhorrent shape which it can assume. A business lie has the excuse, (though a poor one) of being prompted by avarice, a deep seated and universal human weakness; political lies have the same motive, or that of ambition; international and diplomatic lies, springing from a proper feeling of national pride or national interest, have at least the merit of being intended for the good of one's country; lies for amusement come of a silly vanity, or a light and social gaiety, which never intends, though it often works harm; a slanderous lie told of another, to advance our own interest, has at least the poor and wretched plea of selfishness, which asserting itself above every other feeling, charity may allow to be a weak palliation. But above all else, we deprecate and abhor that quick throb of secret joy with which some low natures leap at the story of another's shame. It has not even the poor plea of selfishness—it has no shadow of pretext; it is so absolutely black and hollow as to be quite beyond

palliation. This unhallowed and malignant feeling, which loves slander for its own sake, starts base stories, to be caught up by the breath of hungry gossip, the retailers of scandal, the empty heads and hearts ever eager and gaping for the faintest whisper of dispraise,

“The long-necked geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,
Because their natures are little.”

To invent and propagate disgraceful stories, and proclaim them abroad, is the most unmitigated meanness. This indeed is “slander, meanest span of hell.” Such are your cold, passionless beings, who delight to prey on human happiness, and to darken ever the faint flickering gleams of peace and joy, that yet serve to remind fallen men of a Paradise lost. They are a walking curse. Beneath their tread the earth blackens, and all that is good and pure withers and fades. When we hear of railway tracks that have been underlaid with explosives; of houses that have sunk amid shrieks and mounting flames; of grave stones sacrilegiously defaced, and robbed even of the simple tribute sacred to the memory of buried love, we refer the deep blackness of their perpetration to the very spirit we are now reprobating. Who can calculate the injury and the evil of even one disgraceful and scandalous libel. The venomous sting goes straight to the heart. It is an irremediable wrong. It goes far and wide. And though the vile tongue that first uttered it, may long be cold and forgotten, and the vile sheet that gave it to the world, may have moulded into rottenness, the tale is recorded in the eternal memories of men, and even though untrue, the thought that it *may* be true, lingers in men’s minds when all other recollections of him fade. Thus, slander like a deadly blight, comes over the fame of its victim, cursing and blackening whatever it touches, deriving, as if it were a power of evil from him, whose infernal majesty invented the first lie, which was hissed through the mouth of the viper, and whence are all the uncounted progeny of lies, that have since slimed and envenomed the history of man.

The whole universe is at war with lying. The laws of nature are a constant rebuke to it. All the utterances of nature are true. In the smile of the heavens, there is no deceit. When the birds pour forth their notes of joy it is real. When they commune together it is the purity of joy. There is no concealed bitterness—no flattery—no hypocritical greetings. God’s truth is written on every leaf and flower—in the rainbow’s tints—in the sunlight—in the “silver pomp” of night—in the springing grasses—in the ever faithful seasons.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful trait in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten.

POEMS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[There is a collection of French Poems ascribed to Madame de Surville, who is said to have flourished in the first half of the fifteenth century. She was united at an early age to Berenger de Surville, a gallant and distinguished young officer of the army. Soon after their marriage, he was knighted by his sovereign, and with brief delay repaired to the standard of his country, and perished, the victim of his valor, at the siege of Orleans, conducted by Charles the VII, then the Dauphin. M. de Surville left but one child, a son to whom the second of the following poems was addressed. The first was written by Madame de Surville, on his admission to knighthood, as it is said, by the king's own hand.

These poems are selected from translations of the original on account of their exquisite expression of conjugal affection and maternal love and tenderness. It would be difficult to find anything superior to them in pure and lively feeling, in elegant turns of thought, and in whatever constitutes the genuine language of poetry.] L.

STANZAS TO MY HUSBAND.

WHAT! in the very morning of his days,
 My husband's hand has grasp'd the palm of war,
 And his young brow is circled with the rays
 That seldom beam, but from life's evening star!
 Why should it not be so? This lofty prize
 High deeds of arms, not subtle counsols, claim:
 I see a thousand triumphs round thee rise,
 If (and I boldly trust my heart's surmise)
 Thy love to me, stands surety for thy fame.

He whose young arm struck Carthage to the ground,
 He who smote Asia with the Grecian power,
 For noble continence alike renown'd,
 In years like thine, were the world's hope and flower.
 Like them with firm will hold the right alone,
 Be wisdom, virtue, courtesy thine aim:
 If fortune grant thee not a kingly throne,
 Be kingly blood in every action shown—
 Thy love to me stands surety for thy fame.

O heaven! when thou art arm'd with lance and shield;
 That I might follow to Loire's martial plain,
 A faithful squire to 'tend thee in the field,
 And fondly guard thy knightly arms from stain!
 That may not be.—Then, love, bethink thee still
 The ties that bind us own a sweeter name;
 That through all time and place, through good and ill,
 Though tender fears, the while, my bosom fill,
 Thy love to me stands surety for thy fame.

Envoy.—

Dying, once more to meet thy dear caress,
 I sit and languish in my loneliness.
 Return, sweet friend, secure from doubt or blame;
 One kiss, which seems even now my lips to bless,
 Shall say thy love is matchless as thy fame.

VERSES TO MY FIRST BORN.

Sleep, infant, sleep, my solace and my treasure !
 Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee !
 And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
 It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.
 Yes thou wilt smile, young friend, when thou awakest—
 Yes thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise ;
 Thy mother's face, thou never now mistakest,
 And thou hast learn'd to look into her eyes.
 What do thy little fingers leave the breast,
 The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure ?
 Could'st thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest !
 Even then thou could'st not know my fond love's measure.
 My gentle son, sweet friend, whom I adore,
 My infant love, my comfort, my delight !
 I gaze on thee and gazing o'er and o'er,
 I blame the quick return of every night.
 His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
 His eye is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath !
 But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
 He seems to slumber in the arms of death.
 Awake, my child ! I tremble with affright !
 Awaken ! fatal thought,—thou art no more—
 My child ! one moment gaze upon the light,
 And e'en with thy repose my life restore.
 Blest error ! still he sleeps—I breathe again ;
 May gentle dreams delight his calm repose—
 But when will he for whom I sigh—Oh when
 Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclosed ?
 When shall I see him who hath given thee life,
 My youthful husband, noblest of his race ?
 Methinks I see, blest mother, and blest wife,
 Thy little hands thy father's neck embrace.
 How will he revel in thy first caress,
 Disputing with thee for my gentle kiss !
 But think not to engross his tenderness,
 Clotilda too shall have her share of bliss,
 How will he joy to see his image there,
 The sweetness of his large cerulean eye !
 His noble forehead and his graceful air,
 Which love himself might view with jealousy.
 For me, I am not jealous of his love,
 And gladly I divide it, sweet, with thee ;
 Thou shalt like him a faithful husband prove,
 But not like him, give this anxiety.
 I speak to thee—thou understand'st me not—
 Thou could'st not understand, though sleep were fled—
 Poor little child ! the tangles of his thought,
 His infant thought are not unraveled.

“ There is to me
 A daintiness about these early flowers,
 That touches me like poetry. They blow out
 With such a single loveliness among
 The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
 Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
 Whose beatings are all too gentle for the world.”

ASHAMED OF HIS CALLING.

BY THE EDITOR.

A venerable man has just been telling us some reminiscences of his youth. We always listen to one of his like with reverence and attention. A man of between three and four score years is in a position to communicate many tales of wisdom. He has had opportunity to see the beginning, the middle and the end of the career of many a one fortunate and unfortunate. He can show us causes and effects in the same life, and point out most convincingly how certain causes have led to certain effects. Had we all the stories of this kind which old men have told us written and printed in a book, we know of nothing after the Bible that we would rather place in the hands of the young. The reading of such tales from real life would be worth more than all the milk and water novels under which the modern press has so painfully groaned, and from which such inflated and false ideas of life have been disseminated.

But to our little story. Do not look for dreams, sketches of "love and longing," or for sudden surprises, and stirring revelations of mystery. The tale is simple and shall be briefly and tamely told.

There lived a man on the eastern shore of Maryland, about forty years ago, who had inherited some considerable property from his father, the great bulk of which consisted of a tannery, the only establishment of the kind in the whole county. It had consequently a large local custom, and was a profitable affair. Not understanding the business himself, he carried on through a foreman, who was in all respects reliable, and everything went on prosperously.

Unfortunately the gentleman proprietor of the tannery had some high ideas of himself, and as his wealth increased his estimation of himself grew in like rate. Amid his rising family, in which were fine growing daughters and brilliant and ambitious sons, and surrounded at his mansion with fashionable visitors, the thoughts of his tannery became more and more unpleasant to him. Knowing his sensitiveness on this point, persons who did not appreciate his views of high life as he did himself, only took the greater pleasure in referring to him in connection with his business. He found that he was even sometimes called "*The Tanner!*" This pained and humbled him. He could not bear the idea of having his name thus associated with his business. What! a man of his blood and station to be called a tanner! This would blight the bloom of his glory. The savor of the tannery would adhere to the fair fame of his lovely daughters! What is to be done? He must divorce himself from what he regarded his dishonor. The tannery must be sold.

So he thought and so he did. A purchaser for so profitable an establishment was not long wanting. The bargain was completed. Away went the tannery, and with it, as the sequel will show, went much more than he intended to part with, when he took the proud and thoughtless step.

Our man of lofty notions soon found what it is to lose the cow that

yields the milk. Sad was the collapse experienced in his income. His interest was far from meeting the outlay of his fashionably trained family. The capital stock was getting small by degrees and sorrowfully less. Pride and growing poverty soon proved themselves to be an ill-matched pair.

But we must make our story short. Finding that something must be done, our gentleman gathered up his remnant of funds, and purchased a tannery in another county. But here with diminished funds, with a new custom to create, without adequate personal experience in managing an establishment of the kind, he soon began to go down, down, down! Broke at length root and branch, he was found some years after, when old age began to creep upon him, endeavoring to eke out a scanty livelihood by keeping a livery stable, the stock of which he held in another man's name! All of which resulted from his foolish pride which made him *ashamed of his calling*.

The reader may draw his own moral from our story, which we hope he will not fail to do. Sure we are that our gentleman was neither the first nor the last to act this silly part; and we are equally persuaded that in whatever heart such littleness of pride is suffered to reign, the same results will follow. A man may be respectable in any lawful and honorable calling; and if he is worthy he will be respected in his calling by all whose respect is worthy of any consideration. Why should he sacrifice himself and the interests of his family, either to his own baseless pride or to the flippant notions of such as can see no worth beyond fashionable vanity.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious Land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him.
And ransom'd sinners, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

“THE HOLY ANGELS.”

BY THE EDITOR.

“THE holy angels!” What pleasant thoughts, what pure affections, what charming and cheering associations lie in these words: The holy angels!

As the bright and friendly stars in the firmament of the natural heavens bend over the nights of earth, so there is to faith another higher, brighter firmament—a spiritual heaven radiant with the shining forms of innumerable hosts of angels, that move “in soft, white light,” and in a better sense than the astronomical sky illumine the earth, lighten the paths of pilgrim men, and cheer their oftentimes drooping hearts in the dread of peril, and in the hours of loneliness and sorrow. Yes, the holy angels!—they, after God and His love, are the purest and most constant friends of men.

The *holy* angels! We do not forget that there are also others—angels of darkness, seducers to sin, ministers of evil and woe, unwearied enemies of God and men. Two kingdoms, in the world and in us, lie and are active side by side. Through the natural, fallen world, our souls and bodies lie open and exposed to a world of evil angels, whose name is Legion, for they are many, and who seek to invade and degrade us. Through the new world, which comes to us by Jesus Christ as the kingdom of grace, we are come into communion with an innumerable company of holy angels, friendly to us, helping us, and strengthening our fellowship with the higher world of spirits. We need but attend to our own deepest experiences for a single day to assure ourselves that we are whispered to from both worlds, and from two opposite orders of spirits—down and up—and that we are prizes for which good and evil angels earnestly contend.

It is of the good, the friendly, the holy angels that we would at this time speak. How much does holy scripture reveal of the good angels! The Old Testament and the New are full of them. Ever do their ministrations mingle with the struggles and victories of redemptions glorious work; and their friendly agencies are always at hand in the more private conflicts and triumphs of individual saints, entering with the same sympathy into all their tribulations and joys.

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.”

Hail! ye holy angels! We would learn all that may be known of your natures, of your numbers, and of your blessed work for us men and for our salvation. We inquire first into the nature of these holy beings.

The holy angels are spirits. “He maketh His angels spirits.” “Are they not ministering spirits?” By this we need not understand that they are purely spirit, incorporeal and dissociated from all materiality. It is true, our Saviour, in giving a definition of spirit, says “A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have;” yet, though the holy angels may not be embodied in the same kind of materiality, they may

nevertheless possess a refined corporiety—similar to our Saviour's glorious body in heaven, like unto which also the bodies of the saints shall be when they shall be raised with spiritual bodies, and "bear the image of the heavenly."

That the holy angels have some kind of visible and tangible corporiety seems evident from various considerations. They always so appeared to men, of which we have repeated instances in sacred history. As such also St. John saw them in heaven in his visions on the Isle of Patmos. If they were not so clothed they could not stand in that fellowship and social communion with the saints above—who are still embodied—in which they are represented in the divine word.

We speak of human beings as spirits, without intending thereby to imply the absence of material embodiment. We speak of the great lights of the past as "master spirits," "ruling spirits," "mighty spirits." Even the holy scriptures speak of the saints as "the spirits of the just made perfect."

When, therefore, angels are called spirits it is not necessarily inferred that they are unembodied; but only that the spiritual in them predominates—that they are less dependent on matter than on spirit—that their material corporiety is more freely and completely under the law of spirit—that as to locomotion, as well as in all the activities of their life, the spirit is the master, while the body is more fully and conveniently its vehicle, instrument and organ.

We read that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body"—spiritual and yet a body still. The bodies of the holy angels are spiritualized; and whatever be the nature of their materiality, it is more refined and ethereal than that which in this life covers and reveals human spirits.

The more refined their materiality may be, the less heavily are they localized, and the freer their life from all limitations of space—and perhaps of time—and thus the more are they like God, the absolute spirit, and the better is their nature adapted to their office as swift messengers of God!

The sacred scriptures seem to favor the idea that angelic bodies are nearly allied to light. The breaking through of the higher world into this is generally accompanied with light. When during our Saviour's transfiguration on Tabor that heavenly aureole gathered around His head, "His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." When, at our Saviour's birth, the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds to announce the blessed tidings, "the glory of the Lord shone round about them." At His resurrection, the women who came early to the sepulchre saw there two angels "in shining garments." Of that bright world in which the angels dwell, it is said, "it hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

What glorious beings, the holy angels, who put on light as a garment, and shine around the throne of the King eternal as the brightness of the firmament, and like the stars for ever and ever! Holy, happy spirits, whose eyes know no tears, whose hearts no sorrow!

The holy angels are by nature highly intelligent, and their spirits take a wide range in heavenly wisdom. The woman of Tekoah, in

praising the wisdom of David, said, My Lord is wise, according to the wisdom of an angel of God, to know all things that are in the earth."

Why should not holy beings of so high a nature be wise? Why should not spirits unclouded by sin be clear and quick in all their perceptions, and deep in all their intuitions? Then, too, they dwell near the source of all wisdom—in the imperial capitol of the universe—where with unclouded effulgence shines that uncreated wisdom which creates and illumines all.

Moreover, these sons of God, are not of yesterday; but they have lived and acted, and learned in the light of that central and highest wisdom, ages on ages. No death has in a few years, or in many centuries, interrupted the development of their mighty intellectual natures. Their experiences and their holy inquiries—for they "desire to look into" the deepest mysteries of heavenly wisdom—have continued since—and how long before?—creative power laid the foundations of old earth, when, pleased with the new wonder thus opened to their delighted study, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!

Though wise, perhaps next to God, yet is their knowledge limited. Hence they grow in wisdom. There are yet depths and heights of divine knowledge into which their powerful intellects have never penetrated. Our Saviour, speaking of the end of the world, and the day of judgment says, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

With all their wisdom and attainments, yet humbly feeling their limitations, they are anxious to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge. Speaking of the manifold and mysterious wisdom of God as displayed in the redemption of man, St. Peter says that into these things "the angels desire to look." The two angelic figures, touching each others wings over the mercy-seat in the holy of holies in the Jewish temple, and, in an attitude of meek earnestness bending their faces toward the ark of the covenant, are typical of the interest which angels take in the wonder of divine love as it relates to our salvation. New wisdom ever unfolds to them by this study of that "mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ: to the intent that unto the principalities and powers"—orders of angels—"in heavenly places might be made known by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God." Wise are the holy angels.

The holy angels are beings of surpassing strength and energy. St. Paul designates them as "the mighty angels." Samuel speaks of an angel sent from God as a messenger of justice and wrath, who "stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it." One angel of the Lord in one night, "smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and they arose early in the morning, when behold they were all dead corpses!"

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!"

Alluding to their power David exclaims : " Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word."

The "mighty angels"—these are the heroes as well as the heralds of the Almighty. These are the legions of the great King in reference to which our Saviour said to His crucifiers, think ye not that I could presently command them ! These are the hosts which unseen covered the hills of Dothan, ready to do battle for the Lord and His people. These are "the everlasting armies" which of old cleared heaven of rebel angels, when the

"Prince of many throned powers
Led the embattled seraphim to war !
Himself to sad overthrow, and foul defeat."

As once over the gate of Eden, so still their swords of flame gleam upon the battlements of heaven, the confidence of the saints in light, and a terror against the gates of Hell !

Great is the number of the holy angels. There is a number of orders and offices among them. Their names designate their ranks and offices. There is the archangel—never used in the plural. There are the cherubim, which name implies their fullness of knowledge. There are the seraphim, the shining ones, as their name imports. There are the principalities, which means, beginnings, chiefs of orders. There the thrones, powers, authorities—which seems to designate power held by delegation—officers. The mights—implying extraordinary inherent power or energy. The dominions, which seems to allude to hereditary honor and office. These may be alike in nature as angels, messengers, but they differ in dignity and degree. Together they constitute the hosts of heaven—the glorious ranks of "the holy angels."

Of their numbers the scriptures give us the highest possible conception. The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews speaks of "an innumerable company of angels." Daniel, speaking of the ancient of days on His throne, says : "thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him." When St. John had a glimpse of heaven in a vision, he saw that the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." All this indicates a number beyond human computation !

What less could we expect from Him whose bliss it seems to be to create life—peopling air, earth, and water with endless orders and numbers of living things—making the smallest leaf as a continent to its inhabitants, and filling the pores of marble with tiny hosts of life, having their own earth to tread on, and their own wide heavens over. Should we not expect that much more will He do in that which is highest, as He does in that which is lowest ? Will not He who fills the invisible nooks of matter with unseen life, also fill the heaven of heavens with highest and brightest beings, whose bliss of existence shall make all celestial space tremble with the pulse-beat of joy, and send up songs to Him "who did them first create, and still creates their bliss."

What do we know of the offices and employments of the holy angels. As their name implies they are the ministers and messengers of the Lord. They do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word. They serve around the eternal throne, take part in the government of the

universe, and are the executors of His will and pleasure in all places of His dominion. They are God's worshippers and His warriors—His heralds and ministers plenipotentiary—bearing the powers of justice and judgment to His enemies, and of approval and reward to all His friends.

We are most concerned with their relations and offices toward us, and our world. In all the history of mercy to fallen man they appear as friendly spirits—good to those that be good. They were the companions of patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints of all ages. With our Saviour's advent they proclaimed peace on earth and good will to men. Having heralded His glorious birth, they comforted Him during His temptation in the wilderness; strengthened Him during His sorrow in the Garden of Gethsemane, and no doubt encamped unseen around the cross when He died. They watched His tomb; in due time rolled away the stone, and proclaimed His resurrection.

Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend,
Oft wondering, how, or where, at last,
This mystic scene would end.
They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried
"The glorious work is done!"

As they did to the Head, so they do to His members. They hover around worshipping assemblies, and we are commanded to be reverent, "because of the angels." They rejoice over sinners that repent. They are particularly the friends of weak christians, for their angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven. They are ministering spirits to all the heirs of salvation.

"Immortal forms
On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams—
To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favor'd soul,
For further trials fated, to prepare."

They watch around the saints in all their ways. They encamp around the dwellings of the righteous, so that they be quiet from all fear of evil.

How oft do they their silvery bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant.
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
Oh! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!"

In the end which comes to us—to all—they are the reapers which gather the righteous in, as men gather sheaves in the harvest. They wait around the death-bed of the saints, and bear them as they did Elijah and Lazarus into Abraham's bosom.

They shall come with our Saviour at the last day to welcome and receive the church that waiteth for Him into everlasting fellowship with that which is around Him in Heaven; and forever they shall join around the throne, with the multitude of the redeemed which no man can number, saying: "Amen; Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen!"

THE SUMMER VISIT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WIFE and the little folks,
Going away,
Sometime to stay.
Get the trunk and pack it,
Press it full and rack it,
Make it all go in—
No, you can't begin!
Trunk is full and more,
And yet upon the floor
There is enough
Of dressing stuff—
I know before I ask it—
To fill a bag and basket!

Wife and the little folks,
Going away,—
Starting to-day.
Going off to grand-pa's,
Going off to grand-ma's,
Laughing all, and glad,—
Why should they be sad?
'Tis a year and more,
Since they went before;—
'Tis very right,
And a delight—
Yea, it is quite exquisite—
To go home on a visit.

Wife and the little folks,
All gone away!
Five weeks to-day!
Wish I had gone likewise,
Lonely staying this wise!
But I can't go now—
Hard it is, I vow!
What a doleful house!
Hark! 'tis but a mouse!—
Seems so queer,
No one is here!
'Tis for noise I pine and sigh—
Want to hear the children cry!

Wife and the little folks,
Coming to-day—
Made a good stay!
Think I see the little chaps,
Think I hear their knocks and raps—
Rushing in and out,
Looking all about.
Think I see my wife,
Bring joy and life!
Hark!—a fuss—
The omnibus.
Come ye looked-for earthly blisses,
Now a half a dozen kisses!

I N - D O O R A M U S E M E N T .

[The following from the Missionary, will please many of our young friends.]

WHEN stormy weather or the approach of night renders it impossible for children to engage in out-door amusements, parents are often at a loss to answer the demand of the little ones for "fun," and their desire for employment too often shows itself in mischievous actions, which sometimes disturb the peace of a whole household. From "Marcus, the Boy Tamer," we take the following description of a simple game, which will suggest to an active young mind many means of in-door enjoyment by which instruction can be blended with amusement :

"I'm going to propose a new play," said Marcus, one evening, as the little party gathered around the table ; "it is called *Conglomeration*."

"Conglomeration ! I hope the play is as funny as the name," said Kate.

"We shall see," observed Marcus, as he distributed some slips of paper among the children. "Now I want each of you to write five words on separate pieces of paper, and throw them all in a heap on the table. You can select any words you choose."

When all had written, Marcus mixed together the bits of paper, and then directed each one to take five words from the heap, as they happened to come, and write one or more sentences containing those words in the order in which they were drawn from the pile.

There was a good deal of merriment among the party as they glanced at the slips, and perceived what a droll "conglomeration" they had got to weave together. Here are some specimens of them :

<i>Ronald's.</i>	<i>Kate's.</i>	<i>Oscar's.</i>	<i>Otis'.</i>
Spider,	Poetry,	Shoot,	Funny,
Book,	Physic,	Gravy,	Tooth-ache,
Sober,	Should,	Girl,	Jews-harp,
Cannot,	Ronald,	Onions,	Going
Turkey,	Broomstick,	Sublime,	Jericho.

No one thought of saying "I can't," however, and in a few minutes, after some rubbing of foreheads and scratching of heads, the last of the sentences was completed.

"Now each one may read his own sentence aloud, emphasizing the words that were given. Otis, we will begin with you."

Otis read :

"It would be *funny* if the *tooth-ache* could be cured with a *jews-harp*, but I am *not going* to *Jericho* to find out about it."

"No, I should not," said Marcus ; "now Ronald, what have you written ?"

Ronald then read :

"The *spider* may not care anything about a *book*, but a *sober* boy like me *cannot* help loving roast *turkey* "

"A *sober* boy, I should think," said Kate.

"Don't interrupt us," said Marcus; "now what's yours, Oscar?"

"I couldn't make much out of my list," remarked Oscar; and after a moment's hesitation he read:

"If I could *shoot* a rabbit, I would make *gravy* of him; and then the *girl* should serve him up with *onions* in the most *sublime* style."

Kate then read:

"I don't care much about *poetry*, and I hate *physic*, but I *should* like to hit *Ronald* with a *broomstick*."

"You'd better try it!" cried Ronald, jumping into an attitude of self-defense, as the merry laugh rang over the house.

Sentences were also read by Marcus and Ellen Blake, who had become an inmate of the house. Another round was then proposed with a larger list of words; and now that the character of the play was better understood, they found it more amusing than at first.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

As persons, doubtless older and better qualified than myself, are at present discussing this subject in an able manner, it may seem foolish in me to add to what has already been said; but when I look about among the married class of people, and see how many are made miserable by unhappy marriages, and consider what a vast amount thoughtlessly and inconsiderately take upon themselves the names of husband and wife, I believe the subject should be investigated by every individual.

Marriage seems to me like a very great, eventful step in life; one that should be taken with the utmost caution; for when one considers that their happiness and that of another is at stake for life-time, it becomes necessary that they carefully study the nature and character of the chosen individual, and their own character, ere their fortunes in life are united.

Many a girl, to escape the appellation sneeringly given to the female class that remain single, marries one with whose nature she is wholly unacquainted, and only learns his real character by bitter experience!—She is introduced to one of pleasing address and pre-possessing appearance, and he becomes her *beau ideal* of a husband: a few hurried visits, a charming *billet doux*, a whispered yes, and she is his bride; but, alas, she finds that in after life a pleasing, attentive lover is not always capable of making a good husband.

A young man meets at a social party, a dance, or some other place of amusement, a young lady who by her pretty face, graceful accomplishments, and thousand little winning ways, finds her way into his heart. He becomes fascinated, and immediately resolves that the remainder of his life shall be devoted to her, whom he really fancies that he loves; but when the pleasing excitement of fashionable dissipation are for a while suspended, and she assumes the name of wife, he learns too late that all is not gold that glitters.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE BOQUET, AND OTHER POEMS. By James Scott Brown, Lancaster, Pa. : Murray, Young & Co., 1858 : pp. 124.

A new Poet—hailing from Lancaster county. This is a matter worthy of attention. We have examined this little volume with care and a good deal of interest. It is Mr. Brown's first appearance before the public, and we think it is in many respects quite successful. The movement and measures of the majority of pieces is easy and graceful. The first and longest Poem, the Boquet, has some very fine passages. As a whole it perhaps lacks progress in the thought. Like a boquet its grouping is at least apparently careless, but its flowers are none the less fragrant. Its greatest faults are perhaps to be found in repetitions of the same images, and the frequent use of compound words. Practice and careful study may enable the author to be still more successful. The following we regard the gem of the book. It is worthy of the pen of any of our poets.

A S O N G .

As the light to the flower, as the flower to the bee,
So, even so! was thy love to me;
 The light flies; the flower dies;
 The bee hies
Away to its home, and its winter cell;
And my spirit in darkness alone doth dwell.

As the Spring to the breeze, as the breeze to the Sea,
So, even so! was thy love to me:
 The Spring goes; the gale blows;
 The Sea knows
The strength of the giant invisible;
And my soul in a winter cloud doth dwell.

As the air to the bird, as the bird to the tree,
So, even so! was thy love to me:
 The air's dark; the bird stark;
 The tree—hark!
'Tis the leaves, which fall with a dying sound;
And I go to a rest, that is under ground.

The volume is gotten up in a neat and tasty style, and we should be glad to hear of its meeting with a ready sale. It is to be had of the publishers, Murray, Young & Co., Lancaster, Pa.

WHY DO YOU WEAR IT? Or, *The Fashionable Professor*. By James E. Giffin, A. M., Principal of the Churchtown Academy, Lancaster county, Pa. Lancaster, Murray, Young & Co., 1858, pp. 128.

This little volume contains much wholesome truth. The sin and folly of lavishing money uselessly on extravagance of dress are severely rebuked. The scripture testimony against this sin is strongly brought out. Its injurious effects upon the person indulging in it are shown, as well as its evil tendency in relation to the Church and the world. Our extravagant times call for such a treatise, and Mr. Giffin has well performed the work. Let it be bought and read. Thousands of copies might be circulated at less expense than is foolishly lavished upon the dress-follies of a single season, and far more to the advantage of men and women in time and eternity. To be had of the publishers in Lancaster, Pa.

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THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN.

BY JUDGE HAYES.

[This able address is on a subject which concerns every American Citizen, and presents much information with which especially the young men of our land ought to be familiar. On account of its solid character it requires not only reading but study. Let not its length deter any one from giving it a thorough examination. The nut that is hard to crack is often the sweetest.]—ED. GUARDIAN.

IN an address upon the opening of the Mechanics' Institute in this city, many years ago, the theme selected was, "The social order established in the United States of America;" on which occasion, it was supposed these propositions were successfully maintained:

1. That our system of social order best answers the true end of government; which is a trust committed by the governed, for their own benefit, to their rulers, as fiduciaries or agents.

2. That being founded on the natural basis of equality and justice, and commanding the support of public opinion, our government is administered with the least expense—the least show of force or parade of authority; but with the greatest possible efficiency.

3. That it is stronger, firmer, more tranquil by reason of its inherent energies and the sympathy and support of the people than either the English or French government with which it was compared; in fine, that it is the most stable of all governments, and the most efficient in securing obedience to the laws and repressing the turbulence of intestine commotions.

4. And therefore that the social order of the United States, as manifested in the frame of our government and its successful operation, is superior to that of the most powerful and enlightened nations of the old world.

Viewing it also as developed in the institutions of private life and individual fortune, the general spirit of improvement and the happiness and prosperity of the people, a conclusion equally favorable to our country, was attained.

It is not deemed necessary on the present occasion to repeat the argument or the illustrations by which those positions were confirmed. But

on the assumption of their indubitable truth, it would appear to be an appropriate inquiry, What is the duty incumbent on the citizen of such a government and a member of such a society? A system of polity, so superior and in some respects unique, must create novel and peculiar obligations. Has not a citizen of the United States other duties, than those of the subjects of countries less liberal and free—duties resulting from his political status or relation to the government?

The sovereignty of the people here, is by no means a vague generality; it is a substantial truth; and every citizen is really, and in fact, a member of the government. To comprehend this, we must consider, that behind the organization of our government, are the people, by whom it was established.

The Constitution is the frame of government, founded by the people. The Constitutions of the United States and Pennsylvania, begin with the announcement of this great truth: "We the people do ordain and establish this Constitution (so it is declared in the first) to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

To accomplish such objects, the government is framed, with three co-ordinate departments; the legislative, executive, and judicial, each having its separate and well defined province; that of the legislature being to provide the necessary laws; that of the courts to expound those laws, and that of the executive to superintend their execution. But in constructing the government, it was perceived that it was requisite to its operation to supply the departments with the properly qualified agents; and that since they were to hold their offices for a limited term, it would become necessary to choose from time to time, the incumbents of the legislative and other offices, established by the constitution. Had the constitution merely marked out and defined the legislative, executive, and judicial authority, it would have produced only a skeleton void of life or action—an engine without the power to move it. It was obviously essential that another branch of the government should be superadded for the purpose of electing, at stated periods, suitable persons to execute the powers which had been delegated to the three co-ordinate departments; and the people therefore, in the constitution have established an electoral body, consisting of the citizens, *i. e.*, of every white freeman, (according to the constitution of this Commonwealth) of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in this state one year, paid a State or County tax, &c. As electors, the citizens qualified to vote, constitute an efficient portion of the actual government, essential not only to its original operation, but to its continued subsistence. Periodically they are required to determine the selection of the legislative, executive, and judicial authorities, and the subordinate agencies by which the government is conducted. All the officers and agents who rule and govern, are of their choice. Each citizen by exercising his franchise as a voter, constantly participates in the appointment of those who wield the powers of government, and is, thus, an essential portion of the government itself. He is indeed subject to the laws, but so are the rulers by whom they are administered, the legislature who makes them, and the judge who expounds them; and if these functionaries be indispensable to the action

of the government, not less so, are the members of that body, who exercise the powers of election, to which they owe their existence.

Viewed in this connection, our government may be regarded as consisting of the electors and elected—the constituency and their representatives; each division and distinct portion, having its proper authority and functions derived from the people and precisely defined in the constitution; the people meanwhile retaining whatever they have not delegated, in the powers granted to the several departments of ^{the} government.

Thus we perceive, that every citizen, as an elector, is truly and effectively a member of the government, with functions strictly defined by the constitution, involving high and essential duties—duties as clearly and precisely incumbent on him, as any which the constitution devolves upon the members of the legislative, executive, or judicial branches. It is also seen, that there remain with the people *en masse*, many important rights not delegated either to the electors or the other branches of the government, but which at the formation of the constitution, they excepted out of the general powers of the government, and declared should forever remain inviolate. Among those rights reserved to the people, is the predominant sovereign right of altering, reforming, or abolishing their government, in such manner as they may think proper.

The object in presenting these views of our constitutional system, is to aid in the solution of the question, “What is a citizen to do?” An inquiry not without interest, we suppose, for all who approve the motto,

On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man.

In the celebrated sea fight of Trafalgar, the heroic Nelson made this sublime appeal to the patriotism of his fleet, in displaying the signal for battle: “*England expects every man to do his duty.*” Not a heart, we may suppose, on board that gallant navy, but swelled high with courage when his country was thus summoned in imagination to the warrior’s side to witness his prowess and devotion. Every arm was nerved to do or die, and their valor was crowned by a victory the most splendid in the annals of England, justifying thenceforth her triumphant boast—

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o’er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

In like manner, our country signifies in the frame work of her constitution, that she expects of every citizen and elector that he will do his duty; nor was the obligation to respond to such a call ever clearer or more cogent. It is founded, not on a general sentiment alone, but on the relation of the citizen under the constitution to his country and to his government. For in the first place, the citizen being a component part of the people, who formed the government, his own consent to the obligation is clearly implied. In the second place, the performance of his duty as a citizen and an elector, is necessary to the perfection of the government.

But what is the duty of the citizen of a republic like ours, so free, so beneficent, with institutions so equitable, and a social order superior to that which exists elsewhere? It has been shown that the exercise of his functions, as an elector, is essential to the government. First of all, then,

he should by no means regard it as a matter of indifference, whether he uses his elective franchise or not. It is a high constitutional obligation which he is bound to discharge. One man has no better right to omit this duty than another, for if one may neglect it all may; and on the supposed general dereliction of the duty, what becomes of the government? It must either cease to act or be abandoned to usurpation. The idea of the constitution is, that every qualified citizen shall vote at each election. Any citizen who declines to vote, virtually surrenders his share in the benefits of the government, or rather, he contributes, *pro tanto*, to its dissolution. The omission operates in its moral influence like the neglect to pay his taxes in its pecuniary consequences—the result in the latter case being a deficiency in the ways and means of carrying on the government, as in the former, it is a diminution of the legitimate effect of the constitutional requirement, that the elective agents or functionaries should be the choice of an actual majority of the constituency—the choice, in so far as it comes short of that point, failing to realize the intentment of the organic law. Hence the futility of the notion—too prevalent—that one vote is of no importance, being the elector is apt, in excuse of his neglect, to say, among the thousands or ten thousands of votes cast, as a drop in the ocean. But the ocean, it should be considered, is formed of drops, as the mountain is but an aggregation of particles; and the largest majorities are made up of single votes. An added drop will cause a full vessel to overflow—a feather fallen on a scale in equilibrio, will change the balance, and a careening ship in equipoise, be capsized by one additional grain; so a single vote may change an administration and with it the policy of the government. Such instances have actually occurred. In the State of Massachusetts, which in the last Presidential canvass, polled one hundred and thirty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-six votes, Governor Moreton was a few years since elected over Mr. Everett by a majority of one vote. How many thousand electors desiring his defeat, remained at home, each supposing that his single vote was of no consequence! Not so reasoned or acted the sages and patriots of the revolution. The father of his country invariably cast his vote. Bishop White, who slighted no duty, was ever mindful of this; and Chief Justice Marshall, whose patriotism was equal to his intellectual grandeur, discharged this great civil obligation to the last.

All who are convinced of their duty in this particular, as we have endeavored to demonstrate it, should, of course, regulate their conduct accordingly; and it may even be hoped, that they will employ their influence to correct the error of a prevalent custom. Lancaster County contains at least 18,000 suffrages. At the general election in 1854, the votes cast in this county for the candidates for Governor, were 15,661; being five hundred less than the proportion of the suffrages of Lancaster compared with the aggregate vote of the State. A large number of our electors (say from two to three thousand) commonly abstain from the polls. Here then is a field at hand, for the labor of those who take an interest in the eradication of existing evils, and implanting in their stead true ideas as germinating principles of action.

The sovereign power having organized a body of electors, for the purpose of designating by their independent and intelligent choice, the

proper agents in the several departments for carrying on the government, it follows that the electors in the discharge of this duty, should exercise all possible diligence and discretion, in order that they may elect the best qualified and most suitable persons for every place. This is enforced by every consideration of patriotism, and ought to be for each voter a cardinal point of conscience. In vain have the people ordained a free and equal system of government, unless the several departments are placed under the charge of the best citizens—the most upright, intelligent, and capable. Hence the exceeding importance of the elective power; it is the parental source of administration; it gives vitality to the government; and just in proportion to the care and fidelity with which it is exerted, will the administration of the several branches, be strenuous or feeble, pure or corrupt. Indeed, unless it shall demonstrably appear that merit furnishes the criterion of election, our government will in time lose its prestige and come to be regarded, as an experiment which has failed. If on comparison with other governments, it is discovered that talent and integrity are more rarely employed with us, our government will cease not only to attract the respect of the world, but to secure our own. It is therefore the manifest duty of the elector to choose as wisely and well as his opportunities duly improved will enable him to do; and never to cast his vote for a candidate whom he does not believe to be both capable and honest.

It seems to be the necessary result of any political arrangement, which gives a considerable number of people an active participation in public affairs, that parties will grow up in the State. It were vain therefore to deplore the existence of parties or party spirit amongst us, however we may condemn their excesses; nor can true patriotism desire their extinction, since that could only occur by reason of “a universal alarm for the public safety, or an absolute destruction of liberty.”

Generally electors are divided into two parties; and as candidates for their suffrages are designated previously to the election, there are usually but two sets of candidates for the various offices to be filled. Each elector must therefore vote for one or the other set, or for a ticket of his own selected from both; otherwise his vote is given to the winds. For this reason, an elector who desires to have a voice in the nomination of candidates, may find it expedient to attach himself to a party; and that party measures may be originated and conducted in a proper spirit, it is right that men of integrity should not stand aloof from party connections.

To a young man upon whom the duty of an elector has devolved, parties are an interesting subject of consideration. I shall say nothing about the choice of a party, for I mean in all my remarks to avoid any allusion to special politics; but supposing him to have espoused his side—what are the principles upon which he ought to act in relation to it? It is but reasonable that he should be affected with the *esprit du corps*, and desire the prosperity of his party. “To love the subdivision, the little platoon we belong to in society” (says Burke) is the first principle—the germ, as it were of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country and to mankind.” The act of associating implies concession and compromise of individual preferences, and an agreement to abide by the determinations of a majority. No resolve of a party could otherwise be of avail. In

all questions of mere expediency, or of probable utility, or of doubt in regard to the relative fitness of proposed candidates, any one may reasonably defer to the opinions of a majority, conceding that they are more likely to be correct than his own, or those of the minority. The exercise of a little modest reflection may satisfy him, that his judgment ought not to be weighed against that of a majority, actuated by purity of motives equal to his own.

But what is he to do, if the measures of his party are in his deliberate judgment, inimical to the general welfare, injurious to the rights of others, unconstitutional or illegal, or if the candidates of his party, are not only less fit than others, but in point of integrity and capacity wholly unfit for the stations which they are selected to fill? Can he support such measures or such men? Unquestionably not. His duty to his country and to his own character forbids it. He should oppose them upon the first suggestion; he should urge upon his associates, that their success could not be considerable or permanent, unless it were founded upon patriotism and justice; that the prosperity of a party depends upon the rectitude of its proceedings—that to secure the design of all patriotic party combination, the most able and upright candidates should be presented for the public suffrages—that every improper measure and every unfit selection, tend directly to break down a party as well as to injure the public interests; that character is as essential to the stability of a party as to that of an individual; and that, although temporary triumph attend the decisions of a party, yet if these were inconsistent with the general good, the effect would certainly be experienced, sooner or later, in the diminished favor of the public, and the slackened zeal of the members themselves. If such representations prove ineffectual to dissuade your associates from the contemplated course; if for the sake of some paltry object of self-interest or aggrandisement, they will rush into measures adverse to the public weal, your obligation to go along with them is at an end. Be true to your country and to yourself,

“And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

A party is distinguished from a faction, not by its numbers, but its aims, which are for the welfare of the country; whereas those of a faction always centre in some project of selfish advantage involving a sacrifice of the public good, or an encroachment upon the rights of others. A faction is ever hostile to liberty, and the formidable enemy to free government. It is the vice into which parties are most liable to fall, and against which they should most sedulously guard. The general welfare is the legitimate object of party. No matter how extensive the combination of political elements, if the interests of a few be its aim, and not the good of the whole, it should not be dignified by the name of a party. It is a faction merely. Hence, a minority may constitute a party, whilst the majority may be nothing better than a faction.

A party too, whose general conduct is patriotic, may under a temporary excitement of passion, or in the pursuit of particular interests, engage in the prosecution of factious measures. But the paramount duty of every citizen requires, that he should resist such measures, no matter whence they emanate. Were this course invariably adopted, it would tend to bridle the proclivity to party aberration; for factious partizans

would be deterred from suggesting improper measures or men, by the fear of the opposition they must immediately encounter, and of losing by defeat, their particular weight and influence. Let no consideration of party expediency, not even the pretended necessity of its preservation, divert him from the path of rectitude, or induce him ostensibly to approve what he conscientiously condemns. All such pretexts are fallacious. The only basis upon which any party can safely rest, is that of justice and patriotism. It may flourish for a while upon disingenuous expedients, but deception is necessarily shortlived, where men are free. Those who resort to it invariably lose in the end more than they gain; they lose their character, they lose the public confidence, and with it their future efficiency. The great portion or mass of the parties in our country, are disinterested and patriotic. They will go far in following their leaders whom they trust, and they are sometimes led astray; but once convinced that their confidence has been abused, they withdraw it altogether.

There cannot be one sort of obligations for a party and another for individuals; that which honesty demands from the latter, must be equally due from the former; that which patriotism and honor forbid to a citizen, must be equally forbidden to any number of citizens by whatever name they may combine or be designated.

If popularity be the prize, what conduct so well adapted to win it, as that which evinces an uncompromising attachment to principle? Integrity is undoubtedly the most popular characteristic of a citizen; and what more striking proof can be given of it, than an opposition founded on conviction to the present will of your party? You may suffer a temporary eclipse, but you will ere long emerge the brighter for the obscuration. You may for a time sink out of view, but the returning wave of public estimation, will place you on still higher ground than that on which you formerly stood. You will have shown yourself worthy of trust, by refusing to yield to the dictates of passion or prejudice, and by sacrificing present advantage to the maintenance of the right. The surest way to the hearts of an intelligent people, is found in the habitual exhibition of an honest independence of spirit; whereas the complaisant wooers of popularity, who trim their sails to every veering breeze, find instead of the thrift, which they expected to follow fawning, the contempt and scorn that they deserve:

“They live and are despised; they die, nor more are named.”

The most popular man of our day, owed his success more to the unflinching assertion of his own opinions, even when in conflict with those of his party, than to any other of the many causes of his extraordinary fortune. A belief in his integrity took root in the public mind, and the people rallied to his support in every emergency.

But suppose the contrary should happen to you; that on account of your honest difference of opinion, the favor of your party should be wholly withdrawn, you have the satisfaction, which springs from the *mens sibi conscia recti*,

“A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience;”

and which infinitely surpasses the hollow gratification of “the retail

politician," who basely panders to the low passions and prejudices of others, professes opinions which he does not entertain, and is everready

——— to sell
 "The mighty space of his large honor,
 "For so much trash as may be grasped thus."

Having in the sketch I have here feebly drawn, endeavored to show, that the sovereign authority rests in the people *en masse*; that by the constitution they have established a government of limited powers; that they have ordained those powers to consist of a body of electors, a legislature, an executive, a judiciary; and with respect to the citizen, that he is a real and efficient member of the government, in the capacity of an elector; that his duty as such is eminent and essential, and that it is neither to be neglected nor negligently performed, I desire now to invite your attention to some other considerations suggested by this view of our system.

The citizen having fulfilled his duty as an elector, henceforth bears a different relation to the government; he becomes a citizen at large, or one of the people, just as the legislator does, after his term of office expired. He is not entitled to exercise any control over the elected, whether legislator, governor or judge. By some means the notion has obtained, that the electors are entitled to instruct the representative or senator whom they have elected as to what measures he shall support, and what he shall not support; though it never was presumed that they were authorized to instruct the governor how he should act, or the court how they should decide. But is not the right as good in one case as in the others? If founded at all, it applies to the executive and the judge as well as to the senator and representative. It is a solecism void of foundation, and utterly inconsistent with the independence and obligation of the legislator. He, when elected, finds his powers and duties prescribed in the constitution, which he is sworn to support. Here his province and duties are defined, and he is sworn to perform his duty with fidelity. These are his only instructions, emanating from the sovereign authority of "we the people"—the same authority by which the elector was entitled to cast his vote, and by which as an elector, he is entitled to do nothing else. The electors are not to legislate. Who ever supposed they were invested with such a power? Who ever supposed that the senator and representative were sworn to perform their duty—as the electors might require? But possibly it may be said, that though as electors they may not instruct, yet as the people they may. To this I answer that the people, as before intimated, have *en masse* already delivered their instructions, which are recorded in the constitution and frame of government. Whatever they chose to grant or command they have there set forth; and in the declaration of rights, they have expressed all that they intended to reserve. They have not reserved the right of instruction, but they have reserved "the right in a peaceable manner to assemble together for their common good, and to apply to those invested with the powers of government for redress of grievances or other proper purposes, by petition, address or remonstrance." So the sovereign authority of the people, has left the legislator just as it leaves the governor, to his responsibility under his election and oath of office, and the constitutional requirements and reservations. He is not

warranted in dividing his responsibility with or transferring it to others. But by his faithful discharge of his duty, as therein prescribed, should he be judged; by that should he stand or fall, otherwise,

“———ill to example ill

“Would from his forehead wipe a perjur'd note;

“For none offend, where all alike do dote.”

Unquestionably the people are competent to instruct every department of government again and again; but then they do it by conventions of delegates chosen for the purpose of altering, reforming, or abolishing the government, and in the forms of organic laws; which power, as we have seen, they have also excepted in the present constitution.

But the legislature as settled by the Constitution has been duly elected; it is organized and it has performed its functions. Laws are passed and promulgated. What is a citizen to do? A law may be, in his belief, inexpedient, unjust, severe, or even unconstitutional. What is his duty? While the law subsists, he is subject to the law. His duty is to obey. He may endeavor to procure its repeal by every legal and constitutional means. He has the right to carry its constitutionality, in a proper case, into court, and have it there decided; but until repealed or decided by judicial authority to be unconstitutional, he is bound by the law. This duty exists under every government, and is enforced, the world over, by sanctions more or less stringent. Obedience is the life of government. It is the glory of our country, that the laws are here more faithfully executed than in any other. This is conceded by the most intelligent foreigners who have visited us. De Tocqueville, in his last work on the Democracy in America says, “In the United States, that numerous and turbulent multitude does not exist, which always looks upon the law as its natural enemy, and accordingly surveys it with fear and distrust. It is impossible on the other hand not to perceive that all classes display the utmost reliance upon the legislation of their country, and that they are attached to it by a kind of parental affection.” He further remarks —“Among civilized nations, revolts are rarely excited except by such persons as have nothing to lose by them; and if the laws of a democracy are not always worthy of respect, at least they always obtain it: for those who usually infringe the laws, have no excuse for not complying with the enactments they have themselves made and by which they are themselves benefited, while the citizens, whose interests might be promoted by the infraction of them are induced by their character and their station to submit to the decisions of the legislature, whatever they may be. Beside which the people in America obey the law, not only because it emanates from the popular authority, but because that authority may modify it in any points which may prove vexatious. A law is observed, because it is a self-imposed evil in the first place, and an evil of transient duration in the second.”

But while these remarks contain much truth, they must be taken as true only in general. We have too many laws which are imperfectly observed. We have some which are often disregarded; we have others which are obsolete,

“And have like unscour'd armor hung by the wall

“So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

“And none of them been worn.”

such facts are to be lamented, not only because they detract from the

honor acquired by general obedience, but because they tend to foster a lawless spirit. They strike at the root of authority. A law passed in defiance of the settled opinion of the public, would be an absurdity, since it would only pass to be repealed ; yet the mischief does not end with the repeal. The opposition excites passions which weaken obedience to all restraint and respect for the law-making power. Deprecating disobedience and resistance to authority, we cannot help reflecting that facts like those, suggest to legislators great caution in changing the laws. They should not only regard what is most desirable, but also what is practicable, and should consider, that in relation to all reform, the truest maxim is couched in the Latin phrase, *festina lente*.* In general all valuable and permanent improvement has proceeded to consummation, not *per saltum*,† but step by step, gradually advancing and rising like the superstructure of a noble building upon its solid foundation of rock. Men who are free will not be forced to accept even a benefit ; they must be persuaded. Force is the baton of the tyrant ; persuasion the instrumentality of the true statesman and patriot. In times of excitement there may be difficulty in determining what the public really desire. Enthusiasts and zealots who spurn at all obstacles, and whose heated imaginations overleap all bounds, are unsafe and perilous guides to this sort of knowledge. A wise and conscientious legislator will not lend himself to the passage of a law, which cannot be enforced, knowing that however desirable in itself the measure may be, such a result must prove fatal to it, by postponing indefinitely its establishment, with the super-added consequence of impairing the general respect for the laws, which is their best security. On the contrary, if he cannot establish the right he will not disdain to ameliorate the wrong, but like Solon, when he cannot establish the best system of laws, he will endeavor to establish the best that the people can bear.

The sentiment of reverence for law, should be sedulously instilled into the general mind. What are the laws, but the beneficent voice of our country, uttered for the good of all ; the gentle commands of the mighty mother, equally addressed to all her children ? It was the divine maxim of Plato, that we should never use violence to our country any more than to our parents ; and as filial piety forbids us to neglect or despise their behests, we should as little think of holding in contempt the laws of our country. The lenity and even indulgence with which the violation of the laws is often treated ; the crude opinions of inconsiderate and reckless men, approving their infraction, scatter broadcast the seeds of a most pernicious harvest. The natural fruit appears in that horrid mockery of justice, the cruel outrages and murders of lynch law, in the bloodshed and conflagrations of the mobs of our great cities, and the fearful increase of crimes of violence throughout the land. If the sentiment of veneration were habitually inculcated ; if men of standing and influence would be careful at all times “to speak good” of the law—or at least with the forbearance, if fault there be, that a respectable man would observe, in speaking of the actions of his parents, if such men and all good citizens, would moreover sternly denounce the violations of law

* Hasten slowly. † By a leap.

that come within their knowledge, a sound and healthful public opinion, would be generated, and not only would

“Heedless rambling impulse learn to think”—but
“Vice in his high career would stand appall’d,”

and wicked men be checked in their headlong course of infamy and crime.

In every country and under all forms of government, the duty of the individual member of society is indicated by the answer—“Render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar’s.” But if under despotic or arbitrary rule, there may be some color of excuse for a latitudinary interpretation (which I will not undertake either to assert or deny) yet in this our favored land, in which the laws are truly self-imposed, having originated in our own authority, emanated from our own choice, and being, as it were, contracts to which every man is a party, it is altogether unworthy and inexcusable to attempt to break or evade them. Not to speak of religious obligation, the most sacred of all ties—the feeling of self-respect a sense of what is due to our own character, the principles of common honesty and the honor of our country, are all concerned in the maintenance of our laws; lest it come to pass that though we have laws for all faults—yet faults be so countenanced, “that the strong statutes

“Stand like the forfeits in a barber’s shop,
“As much in mock as mark.”

In truth, obedience to law may be considered in the light of a positive duty, since all are liable to be called on by the sheriff to support the laws; for he is bound by his office to keep the peace, to pursue and take all traitors, murderers and felons and other misdoers, and commit them to gaol for safe custody; and for this purpose he may command all the people of the county to attend him.

Having perhaps, sufficiently wearied you, I might here conclude; but there is one topic more to which I would ask your attention for a few minutes before I close.

Among the fifteen maxims of the good Bishop Middleton, not the least useful is the following: “Manner is something with everybody, and every thing with some.”

I accede to the philosophy of this sentiment of De Tocqueville: “Nothing seems at first sight less important than the outward form of human actions, yet there is nothing upon which men set more store: they grow used to every thing, except to living in a society which has not their own manners. The influence of the social and political state of a country upon manners, is therefore deserving of serious examination.”

Were it true that our social order is productive of coarseness, brutality, or churlishness, that it deprives our mutual intercourse of the charms of elegant conversation, or the graces of urbanity—in short, that it proscribes good taste in any thing—that, we must admit, would form a heavy drawback from the excellence which we claim for it. We are aware such representations have been given to the world in pompous volumes by many recent travelers; some of whom have taken an extensive survey of our condition from the windows of steam cars and the decks of steamboats, rushing at the speed of two hundred miles a day from Boston to New Orleans. They of course are qualified to speak with accuracy. Among those *censores morum*, you may remember some,

who had the grace to become ashamed of their statements and have recanted them, and others—the Hamiltons, the Halls, the Fiddlers and the Trollopes, whose own manners were decisive proof of their incompetency to judge the manners of others. The shrewd Frenchman, whom I have quoted, remarks: “The English make game of the manners of the Americans; but it is singular that most of the writers who have drawn these ludicrous delineations belonged themselves to the middle classes in England to whom the same delineations are exceedingly applicable: so that these pitiless censors for the most part furnish an example of the very thing they blame in the United States; they do not perceive that they are deriding themselves to the great amusement of the aristocracy of their own country.”

The better explanation would appear to be, that instead of delineating the Americans, they have simply sat for their own picture and drawn themselves; and their humor is therefore the same with that of Congreve's *Coquette*:

“She likes herself, yet others hates,
 “For that which in herself she prizes,
 “And while she laughs at them forgets,
 “She is ~~the~~ ^{nothing} that she despises.”

There are some undeniable facts pertaining to this subject, the significance of which is remarkable. Throughout the length and breadth of our country, such are the respect ^{and consideration for} of the female sex, that any woman may travel from Maine to Texas and from seaboard to seaboard in the public conveyances, whether stages, railroad cars, or steam-boats, not only without insult, but with the invariable courtesy from every man of the tender of the best seat and the best place every where, and of being always first helped and to the best of every thing at the table. Nay it is of the most ordinary occurrence, to observe men giving up their own seats to females whom they never before saw, and standing themselves for hours in the cars, for want of room. So common is such conduct, that it hardly appears to demand the thanks of the party obliged. Now you may travel over England, Scotland and Ireland—through France—through Italy—through Germany, and you shall not see the parallel of this. On the contrary, the men in the polished Eastern Hemisphere, keep their seats, and let the ladies stand. They refuse to give up an inch of their rights for the ease and accommodation of the more delicate sex. I care not how dignified a posture a surly Englishman may assume, or how graceful a shrug a vivacious Frenchman may display, in keeping his place under such circumstances; I hold the act of the American, to be indicative, beyond all peradventure of superior gallantry and good manners. Who can doubt it? One might almost venture to submit so plain a question to a strong minded woman, who goes for nothing short of independence and equal rights, one might almost risk her decision of the point (were she the lady in question) which was the truer gentleman—the Englishman, who with dignified *nonchalance*, or the Frenchman, who with polished grimace, maintained his position while she was standing in the gangway, or the American rising from his seat without a word, and yielding it to her.

This national and characteristic fact does not rest upon the superficialities, or “outward form of actions;” it goes deeper, and is better than

mere conventional politeness; which is confessedly but an imitation of benevolence—the shadow of goodwill—whereas true politeness is goodwill in act and deed; and such is the fact we have cited. But there is something of delicacy, of tender respect implied in this action, which lends to it the roseate hue and perfume, (if we may so speak,) of the most refined politeness. It tells of gentle affections, of the relations of mother, sister, daughter,—of the charities of home and the fireside. It is a fact to which we may ever exultingly point, in vindication of our national manners.

Another national characteristic, akin to that we have just noticed, but even of graver importance, is the respect paid to the sanctity of the conjugal relation, the consequence of which is a purity of domestic morals, unknown in any other country, and most honorable to this. Nothing is more obvious, I believe, to an American, traveling abroad, than this difference. The laxity of European morals, on this point, is hideous. It is difficult for us to ^{con-}ceive how any people deficient in so cardinal a virtue, can have worth in any thing; or how it can be otherwise than that the state, where such customs obtain, should be rotten to the core. For myself, I confess my inability to respect or comprehend the merits of such a people. It may be well to hear a European statesman and philosopher on this subject. I again quote De Tocqueville. "There is certainly," says he, "no country in the world, where the tie of marriage is so much respected, or where the conjugal happiness is more highly and worthily appreciated. In America all those vices which tend to impair the purity of morals and to destroy the conjugal tie, are treated with a degree of severity, which is unknown to the rest of the world."

"It has often been remarked, that in Europe a certain degree of contempt lurks even in the flattery which men lavish upon women: although a European frequently affects to be the slave of a woman, it may be seen that he never sincerely thinks her his equal. In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them. They constantly display an entire confidence in the understanding of a wife and a profound respect for her freedom; they have decided that her mind is just as fitted as that of a man to discover the plain truth, and her heart as firm to embrace it; and they have never sought to place her virtue any more than his under the shelter of prejudice, ignorance, and fear. It is true that the Americans rarely lavish upon women those eager attentions which are commonly paid them in Europe; but their conduct to women always implies that they suppose them to be virtuous and refined; and such is the respect entertained for the moral freedom of the sex, that in the presence of a woman, the most guarded language is used lest her ear should be offended by an expression."

And he thus concludes: "I do not hesitate to avow, that although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position: and if I were asked now that I am drawing to the close of this work, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

We suppose these views evince the excellence of American manners as well in point of morals, as in whatever relates to the essence of a polite behavior ; but there is probably a deficiency in exterior address, in ceremonial punctilio, in the modulation of tone and the studied grace of action. And it may be true, as asserted by the writer whom I have quoted, that "nothing is more prejudicial to democracy than its outward forms of behavior. "Many men," he says, "would willingly endure its vices who cannot support its manners." The metal it seems may be of the purest ore, but wants the polish to give it brilliancy and credit. Still, I am unable to discover why the true metal may not receive the highest polish ; why virtue and merit should assume an outward form, or put on a dress which impairs their loveliness and splendor. There is surely no reason why courteous action may not accompany benevolent deeds, or graceful deportment may not herald kind intentions ; in short, why refined manners should not be the natural expression of a generous heart and cultivated intellect.

Therefore since "manner is something with every body and every thing with some," I shall commend it as the last point of duty, though it may not be the least, of the citizen to show by his behaviour, that there is nothing in our social order, to which grossness or vulgarity is congenial : on the contrary, that as it is adapted to produce and has produced the best condition of national morals—the truest exponent of these would be the most graceful and pleasing forms of outward action.

STANZAS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Lady. Will you please write in my album ?

The Poet. Certainly, with pleasure, fair lady.—OLD SONG.

When in festive days
 Music sweet we hear,
 Lingering long, the pleasant lays
 Still carol in the ear :
 We live again the happy time,
 By listening to their after-chime.
 So when we have joyed
 With those who won our love ;
 We cherish still their fragrant names,
 Where'er we rest or rove ;
 And any relic borne away,
 Will cheer some cloudy after-day.
 Then give me from your heart,
 Some earnest cheerful line ;
 And write beneath your name,
 To show that it is thine ;
 Then, here's my hand, good-bye, good-bye,
 A heaving heart, and a teary eye !

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[The following Poem is interesting on account of its pious sentiment and as a specimen of curious composition. By some it is attributed to King James I, and by others to Bishop Andrews.]—ED.

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let them haste unto
Our Father.

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except thou success us
Who art in Heaven.

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallowed be thy name.

Of all our miseries cast up the sum ;
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy Kingdom come.

We mortal are ; and alter from our birth ;
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth.

Thou mad'st this earth as well as planets seven ;
Thy name is blessed here
As 'tis in Heaven.

Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us,
Give us this day,

Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to feed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.

We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin.
Forgive us our trespasses.

No man from sinning ever free did live,
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, Thou never disdainest us ;
We pardon them
That trespass against us.

Forgive us that is past, a new path secure us ;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us—

We, thine own people, and thy chosen nation,
Into all truths, but
Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of the world-devil
And flesh, so shall Thou free us
From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen.

A M O T H E R ' S C A R E S .

BY THE EDITOR.

"I WOULD like to go this evening, but I cannot leave the children." These were the only words we caught of the conversation of two ladies who met and exchanged a few words on the pavement as we passed them. Strangely this sentence lingered in our ears, and deeply it touched our heart. Why it was that these simple words impressed us, the reader shall know.

It was toward evening on the fourth of July that we heard them. The place was a quiet and beautiful country village. Near the village there was a beautiful spring in a charming grove, which nature and art had combined to transform into a paradise. Here the happy villagers and hundreds from the country had spent the day in cheerful celebration of our country's natal day. There was fresh spring water, tables spread under the cool shade, music and speeches patriotic. There friends met friends in happy recognition, and there children played, and romped, and ran over the green sod, at the sight of which grey heads were reminded of their own childhood long gone.

From an afternoon visit to this cheerful scene the mother just mentioned was returning. "I would like to go this evening." What did that mean? The reader shall know. That grove around the spring, and the long avenue between rows of willows along the spring, leading all the way to the town, was that evening to be illuminated with over two thousand candles. On the large surface of clear water at the mouth of the spring were to float barks stuck full of candles. Along the slope above the spot where the waters gushed out strong enough to turn a large mill, were to be arches and other devices of blazing candles. The reader may imagine what a fairy scene that spring grove, and avenue, would present when thus lit up in a calm summer evening. To add to this grand display, several balloons were to be sent up with lights in them. There too the grove was to blaze and roar with all kinds of fireworks. The fire-crackers were to explode all around—the Roman candles puffing up into the tree-tops were to shed their variegated colors through the rich foliage—and the fierce sky-rocket was to soar still higher up through the calm air of evening to explode into a bright boquet at its highest point, making a half dozen fiery descending lines—while the whole scene was to be enlivened by the joyous shout of the spectators at each new wonder transpiring before them.

All this was in store in that beautiful grove for the evening. It was to this that the remark on the pavement referred. "Are you going out again," was evidently the question which we did not hear. The answer we heard: "I would like to go this evening, but I cannot leave the children."

We went; but all the while that sentence of the mother keep sounding in our ears. Its meaning seemed to widen before us as we reflected.

Incidental as it was, and insignificant as it may seem to many, to us it was as if the curtain which hides the quiet and anxious life of a devoted mother from common gaze had been parted, revealing a thousand things which we might have known on reflection, but which we never did see or think of as we should have done.

Call us foolish if you will, but we only liked ourselves the better when we found that every beautiful sight we saw in the grove on that festive and brilliant evening, carried our thoughts anew back to that mother, and would make itself a new commentary on the words we heard on the pavement. We had some eight miles to go home, and right pleasant to us were our meditations on the text, "I would like to go this evening, but I cannot leave the children."

What limitations are thrown around the mother of a family by the care of her children. They confine her to one spot, beyond which she cannot go without dragging

At each remove a length'ning chain.

She must have them on her arm or on her heart, at home and abroad. Others may lay down their work, lock up their treasures, and dismissing their cares, depart with a free heart on business or pleasure; but she has a work which will not be laid aside, treasures which cannot be entrusted to lock and key, cares which cannot be dismissed. The consequence is that she either remains confined almost wholly to her home, or is full of uneasiness abroad. How often when others go to seek that relaxation and temporary relief from care, so much needed both by body and mind, is she, sweetly, it is true, from the love of her heart, but weariedly at the sametime from over-action by toil and watching, bound to the circle of her home, saying to herself, "I would like to go this evening, but I cannot leave the children."

Few persons can enter with anything like adequate sympathy into the position of a devoted mother. As in nature we fail to take much notice of the beauties of the landscape through the changing seasons, because they are so common and natural, so we come short of appreciating as we ought, the regular and unwearied every-day devotion of a mother to the interests of her family. We regard her routine as a matter of course, without reflecting on the anxieties which it involves on her part.

It is possible that even faithful husbands may fail of recognizing fully the self-denying services thus rendered by the wife and mother, day after day. There is certainly a vast difference between picking up the children for a few moments in intervals of leisure, and sustaining the care of them without intermission. With the husband there is out-door relief, there are changes of pursuit, there is variety of object and exercise, and thus there is ease in shifting; but with the wife each day brings nearly the same monotony of duties and cares, and these all to be met in the same place, she is relieved by no outward variety, but animated alone by that golden life of maternal love which is the only power, after the grace of God, that can change her toils into pleasures. All this ought to be thought of by husbands, and such aid and sympathy rendered as circumstances may render possible.

We have said that even faithful husbands may fail here; but if defects in this respect are found in such as may be denominated faithful, what

must be said of the many who can hardly be characterized as such in truth. There are thousands who perhaps are scarcely conscious of the fact that the mother's life is passing as such a sacrifice on the altar of maternal love. They do not count over her cares, and consequently fail to enter into sympathy with them where they lie beyond the power of his alleviating offices. Not even leisure hours are devoted to a relief of her cares. The tavern, the store, the shop, or even the corner of the streets, afford a pleasanter recreation than the circle of home. What a sacred obligation is here violated. What a deep debt of gratitude is here left unpaid!

But we must not forget that this devotion of a mother to her children, like all sacrifices, has its rich reward. She exerts an influence, which is only the greater for its being silent. We are sometimes reminded of her power to bless and of her reward for that blessing, when we see how the child, even the boy and girl, still prefer to run to her with their little pains and sorrows. How instinctively do they run past the father to lay their tear-diffused faces into the mother's lap; and a word from her has more soothing power than a dozen from him. What a reward! Nor does the sweet lesson of love which they have learned of her, expend its power in childhood. More sweetly than all others does her "softer name" linger in the heart in later life, and grateful memory still affords the perennial consolation when she has gone to the saints' everlasting rest. We have heard of an old infidel, who having at last been compelled by grace divine to give up his rotten foundations, began to desire reconciliation. From his mother he had learned in early life, the elements of the christian religion. The remembrance of her teachings and especially of her piety now began to well up in his dark spirit, seeking the light. Her image mingled with his penitence and his hope, and thus he began his first prayer: "O God of *my Mother!* have mercy upon me." What volumes does this incident reveal. How does it illustrate the undying influence of a mother. This is her reward.

We sit under a laden fruit tree and refresh ourselves with the ripe results, but let us not forget the hand that planted and nursed it in its first and feeble years. In like manner, when we behold the manifold blessed results of a mother's self-sacrificing love, let us not forget to remember and mention her name with the gratitude due her noble life.

Did we suppose that beyond this, any mother reading this article should ask for a word of consolation in her toils, we would exhort her to look steadily to the joy that lies so near, and may be readily seen through the sorrow. In this, as in every labor that is truly worth performing and in every pain worth suffering, no night, no day, no cross no crown. As, according to our Saviour's word "a corn of wheat except it die remaineth alone," without fruit: but dying lives with thirty, sixty and an hundred fold power in others of its kind, so a life that lives to itself is alone and worthless, whilst that which dies to itself in devotion to others, truly lives in them for ever. Take heart weary mother! There are those who, though they may not sing so beautifully as the poet to your memory, will nevertheless muse over your name and kindness in the same spirit of grateful devotion:

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,

And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner in the dim, blue wave,
I stay to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

EVERY man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birth-place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is founded at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future. On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.

J E S U S C H R I S T .

[From Dr. P. Schaff's Church History of the First Three Centuries, to be published in Autumn.]

WHEN the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his only begotten Son, "the Desire of all nations," to redeem the world from the curse of sin, and to establish an everlasting kingdom of truth, love, and peace for all who should believe on his name.

In Jesus Christ a preparatory history both divine and human comes to its close. In him culminate all the previous revelations of God to Jews and Gentiles ; and in him are fulfilled the deepest desires and efforts of both Gentiles and Jews for redemption. In his divine nature, as Logos, he is the eternal Son of the Father, and the agent in the creation and preservation of the world, and in all those preparatory manifestations of God, which were completed in the incarnation. In his human nature, as Jesus of Nazareth, he is the ripe fruit of the religious growth of humanity, with an earthly ancestry, which St. Mathew traces to Abraham, the patriarch of the Jews, and St. Luke (the evangelist of the Gentiles), to Adam, the father of all men. In him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily ; and in him also is realized the ideal of human virtue and piety. He is the eternal Truth, and the divine Life itself, personally joined with our nature, our Lord and our God ; yet at the same time flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. In him is solved the problem of religion, the reconciliation and fellowship of man with God ; and we must expect no clearer revelation of God, nor any higher religious attainment of man, than is already guaranteed and substantially given in his person.

But as Jesus Christ thus closes all previous history, so, on the other hand, he begins an endless future. He is the author of a new creation, the second Adam, the father of regenerate humanity, the head of the church, "which is his body, the fulness of him, that filleth all in all." He is the pure and inexhaustible fountain of that stream of light and life, which has since flowed unbroken through nations and ages, and will continue to flow, till the earth shall be full of his praise, and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. The universal diffusion and absolute dominion of the spirit and life of Christ will be also the completion of the human race, the end of history, and the beginning of a glorious eternity.

Jesus Christ came into the world under Cæsar Augustus, at least four years before our Dionysian era ; for the year of Herod's death was 750, not 754, after the founding of Rome. He was born of the Virgin Mary, the bride of the Holy Ghost, at Bethlehem of Judea, in the royal line of David. The world was at peace, and the gates of Janus were closed for only the second time in the history of Rome. Angels from heaven proclaimed the glad tidings of his birth with songs of praise ; Jewish shepherds from the fields, and heathen sages from the east, greeted the new born king in the manger with the adoration of believing hearts. He

grew up quietly and unnoticed in the despised village of Nazareth in Galilee, under the care of poor but godly parents, and with no source of instruction save the secret communion of the soul with God, and the religion of the ancient covenant. He began his public ministry in the thirtieth year of his age, and chose from among the unlearned fishermen of Galilee twelve apostles for the Jews and seventy evangelists for the Gentiles. Three years he went about in Palestine doing good, speaking words of spirit and life, and working miracles of compassion and love. He had no earthly possessions. A few pious women from time to time filled his purse; and this purse was in the hands of a thief and traitor. He never courted the favor of the great, but was the object of their hatred and persecution. He never flattered the prejudices of the age, but rebuked sin and vice in all circles of society. He was no scholar, in the ordinary sense of the word, nor artist, nor orator; yet was he wiser than all earthly sages, he spake as never man spake, and he made an impression on his own age and all ages after, such as no man could ever make. He conquered sin and death on their own ground, and thus redeemed and sanctified the nature of man. He exhibited in his private life and public walk the purest and deepest love to God and man; a peaceful harmony of all the powers and virtues of the soul; an unexampled union of dignity and humility, of earnestness and love, of strength and meekness, of energy and mildness, of self-control and submission, of greatness and simplicity; in short, the ideal of moral perfection. At last he completed his active obedience by the passive obedience of suffering in perfect resignation to the holy will of God; and before he had reached the prime of manhood—the Saviour of the world a youth!—he died, condemned by the Jewish courts, rejected by the people, denied by Peter, betrayed by Judas, but surrounded by his weeping mother and faithful disciples; he died the shameful death of the cross, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, a free self-sacrifice of infinite love, to reconcile the world unto God. The third day he rose from the grave the conqueror of death and hell, the prince of life and resurrection; he appeared to his disciples; he took possession of his heavenly throne, and by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost he established the church, which he has ever since protected, nourished, and comforted, and with which he has promised to abide, till he shall come again in glory to judge the quick and the dead.

But a human pen can no more do justice to the life of Jesus (Comp. Jno. xxi. 25,) than one, to use the words of the genial and pious Lavater, could “paint the glory of the rising sun with charcoal.” The whole history of the church, with its countless fruits of the divine life of truth and love, is an imperfect commentary on the sketch drawn by the evangelists with childlike simplicity, yet unfathomable depth, and with such general and lasting effect as could not be produced by the highest arts of historical composition. The complete catalogue of virtues could give no adequate view of the great peculiarity in the character of Jesus, the absolute symmetry of all moral faculties, the perfect inward harmony, unruffled by the slightest passion or selfishness, never a moment withdrawn from the closest communion with the Father in heaven, or from unreserved devotion to the welfare of mankind. Here is truly the fountain of life and peace. Here is the highest union of piety and virtue, of

love to God and love to man, ever seen upon earth. Here is the "holy of holies" of humanity, before which infidelity itself feels an irresistible awe. Even a Rousseau exclaimed : "Socrates lived and died like a sage, but Jesus Christ lived and died like a God !"

The divinity of Christ, and his whole mission as Redeemer, is an article of faith, and, as such, above logical or mathematical demonstration. Yet it forces itself irresistibly upon the thinking mind.

It appears, in the first place, in his own express testimony respecting himself. This must be either true, or else fearfully presumptuous, and indeed downright blasphemy. But how can the latter supposition stand a moment before the moral purity and dignity of Jesus, revealed in his every word and work, and acknowledged by the general voice even of Unitarians and Rationalists ? The concession of the human perfection of Jesus involves the truth of his testimony respecting his own divinity, and of all those expressions in which he claims divine names, attributes, and worship. Self-deception, in a matter so momentous, and with a mind in other respects so clear and so sound, is, of course, equally out of the question. Thus we are shut up to the divinity of Christ ; and reason itself must at last bow in silent awe before the tremendous word : "I and the Father are one !" and respond with sceptical St. Thomas : "My Lord and my God !"

To the same purpose are the immense effects of the manifestation of Jesus, lying far beyond all human power ; the history of the last eighteen hundred years, which testifies on every page the moral glory and irresistible attraction of his holy name ; and the faith of the church, which is at this day as lively and powerful as ever, and more widely spread than ever before. The rationalistic and mythical methods of explaining the gospel, really explain nothing at all ; they only substitute for the supernatural and supernatural miracle in which they will not believe, an irrational and unnatural wonder ; they make the great fact of the universal Christian church a stream without a source, a house without a foundation, an effect without a cause, a pure absurdity. Against these we may quote with full right a remarkable testimony uttered by Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena, in full view of his own unrivalled career of victory and defeat. "I know men," said he to General Bertrand ; "and I tell you, Christ was not a man. * * * Everything about Christ astonishes me. His spirit overwhelms and confounds me. There is no comparison between him and any other being. He stands single and alone. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded empires. But on what rest the creations of our genius ? On force. Jesus alone founded his kingdom on love ; and at this hour millions of men would die for him."

Yes ; millions of the most enlightened, the noblest and the best of men, have freely died, and millions are now ready to die for the name of Jesus, while hardly one would lay down his life for Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon, for Socrates or Plato. In this single thought lies an unanswerable argument for the divinity of Christ.

Besides the artless, but for this reason all the more trustworthy and impressive portrait in the gospels, we have from outside the church a striking testimony concerning Christ from the mouth of the learned Jewish historian, Josephus, towards the end of the first century. This

testimony, first cited by Eusebius, is so strong, that several critics since the seventeenth century have declared it either in whole or in part an interpolation. But it is found in all the manuscripts of Josephus, who, though no Christian, yet, as the historian of his nation and age, could not have passed over Christ in utter silence ; the less, since he mentions also John the Baptist. The internal difficulty, that with such a persuasion of the Messiahship of Jesus he could not have remained a Jew, may possibly be solved by the consideration of his eclecticism and his acknowledged want of consistency and strong character. We here give his testimony from his *Antiquities of the Jews*, composed about the year 90 :—

“Now there rose about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man ; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He carried away with him many of the Jews and also many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. And after Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, his first adherents did not forsake him. For he appeared to them alive again the third day ; the divine prophets having foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of those called Christians, after him, is not extinct to this day.”

H E A V E N .

COMPOSED BY HILDEBERT A. D. 1133. TRANSLATED BY NEAL.

MINE be Zion's habitation,
 Zion, David's sure foundation !
 Form'd of old by light's Creator,
 Reach'd by Him, the Mediator.

Peace, there, dwelleth uninvaded,
 Spring, perpetual light unfaded ;
 Odors rise with airy lightness,
 Harpers strike their harps with brightness.

None a sigh for pleasure sendeth,
 None can err, and none offendeth ;
 All partakers of one nature,
 Grow in Christ in equal stature.

Home celestial ! home eternal !
 Home uprear'd by power supernal !
 Home, no change or loss that fearest,
 From afar my soul thou cheerest.

Grant me, Saviour, with thy blessed,
 Of thy rest to be possessed ;
 And amid the joys it bringeth,
 Sing the song that none else singeth.

LOTTERY FRAUDS.

ASTONISHING exposures have lately been made of lottery frauds which have been carried on extensively all over the country. We here sum up from different journals the facts in regard to this wicked business.

The public were probably wholly unaware of the extensive ramifications of the lottery system in the United States, until the recent and commendable efforts of the Mayor of New York called general attention to the subject. The evils of even fairly conducted lotteries have been found so great, that in most countries they have been suppressed by law. But the lotteries which have been broken up by the active exertion of the New York Mayor were only lotteries in name. They were a knavish device to obtain money, and their success shows the extent to which the passion for sudden acquisition pervades the public mind. Alluring schemes were sent out by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country. The needy, the hopeful, and the unwary, eagerly invested their money in tickets; but no prizes were ever awarded, because no drawings ever took place. By this system of swindling, we are told that men in various parts of the country have accumulated fortunes. One firm of lottery dealers, at Augusta, in Georgia, it is said, were receiving, at the time they were arrested, nearly a thousand dollars a week from their unthinking dupes. But notwithstanding such systematic and carefully contrived villany, the probability is that these men will, in some way or other, escape punishment. The community, however, have been put upon their guard, and if they will continue to throw away their money upon knaves and swindlers, they merit no other sentiment than contempt.

The spirit of gambling is inherent in human nature. It is a passion, when once awakened nearly impossible to subdue. So injurious have governments found it to the industry, habits and morals of their subjects, that they have, more or less, interposed to repress it; extirpate it they could not. It is equally true that governments have stimulated and encouraged this passion. England, in various periods of her history, has instituted state lotteries as a means of raising revenue. They were conducted by the government, and large prizes were distributed. The nobility and gentry eagerly bought tickets, and even Lord Chatham, the most incorrupt public man of his time, did not scruple to reward the adherence of needy members of parliament by giving them chances in the lottery. Horace Walpole in one of his letters tells with evident gusto, of his drawing £500. Mary Wortley Montague, while living in Italy, writes and thanks one of her friends for his kindness in making investments for her in the lottery.

The system of state lotteries was carried on for a long time in France, and is still carried on by Spain, Hamburg, Tuscany, and the States of Rome. The lottery at Havana withdraws every year from this country an immense sum. An attempt was made at the last session of the Legislature of Louisiana, to establish a lottery in that State, and one of the arguments employed was, that it would be the means of retaining

at home three-quarters of a million *per annum*, which is now sent abroad in the purchase of tickets.

The experience of England, France and the United States, is decisive as to the injurious effects of lotteries. The Congress that declared our independence, the Congress of 1776, instituted a national lottery. Many of the States followed their example. Pennsylvania continued the system down to a comparatively recent period. And, it has been found, in this country as in France and England, that whatever diverts men from settled pursuits, and educates them to rely upon their hopes rather than their industry, tends inevitably to the impoverishment and demoralization of the community. This is the effect of even fairly conducted lotteries. Fraudulent lotteries are attended with the same mischief, and are unredeemed by even a possible benefit.

Mayor Tiemann lately received numerous complaints against New England lotteries which prosecuted their swindles by sending circulars, schemes, and ten tickets to certain persons, promising a per centage on the proceeds of the sale of the tickets, but though the money was remitted to head-quarters, no per centage was ever received. One of these complaints came from a clergyman of Manhattanville, who had thus been requested to act in the capacity of lottery agent. The Mayor wrote to the different lottery concerns, but receiving no reply, despatched Sergeant Berney to ferret them out, and, if possible, bring them to justice. He carried with him an explanatory and introductory letter from the Mayor to the District Attorney of Rockingham county, N. H.

The Sergeant passed through Boston, and Dover, N. H., making some arrangements as he went along, and finally visited Exeter, N. H., the shire town of Rockingham county, in which the lotteries were mainly located, and where he hoped to procure the assistance of the authorities in carrying out the object of his expedition. The District Attorney and Sheriff of the county readily entered into the Sergeant's plans. The Sergeant made complaints against the parties, but found great difficulty in getting any Justice of the Peace to sign the warrants. He visited four or five Justices, who dodged the responsibility of meddling in the matter, under one pretence or another, but finally he came across one who was not afraid, and who issued the necessary papers.

The Sergeant, accompanied by Sheriff Towle, then visited Plaistow, N. H., where it had long been known that a lottery was located. They found the concern in a hotel, kept in a chamber in the second story, but there was nobody on the premises who answered to the ownership of the lottery. The real owner was a Mr. Wm. P. Shute, who had escaped to Haverhill, having learned in a secret manner of the Sergeant's expected visit. A large number of documents were found, conclusively showing the whole thing to be a swindle.

The plan upon which the lottery was conducted, as well as all the others mentioned below, was to issue circulars, with ten accompanying tickets, and a scheme announcing prizes to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, directing them to persons all through the country, who, it was thought would be likely to assist as agents, giving them one-tenth of the proceeds of all tickets sold. The tickets (here was a new dodge) purported to entitle the holder to an admission to a grand levee, ball or festival, which of course never came off, and was only a cloak for

the fraud. The tickets were sold for one dollar each, and bore the pictures of spread eagles or ball-room scenes, with the important information that "the managers" were "chosen by the company," meaning, of course, that the prizes were impartially drawn, and distributed under the supervision of said mythical managers.

About 10,000 tickets were sent out every month with a new scheme, and about one-third of the whole number was generally sold. Not long ago two thousand six hundred letters were received in one mail. The lottery has been in existence about three years, and has never been known to distribute a single prize. The proprietor is very wealthy, and lives in luxurious style.

The appearance of the officers in the quiet village of Plaistow made a great stir, but the people were not astonished at the revelations of the existence of these iniquitous concerns in their midst, having long been aware of them.

The Sergeant and the Sheriff having overhauled the Plaistow lottery, went next to North Salem, N. H., where the lottery of Morgan, Wilson & Co., is located, but no office could be found there in which the business was carried on. It was ascertained that the owners resided in Haverhill, and visited North Salem daily to take out the letters which came to the post-office there. The lottery at North Salem was conducted on a similar plan.

The next move was to Atkinson Depot, N. H., where there is only one house. Joel Miller & Son, Harris, Rogers & Co., Kent, Marshall, Harmon & Co., E. R. Spalding, Moulton & Co., Hargrave, Pearson & Co., A. L. Howe, Wilson & Co., C. R. Bowen & Butler, all had their lotteries purporting to do business at this one house and "one horse" village. The postmaster told the officers that the lottery owners came from Haverhill, Mass., daily for the letters, and left their schemes to be sent away, and that each firm was represented by different men. Five hundred letters were found in the post-office, which had accumulated in one day, and had not been called for. The postmaster was requested by Sergeant Berney, who had received authority to that effect from the Postmaster General, to send the letters, and all others that should afterwards arrive, to the dead letter office at Washington.

The officers then went to South Kingston, N. H., a village with half a dozen houses, where they found a firm of Hargrave, Benton & Co., pretending to do business. The lottery concern was situated over the post-office, and George F. Carlton and A. A. Burbank (the latter the postmaster's son) were the real proprietors. Those persons having learned of the Sergeant's coming, escaped arrest with a fast horse. After instructing the postmaster to return the letters, &c., the officers went on to Newton, N. H., a town of bigger pretensions, and there found that Foster, French & Co., were carrying on a flourishing lottery business without any office, through the post. The real owner was Alonzo Shute, brother of the Plaistow Shute, who lives also in Plaistow, and called daily for his letters. Several letters were found in the post-office there, which were re-mailed to Washington.

All the above mentioned lotteries were visited and overhauled in one day. They are all conducted on the same plan, and each send out about 10,000 letters a month, with the accompanying tickets, schemes, &c.,

and receive about one-third the amount of the tickets (\$1 each) back in money.

The next day, the Sergeant, bidding farewell to the Sheriff of Rockingham county, went to Nassau, N. H., and Manchester, N. H., and Haverhill, Mass., where lotteries formerly had been; but the parties, frightened, had abandoned the business and gone to Boston. The Sergeant returned to Boston, and there hunted up four bogus lotteries, conducted on the above plan, by the following parties:—C. H. Parker & Co., G. W. Moore & Co., Wm. H. Ayres & Co., Carter & Co. The Chief of Police of Boston did not know of the existence of these lotteries, but, being informed by the Sergeant, promised to take measures for their suppression.

Postmaster Capen, of Boston, upon the representations of the Sergeant, at once interested himself in a plan to arrest the owners of these lotteries. He left word with his clerks to request the parties, when they came for letters, to call upon the postmaster, who wished to see them on business—but the fellows were too sharp for him, and on learning that the official wanted to see them, immediately vamosed without taking out their letters, and thus escaped arrest for the present. The letters which arrive hereafter to their address will be set to the dead letter office.

Efforts will be made by the proper authorities in Massachusetts and New Hampshire to arrest the persons connected with all the above mentioned swindles; but even should they escape the hands of justice, great good has already been accomplished by exposing the concerns and putting the public, far and wide, on guard against them, by these disclosures through the press.

Other similar establishments are believed to be in existence in Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, which will receive the Mayor's attention.

THE BAND OF HOPE.

THERE is a fine little paper published in England, called the "Band of Hope." It is a temperance paper, sprinkled with pictures, and spicy with good reading. A famous temperance lecturer from Glasgow has interested us very much telling about the children's temperance societies which are forming in England. They are not called "cold-water armies," or "try companies," or temperance societies, but "Bands of Hope." It is a beautiful name. I like it very much. There is a band of hope which meets every week at my house; but it is not a temperance society only or merely. It is a boys' prayer-meeting. It is composed of boys who hope they have enlisted in the service of their heavenly Master, and they meet once a week to encourage and strengthen each other in right doing, and to ask God to bless them. You see it is a band of hope, not only for temperance and all good morals in this world, but it takes in a hope beyond the grave. I think a boys' prayer meeting is in the highest sense a band of hope. If they have the heavenly hope first, all other hopes, hopes for their temperance, hopes for their integrity, hopes for all virtues follow in the train.

I N S T I N C T O F B I R D S .

CUVIER, the celebrated naturalist, was fond of telling his friends how his attention was first turned to natural history. When young and poor, he was glad of a situation in the household of one of the inferior noblesse as tutor to his sons. The residence of the family was an old chateau in the south of France, and an attic was assigned to Cuvier as his apartment; the window looked into the garden, and as the chateau stood on the slope of a hill it commanded an extensive view of a rich champagne country. At his window, young Cuvier, who was an early riser, spent the hours before study inhaling the rich perfume of the flowers, and feasting his eyes on the lovely prospect that stretched out before him.

One morning he observed two swallows visit repeatedly one of the upper corners of his window, as if examining its suitableness as a spot to build their nest in; they adopted it, and forthwith began carrying clay in their bills for the outer crust; this in a very short time they completed, and then the nest was formed within it. So soon as their work was finished, the two builders disappeared for some days.

While the industrious pair were engaged in preparing their future habitation, Cuvier observed two sparrows perched on the lowest crowstep of one of the gables of the chateau, and nearly opposite his window, who appeared to watch with interest the progress of the builders; they were quiet lookers-on, and he often wondered what could be their object in so patiently observing the labors of the swallows. This he soon learned; for on the day following the finishing of the nest and the departure of its owners, the knavish sparrows boldly took possession and established themselves in it.

His attention was now attracted to the nest, for he expected its rightful owners to return; but he noticed that while one of the sparrows went off in search of food, the other remained at home, with its sturdy bill ready to defend the entrance, as if expecting the return of those whom they had so dishonestly robbed of their dwelling. In a few days the swallows returned; but on flying to their anticipated home, they were met by the stout blunt bills of the intruding sparrow, and fairly beaten off. After this fruitless attempt to dislodge the intruder, the injured birds flew away, and left the thievish sparrow to chuckle over the successful roguery.

But the business was not at an end; for on the following morning Cuvier was surprised at seeing troops of swallows alighting on the crowsteps and roof of the chateau, and among them he observed his old friends the builders, who flew about among their companions and twittered incessantly. His eye was now rivetted on the assembled swallows, for he saw that they had business on hand; and it was speedily entered upon, for a little troop made an assault on the stolen nest. But now two strong bills guarded the entrance, and defied all the efforts of the courageous swallows. Still the attack was continued by fresh assailants, and maintained until they seemed satisfied of the impossibility of dislodging the sparrows, when in a body they flew away.

The sparrows now seemed fixed in their ill-gotten property, and a roistering time of chattering they had after the retreat of their enemies : if, however, they chuckled over their prowess, and rejoiced in the comforts of their stolen home, their triumphs were destined to be short-lived, and a fearful fate awaited them.

In a very short time the swallows returned in still greater numbers, each having some soft clay in his bill, with which in a few seconds they hermetically closed up the entry to the nest, and consigned the imprisoned robbers to a lingering death. But this was not all ; for as if to make escape utterly impossible, another nest was constructed abutting on the original one, the back part of which added to the thickness of the clay which shut in the sparrows. The crust was soon finished, a nest was formed in it, for a score of birds assisted in the work, and the owners of the purloined nest were duly installed in their new home, which to the thievish sparrows made their tomb.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now ;
I feel her hand upon my brow,
 As when in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
 Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now ;
Her hand is on my burning brow,
 As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed in all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
 With healing power.

My mother's voice ! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
 The patriarchs of old ;
And gazing downwards in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace
 My blue eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
 And whispers round my heart ;
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear and think that she is nigh,
 And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside
The voice of Friendship, Love, had died,
 That voice would linger there ;
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
 Or rose in prayer.

F A M I L Y F A I L I N G S .

THE habit of viewing everything in a ridiculous light, is one of the family failings that I would warn against. It too often leads to an unamiable desire to defeat and hold up to ridicule the faults of others, and it almost always destroys the finer feelings of admiration for what is beautiful, and the tender and more lovable qualities of putting the best construction upon the action of others, etc. A critical, censorious, fault-finding woman is a most unamiable being; and let us not conceal the true odiousness of such propensities in ourselves, under the guise of a sense of the ludicrous.

In many families, however, where both love and good temper prevail, there is what may be called an irksome, rather than a sinful, mode of carping and contradicting one another. No harm is meant, and no offence is taken; but what can be more irksome than to hear two sisters, for instance, continually setting each other right upon trifling points, and differing from each other in opinion for no apparent reason, but from a habit of contradiction? and such a habit does it become, that one may sometimes see persons who have acquired it, contradict their own statements just made, the moment any one advances the same opinion. It is generally on such trifles that this bad habit shows itself, so that it may seem needless to advert to it; but it is a family fault, and should be watched against, for it is an annoyance, though but a petty one, never to be able to open your lips without being harassed by such contradictions as, "O no, that happened on Tuesday, not Wednesday;" or, if you remark that the clouds look threatening, to be asked, with a tone of surprise, "Do you think it looks like rain? I am sure there is no appearance of such a thing." Narrate an incident, every small item is corrected; hazard an opinion, it is wondered at or contradicted; assert a fact, it is doubted and questioned; till you at length keep silence in despair.

A DAUGHTER'S CONVERSION.—"Well," said a mother one day, weeping, her daughter being about to join the church, "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into the Bible; to see her retire and seek God, while I never pray; to see her going to the Lord's table, while his death is nothing to me?" "Ah," said she to the minister who called to tell her of her daughter's desire, wiping her eyes, "yes, sir, I know she is right and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, patient under many things done to provoke her, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When in her late sickness she was looking for her death, heaven stood in her face. Oh that I was fit to die. I ought to have taught her, but she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the church of God, and leaving me far behind, perhaps for ever." From that hour this mother began to pray in earnest that the God of her child would be her God; and not long after, was she seen walking in company with her in the way to heaven.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, Translated from Herzog's Real Encyclopedia, by Dr. Bomberger. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1858.

We have before us Part VII. of this excellent work. We can only repeat what we have heretofore said in regard to this great work. It is a library in itself. It was at first supposed that the condensed translation of this work could be included in two volumes, but the publishers inform us that "in consequence of the expansion of the German work beyond the limits originally set" the English publication will extend to three volumes. This is all the better, as we shall thus have so much more of what is so well worth having. The present part comes down to the word "Dogmatics." We are much pleased with the neat manner in which Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston get up this excellent work. The translators seem to do their part with much care and correctness. We wish the work all success.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, TIFFIN, OHIO. We have received the seventh annual catalogue of this institution, from which we learn that the total number in attendance during the year is 160. The regular course of study is full, and the faculty are able men in their several departments. Our western readers will do well to patronize this Institution.

FIRST ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF MENDOTA FEMALE COLLEGE. 1857-8. It is surprising how fast they do things that ought to be done, in the far west. This institution, together with the town of 3,000 inhabitants in which it is located, have just sprung up in the prairies of Illinois; and though the Female College has been but a year in existence, it already numbers 77 pupils. Who does not rejoice in view of the facilities which are now everywhere afforded to all females who desire to secure an education of the highest order.

Two large and beautifully finished steel plate engravings, 31 by 22 inches, painted by T. G. Duvall, engraved by Illman. 1. John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, 1667: his blind child leaving him for the night. 2. The Wife of John Bunyan interceding for his release from Prison. Proofs on India paper ten dollars the pair; plain impressions six dollars the pair. J. Van Court, publishing agent, 243 Arch-st., Philadelphia.

In the age in which we live, it has become almost indispensable that we should decorate the walls of our apartments with some kind of pictorial representations; nor are such mere luxuries—they are, when judiciously selected, useful as well as ornamental; they impart instruction; they afford real pleasure, and no family with any pretensions to good taste or refinement, can maintain their social position without their aid. It is, therefore, peculiarly incumbent upon the christian, that the ornaments of his dwelling should be of a suitable character, suggestive of holy principles and aspirations, and calculated to edify and instruct the various members of the household. The beautiful engravings before us are in a very high degree adapted to these ends.

The first engraving exhibits the Prison at Bedford, where Bunyan was most unjustly confined for twelve years by his remorseless persecutors, at a

time when both civil and religious liberty was but little understood or enjoyed; his blind child has been visiting her father and is receiving the paternal benediction, whilst the jailor stands respectfully aside with deep compassion and veneration depicted on his countenance. Bunyan's uniform and unexceptionable deportment and character had enlisted the deepest sympathies of the jailor; his forgiving spirit; his manly endurance; his patient meekness; his great loving heart, cherishing its affections in all their relations as husband and father, scarcely thinking on his own wrongs when counterpoised with the deprivations of his wife and children. "That poor blind daughter of his, what was to become of her!"

John Bunyan's sufferings called out his wife's nobility of character. We have abundance of examples on every hand of female devotion; history supplies them without number, and there are few subjects more worthy of pen or voice than woman's love, whether we contemplate her as daughter, sister, wife, or mother. Mrs. Elizabeth Bunyan showed what this passion would do, and the second Picture exhibits her in her persevering attempts to procure the liberation of her husband from his undeserved imprisonment. She petitions Judge Twisdon; she petitions Sir Matthew Hale; the petitions meet with no attention. She visits the Judges in open court; she is her husband's advocate; otherwise she has no help nor countenance, except what was derived from her abounding affection; before which all opposition, mean and mighty, is borne down. She becomes a very logical juriconsult, learned in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—in the higher law—man's original charter. She reduces her adversaries to the miserable resource of continually repeating "He was lawfully convicted." Shakspeare's learned Doctor of Laws, from Padua, "a Daniel come to judgment," can scarcely stir the heart so much as the earnest, unaffected advocacy of this sterling woman. The Court scene has much to recommend it, independent of its artistic skill. The fidelity of the likeness of the principal characters; the costume of the Judges; the dress and manners of the times; the captious pickthank face of Judge Twisdon; the convinced and legally helpless expression of the illustrious Hale; the stolid expression of the tipstaves, sheriffs, javelin men, and inferior members of the Court, and the divinely beautiful face of the pleading wife, are all portrayed with a masterly hand.

The blind child and jailor are depicted with equal force and felicity, and add much to the interest of the scene. These two Engravings may be recommended as well adapted to ornament the christian parlor.

THE GUARDIAN.

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No. 9.

H U M B U G S .

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have regarded it as a solemn duty to keep the readers of the Guardian posted on the business of humbugs. We hope they have listened to our warnings; and if so they have been saved from the folly of thousands of verdant fools, who, have sent their loose change richly to those sharpers who weave their spider nests from the cities all over the country by means of advertisements, and thus swindle the unwary of their money. They have been over and over exposed; and yet the army of fools marches forward to lay their offerings at their feet. Few persons have any adequate conception of the immense number of victims which these humbugs are daily duping, or the amount of money that is continually sent to them.

New exposures have lately been made which are truly astounding. Who has not heard of the "Retired Physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out." His advertisement has been seen in scores of papers, and many have been his victims. He represented himself as an aged retired physician, who desired still to be useful to his fellow-men, and such he was regarded by thousands who could not or would not see the humbug. But who was he really? The New York Leader shall tell us all about him and his swindling operations.

About two years and a half ago a comparatively young journeyman printer, born in Vermont, but reared and instructed principally in Connecticut, having failed in various newspaper enterprises, (among them the *Empire City*, the *Golden Dollar*, and the *Cheerful Visitor*, which was anything but a cheerful visitor to many of the subscribers, who paid their money but did not get their paper,) conceived the brilliant idea of going into a new style of business. He selected the patent medicine trade, as that offering the greatest inducements, and employed a literary man connected with the Sunday press to write him a scheme. The scheme was written. It was that of the "Retired Physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out." The basis of this medical scheme was *Cannibis Indica*, or, in other words, East India Hemp, a powerful drug, which can only be procured in small quantities, and then merely at intervals, and at great expense. A skillful story, which our readers

have often perused, was contrived to make the medicine "go down." There is no old or young Dr. H. James who was in the East, or even in the West Indies; there is no *Cannabis Indica* in the medicine sold, it being merely a compound of cough simples, (liquorice, slippery elm decoction and honey, prominent, costing, the bottle included, sixteen cents.

The real Dr. H. James is the printer aforesaid—Oliver P. Brown. He hires an old man named Kuyper to represent Dr. H. James, and pays him a mere stipend for the personation. Here is the proof, but other is ready if wanting:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, JERSEY CITY, }
March 15, 1858. }

A. HARMAN, Esq.,—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor, and in reply would say there is no such person as Old Dr. James residing in our city, but an old man is employed to personate him. The whole matter is well understood here as an imposition. Respectfully yours,

SAM'L WESTCOT, Mayor.

But is Mr. Brown content with this arrangement? Oh, no! He has gone into partnership with a fellow who is called H. Monnett. The firm is Monnett & Co., (in other words Monnett & Brown,) and the head quarters is at the northwest corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New York city, opposite the Mercer House. They have published a paper and a book, respectively bearing the titles of *The Magic Monitor* and *Medical Intelligencer*. The paper is sent to all parts of the South and West, and of course advertises the book. The book advertises the business. One of the departments is on "Magic." Here is a specimen.

TO CHANGE MERCURY INTO GOLD.—Take of fine gold a quarter of an ounce, mercury one ounce. Put both in a strong bottle, and hermetically seal the same. Put it in horse dung for ninety days. Take it out at the end of that time, and see what you have. Now pour on to it half its weight of sal ammonia. Now set it on the centre of a pot full of sand over a slow fire, let them distil into a pure essence. Add to this compound two parts more of pure mercury; hermetically seal your bottle again, and put it back into the horse dung for ninety days. Then take them out and see what you have—a pure ethereal essence, which is the pure living gold, 24 carats fine. Pour the pure spiritual liquor out upon a drachm of molten fine gold, and you will find that which will satisfy your hunger after this grand secret. For the increase of your gold will seem miraculous, as indeed it is. Now take it to a jeweler or goldsmith; let them try it in your presence, and you will have good reason to bless God for being the recipient of superior wisdom.

PURE GERMAN SILVER.—Best copper eight parts; zinc three and a half; nickel three parts. If you make German silver in this way, it will be white and beautiful, and nearly like pure silver. This is done by the use of a crucible and heat of course. I do not speak of the common article. It is cheap article, and the best is the cheapest of anything. This, like any other metal, may be easily plated with pure silver, if required.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—Dies to make millions of impressions, easily made as hard as fine steel, and far superior to those used in the United States mint. The cost of making them is almost nothing; they are made in the following manner, viz: Take copper, zinc and silver, in equal proportions and then melt them together, and mould into the forms you desire, and bring the same to a nearly white heat. Now lay on the things that you would take the im-

pression of, and press it with sufficient force, and you will find that you have a perfect and beautiful impression.

HOW TO INCREASE THE WEIGHT OF GOLD.—I take the following from *Natural and Celestial Magic* in twenty books, published by the celebrated John Baptista Porta, in London, in 1658. It would be doubtless valuable to many. Here it is :

“Take your bar of gold and rub it long and carefully with thin silver until the gold absorb the quantity of silver that you require. Then prepare a strong solution of brimstone and quicklime. Now put the gold into a vessel with a wide mouth. Now let them boil till the gold attain the right color, and you have it ; but do not use this knowledge for an ill purpose.”

Does any one believe such nonsense ? Yes, thousands, as we shall presently see when we come to the profits of the business. Perhaps your next door neighbor has been hatching gold on his dunghill, and taken it out with awful expectation after ninety days “to see what he has.” The dupes will not tell you, for shame, when they have been fooled out of a \$5 or a \$10. One thing is certain, they never “use their knowledge for an ill purpose !”

Dr. H. James Brown Monnett continues the Leader is not content with these names, but he also advertises the wonderful virtues of the “California Laurel !” What is California Laurel ? He also offers to banish fevers, agues and dyspepsia by the use of a “Clairvoyant remedy”—that is, a remedy discovered by a young girl while in a magnetic trance. These are put forth under the name of Dr. Tracy Delorme, who is to be addressed at the New York Post-office. We also find Brown figuring under the *alias* Professor James T. Horne. The “Professor” advertises in all the country papers that he will teach anybody to make \$1,000 a year, if not more, upon the receipt of a certain sum in postage stamps. The nibblers are sent, in reply to their application, a recipe for the manufacture of artificial honey and the *right* (bogus) to sell in any county which the dupe may select. The recipe and right costs the dupe \$5. Here are both—copied from the originals. Of course the signature affixed to these precious documents is the signature of anybody Brown may choose to select to do his business as clerk :

RECIPE.—Take ten lbs of good white moist (brown) sugar, three pounds of soft water, two and a half lbs best bread honey, forty grains of cream of tartar, twelve drops of Oil of Peppermint, half an ounce of gum arabic, one drop of otto of roses ; put them into a brass or copper kettle, and let them boil for five minutes, then take two teaspoonsful of pulverized slippery elm and mix with one lb. of water ; then strain it and mix it into the kettle ; take it off and beat up the white of two eggs and stir them in ; let it stand two minutes, then skim it well, and when nearly cold add one lb. of pure bees honey, and so on for larger quantities.

By adding more slippery elm to a proportionate quantity of water, the manufacturer can make it as cheap as he pleases, as a small quantity of slippery elm will thicken a pail of water to the consistency of honey.

N. B.—What we mean by bee bread honey, is that made by the bees in the fall of the year to subsist on during the winter, it being much stronger than that made in the spring. If that cannot be procured, honey in the comb will answer the same purpose, by putting in one-half pound more than is given in the recipe, but makes considerable difference in the price.

RIGHT OF SALE.—This is to certify that, in consideration of the sum of

\$—— received by me from ——, I do give to the said —— right to manufacture and sell the honey made from my recipe in the —— of ——

Signed and sealed by me, Professor JAMES T. HORNE, [L. s.]

Some of our readers may have purchased of this honey. If so, we hope they got it cheap, since "the manufacturer can make it as cheap as he pleases, as a small quantity of slippery elm will thicken a pail of water to the consistency of honey!"

Mr. Brown, the "Retired Physician," also figures as a lady, sports in the advertising columns of various papers as Madame Julie Melville. This lady has just received from France some splendid cosmetics, one of which, "The Milk of Roses and Extract of Elder Blossoms," is *magnificent*. It is, according to our analysis, made of magnesia and alcohol. Brown charges \$2 for a bottle of it. It costs him about eight cents. His Cannabis Indica costs sixteen cents, bottle and all—as we have before shown. His Dr. H. James' "Regulating and Purifying Pill," and the "Excelsior Ointment of India,"—all made upon the same principle—he gets as many dollars for each as they cost him cents."

Now, if the reader wishes to know whether persons can be duped by such humbugs, let him consider the fact that this "Retired Physician" has accumulated a fortune in less than three years. It is said that he is worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000. The man who has done his writing all along, says he is worth only \$30,000. Let only this last be true, and you have a gain of over \$10,000 a year, which is enough to pay the faculty of a college. Consider also that perhaps as much as is made, is spent in advertising, and you have at least \$150,000 as the harvest of humbug in less than three years. Distribute this among the dupes at the rate of \$2 each, and you have a nice army of 75,000 perennials! What a sight it would be to behold them all in one company marching to New York to bring their tribute to the "Retired Physician."

True this humbug with many others has lately been interfered with by the civil authorities. Many thousands of letters addressed to these sham firms have been arrested and sent to the general Post-office, that there the money they contain might be restored to those who sent it. Attempts to ferret out and arrest the swindlers who thus carried on their work under assumed names, have also been made, but they have generally managed to escape. Though routed in one place and in one business, they will no doubt turn up elsewhere with a humbug of another kind; and when they again rain down their advertisements over the land, a crop of fools will spring up anew as quick as mushrooms after a summer shower.

We earnestly beseech our readers to pay no attention to any such advertisements, as they appear in our newspapers, whether in the advertising column or as bought editorials. We should be induced to discountenance them not only because the money sent is surely lost to us, and because we have to feel the shame of having been fooled, but because it is positively sinful to encourage any such irregular and dishonest mode of making money.

SHERIDAN said, beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The isles saw it and feared; the ends of the earth were afraid, drew near, and came."
Is. xli: 5.

The past month has seen wonders—the union of the Old and the New World as they were never united before, by means of the Atlantic Telegraph. We do not refer to this wonder as news; the fact was published in four continents, on the same day the great work was successful. Monthlies never were intended to spread news, and in this age that is least of all their province. Though this be not their sphere, they have nevertheless a duty to perform in regard to passing events. They follow in the wake of news with the sober second thought; and now as the cannons have been fired, the bells rung, the bonfires, illuminations, speeches, and songs have done their work, and the shouts of the nations in concert, have died away, the humble Guardian asks leave to make a few records and reflections in relation to the great event.

As the Guardian, when bound turns into a book, and as such takes a permanent place, it will be useful, as a matter for future reference, to record here an extract from the Daily Journal of the Expedition, as left by Mr. Field. How deeply we enter into sympathy with the anxiety which must have reigned on board the fleet, whilst reading this simple but thrilling record of each day's hopes and fears.

SATURDAY, July 17th, 1858.—This morning the Telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown Ireland, as follows: the Valorous and Gorgon at 11 a. m., the Niagara at 7.30 p. m., and the Agamemnon a few hours later. All the steamers are to use coal as little as possible in getting to the rendezvous. Up to 5 p. m., clear weather and blue sky; from 5 to 9 p. m., overcast, threatening weather, and drizzling rain; from 9 p. m. to 12 m. overcast, hazy and squally.

SUNDAY, July 18, 1858.—The Niagara passed Cape Clear in the morning; wind varying from W. by W. N. W.; heavy atmosphere; cloudy and squally.

MONDAY, July 19, 1858.—Wind varying from W. to N. W.; hazy atmosphere; cloudy and rainy.

TUESDAY, July 20, 1858.—Wind from N. W. to N.; hazy atmosphere; cloudy and squally.

WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1858.—Wind N. W., with a slight variation to the eastward; weather cloudy.

THURSDAY, July 22, 1858.—Blue sky and cloudy.

FRIDAY, July 23, 1858.—Wind from W. by S., to W. S. W.; cloudy and hazy atmosphere and rain.

The Niagara arrived at the rendezvous lat. 52.5, long. 32.40, at 8.30 p. m.

SATURDAY, July 24, 1858.—Wind W. N. W.; hazy atmosphere, cloudy and squally.

SUNDAY, July 25, 1858.—The Valorous arrived at the rendezvous at 4 a. m., weather calm; hazy and cloudy atmosphere. Captain Oldham of the Valorous, came on board of the Niagara.

TUESDAY, July 27, 1858.—Calm weather; hazy atmosphere. The Gorgon arrived at the rendezvous at 5 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1858.—Light N. W. wind, blue sky and hazy atmosphere. The Agamemnon arrived at the rendezvous at 5 p. m.

THURSDAY, July 29, 1858.—Lat. 52.59 N.; long. 32.27 W.; Telegraph fleet all in sight; sea smooth; light winds from S. E. to S. S. E.; cloudy.

Splice made in the cable at 1 p. m., signals through the whole length of the cable on board both ships perfect; depth of water, 1,550 fathoms.

Distance to the entrance of Valentia Harbor, eight hundred and thirteen nautical miles, and from there to the Telegraph House, the shore end of the cable is laid.

Distance to the entrance of Trinity Bay, N. F., eight hundred and twenty-two nautical

miles, and from there to the Telegraph House, at the head of Bay of Bull's Arm, sixty miles—making, in all, eight hundred and eighty-two nautical miles.

The Niagara has sixty-nine miles further to run than the Agamemnon.

The Niagara and Agamemnon have each 1,100 nautical miles of cable on board, about the same quantity as last year.

At 7.45 p. m., ship's time, or 10.5 p. m., Greenwich time, signals from the Agamemnon ceased, and the tests applied by the electricians showed that there was a want of continuity in the cable, but that the insulation was perfect. Kept on paying out from the Niagara, very slowly, and was constantly applying all kinds of electrical tests until 9 p. m., ship's time, 11.30 p. m., Greenwich time, when we again commenced receiving perfect signals from the Agamemnon.

FRIDAY, July 30, 1858.—Lat. 51.50 N., long. 34.49 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-three hours, eighty-nine miles. Paid out one hundred and thirty-one miles, nine hundred fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of forty-two miles nine hundred fathoms over the distance run by observation, equal to forty-eight per cent. Depth of water, fifteen hundred and fifty to nineteen hundred and seventy-five fathoms. Wind from S. E. to S. W. Weather thick and rainy, with some sea. The Gorgon in sight.

At 3.50 a. m., had finished the main deck coil, and commenced paying out from the berth deck. Seven hundred and twenty-three miles from the Telegraph House at Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay.

At 2.21 p. m., received signals from on board the Agamemnon, that they had paid out one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

At 2.34 p. m., had paid out from the Niagara one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

SATURDAY, July 31, 1858.—Lat. 51.5 N., long. 38.14 W. Distance run in 24 hours by observation, one hundred and thirty-seven miles. Paid out, one hundred and fifty-nine miles, eight hundred and forty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-two miles eight hundred and forty-three fathoms over the distance run by observation, equal to thirteen per cent. Depth of water sixteen hundred and fifty-seven to twenty-two hundred and fifty fathoms. Wind moderate S. W., and from 6 a. m. N. W. by N. Weather cloudy, a little rain, and some sea. The Gorgon in sight.

Total amount of cable passed out two hundred and ninety-one miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms. Total distance run, by observation, two hundred and twenty-six miles. Surplus cable paid out over the distance run by observation, equal to thirteen per cent. Depth of water sixteen hundred and fifty-seven to twenty-two hundred and fifty fathoms. Wind moderate S. W., and from 6 a. m. N. W. by N. Weather cloudy, a little rain and some sea. The Gorgon in sight.

Total amount of cable passed out two hundred and ninety-one miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms. Total distance run by observation, two hundred and twenty-six miles. Surplus cable paid out over the distance run by observation, sixty-five miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms, equal to twenty-nine per cent. Six hundred and fifty-six miles from the Telegraph House.

1½ p. m. Paid out from the Niagara three hundred miles of the cable.

At 2.45 p. m. received signals from the Agamemnon that they had paid out from her three hundred miles of the cable.

At 5.37 p. m. finished the coil on the berth deck, and commenced paying out from the lower deck.

SUNDAY, August 1st.—Lat. 50.32 N., lon. 41.55 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours one hundred and forty-five miles. Paid out one hundred and sixty-four miles and six hundred and eighty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of nineteen miles six hundred and thirty fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to fourteen per cent. Depth of water nineteen hundred and fifty to twenty-four hundred and twenty-four fathoms. Wind moderate and fresh from N. N. E. to N. E. Weather cloudy and misty and heavy swell. The Gorgon in sight.

Total amount of cable paid out, four hundred and fifty-six miles four hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run, by observation, three hundred and seventy-one miles. Total amount of surplus cable paid out over the distance run, eighty-five miles six hundred fathoms, equal to twenty-three per cent. Five hundred and eleven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 3.5 p. m., finished paying out the coil on the lower deck and changed to the coil in the hold.

MONDAY, August 2, 1858.—Lat. 49.22, long. 45.48 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours one hundred and fifty-four miles. Paid out one hundred and seventy-seven miles fifteen fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-three miles one hundred fathoms over the distance run—equal to fifteen per cent. Depth of water, sixteen hundred to twenty-three hundred and eighty-five fathoms. Wind N. W. Weather cloudy.

The Niagara getting light and rolling very much, it was not considered safe to carry sail to steady the ship, for in the case of accident, it might be necessary to stop the vessel as soon as possible.

At 7 a. m., passed and signalled the Cunard steamer from Boston to Liverpool

Total amount of cable paid out, six hundred and thirty-three miles five hundred fathoms. Total surplus cable paid out over the distance run, one hundred and eight miles five hundred fathoms, or less than twenty-one per cent. Two hundred and fifty-seven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 12.38 a. m., ship's time, and 3.38 a. m., Greenwich time, imperfect insulation of the cable was detected in sending and receiving signals from the *Agamemnon*, which continued until 5.40 a. m., ship's time, or 8.40 a. m. Greenwich time, when all was right again. The fault was found to be in the ward room, or in about sixty miles of cable from the lower end, which was immediately cut out and taken out of circuit.

TUESDAY, August 3, 1858.—Lat. 49.17 N., long. 49.23 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and forty-seven miles. Paid out one hundred and sixty-one miles and sixty-one fathoms of cable, or a surplus of fourteen miles six hundred and thirteen fathoms over the distance run—equal to ten per cent. Depth of water seven hundred and forty-two to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven fathoms. Wind N. N. W. Weather very pleasant. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable paid out, seven hundred and ninety-five miles three hundred fathoms. Total distance run by observation, six hundred and seventy-two miles. Total surplus cable paid out over the distance run, one hundred and twenty-three miles three hundred fathoms—less than nineteen per cent. Two hundred and ten miles from the Telegraph House.

At 8.26 a. m., finished paying out the coil from the hold, and commenced paying out from the ward room coil—three hundred and five miles of the cable remaining on board at noon.

At 11.15 a. m., ship's time, received a signal from on board the *Agamemnon* that they had paid out from her seven hundred and eighty miles of the cable. During the afternoon and evening passed several icebergs.

At 9.10 p. m., ship's time, received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she was in water of two hundred fathoms.

At 10.20 p. m., ship's time, the *Niagara* was in water of two hundred fathoms, and informed the *Agamemnon* of the same.

WEDNESDAY, August 4, 1858.—Lat. 48.17 N., lon. 52.43 W. Distance run by observation, one hundred and forty-six miles. Paid out one hundred and fifty-four miles and one hundred and sixty fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of eight miles three hundred and sixty fathoms over the distance run—equal to six per cent. Depth of water less than two hundred fathoms. Weather beautiful and perfectly calm. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable paid out, nine hundred and forty-nine miles six hundred and sixty fathoms. Total amount of surplus cable paid out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-one miles six hundred and sixty fathoms—about sixteen per cent. Sixty-four miles to the Telegraph House.

At noon, received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had paid out from her nine hundred and forty miles of the cable.

Passed this morning several icebergs.

Made the land off the entrance of Trinity Bay at 8 a. m. Entered Trinity Bay at 12.30 p. m.

At 2.20 p. m., ship's time, stopped sending signals to the *Agamemnon* for the purpose of making a splice, and at 2.40 p. m., ship's time, commenced sending signals again to the *Agamemnon*. At 5 p. m., saw Her Majesty's steamer *Porcupine* coming to us. At 7.30 p. m., Capt. Otter of the *Porcupine*, came on board the *Niagara* to pilot us to the anchorage near the Telegraph House.

THURSDAY, August 5th, 1858.—At 1.45 p. m., the *Niagara* anchored. Distance run since noon yesterday, sixty-four miles. Amount of cable paid out, sixty-six miles three hundred and fifty-three fathoms, being a loss of less than four per cent.

Total amount of cable paid out since the splice was made, one thousand and sixteen miles six hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run, eight hundred and eighty-two miles. Total amount of cable paid out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-four miles and six hundred fathoms, being a surplus of about fifteen per cent.

At 2 a. m., went ashore in a small boat, and informed the person in charge of the Telegraph House—half a mile from the landing—that the Telegraph Fleet had arrived, and were ready to land the end of the cable.

At 2.45 a. m., received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she had paid out one thousand and ten miles of the cable.

At 5.15 a. m., the telegraph cable was landed. At 6 a. m., the shore end of the cable was carried into the Telegraph House, and a strong current of electricity received through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. Capt. Hudson then read prayers and made some remarks.

At 1 p. m., H. M. steamer *Gorgon* fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and all the day was discharging the cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company.

FRIDAY, August 6.—Have been receiving all day strong electric signals from the Telegraph House in Valentia.

NOTE.—We landed here in the woods. Until the telegraph instruments are all ready, and perfectly adjusted, communications cannot pass between the two continents, but the electric currents are freely received. You shall have the earliest intimation when all is ready, but it may be some days before everything is perfected. The first telegraph message between Europe and America will be from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the second, his reply. CYRUS W. FIELD.

Thus the cable was safely landed on this continent August 5th, 1858. The other end was also landed at Valentia on the coast of Ireland at the same time.

For the satisfaction of such as have not had the opportunity of seeing specimens of the cable, we introduce a brief description of its construction.

It is about five-eighths of an inch in thickness. 1. The first outside coating is composed of eighteen strands of seven inch iron. 2. Six strands of yarn. 3. Gutta percha—three coats. In the centre are the small copper telegraph wires—seven in number. The flexibility of this cable is so great that it is as manageable as a small rope; and it is capable of being tied around the arm without injury. Its weight is but 1,860 pounds to the mile, and its strength such that it will bear in water over six miles of its own length, if suspended vertically.

The cost of the cable laid between Ireland and New Foundland, is given as follows :

Price deep sea wire per mile.....	\$200
Price spun yarn and iron wire per mile.....	265
Price outside tar per mile.....	20
<hr/>	
Total per mile.....	\$485
Price 2500 miles.....	1,212,500
Price 10 miles deep sea cable, at \$1,450 per mile.....	14,500
For 25 miles shore end, at \$1,450 per mile.....	31,250
<hr/>	
Total cost.....	\$1,258,250

From the 5th to the 16th was a time of general anxiety and suspense, during which the operating instruments were adjusted to these new circumstances of Telegraphing. All preliminary arrangements having been successfully made, the first message, which was one between the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph company in Europe and America, was transmitted from Valentia to Cyrus Station Newfoundland. This is a noble message, and worthy of having been the first to flash through the wide deep waters of the Atlantic, as it came at first “suddenly” heralded by the angelic hosts through the deep heavens above.

LONDON, August 16th, 1858.

To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

Europe and America are united by Telegraph. “GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.”

[Signed]

DIRECTORS

of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, Great Britain.

It is remarkable and significant to what an extent the feeling prevailed that the first message should contain a decidedly christian sentiment. The heart of the nation seemed deeply awed, as in reverence before God, whilst the wonderful work was approaching completion. It seemed too great for man. The picture of the sacred poet appeared in true grandeur floating before our astonished gaze, ‘The waters saw Thee, and

were afraid; Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.'

Those who were immediately engaged in the work seem to have been deeply imbued with the feeling that the hand of God was to be recognized in the whole work. How significant is that beautiful record in Mr. Field's journal, relating to the morning, when the cable was landed. "At 6 o'clock a. m., the shore end of the cable was carried into the Telegraph House and a strong current of electricity received through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. *Capt. Hudson then read prayers, and made some remarks.*" Beautiful! Capt. Hudson of the Niagara was no chaplain employed for that purpose, no reverend passenger who was courteously permitted to read prayers; it was a spontaneous expression of a reigning feeling which desired to acknowledge dependence on God, and to offer to Him the tribute of grateful hearts for success in so marvelous an achievement.

The same feeling is indicated by the dispatch sent by Capt. Hudson to his family at New York, on the day the fleet reached shore. The touching missive ought to be preserved.

"TRINITY BAY, August 5.—God has been with us. The telegraph cable is laid without accident, and to Him be all the glory. We are all well.

[Signed,]

WM. L. HUDSON."

So also Mr. Field, announcing, in a dispatch the safe landing of the cable, after mentioning the care and diligence of all on board, still ascribes the success to the kind hand of God. "The machinery for paying out the cable worked most satisfactorily, and it was not stopped for a single moment. Captain Hudson, of the Niagara, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the engineers, and electricians and officers of the ship, and in fact every man on board the telegraph fleet, exerted himself to the utmost to make the expedition successful, *and by the blessing of Divine Providence succeeded.*"

All over the land expectant hearts echoed the same religious feelings. The scene referred to in some journals as taking place at a literary festival at Andover, on the announcement of the news, may be taken as a fair specimen of what was general in individual hearts and in more private circles. "At Andover Theological College about one thousand persons were partaking of the Alumni's semi-centennial dinner, when the news was announced; then followed enthusiastic applause, and from that crowd of men of genius, learning and position, there burst forth, to the solemn tones of the "Old Hundred,"

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The right reception for such glorious news! Hearts were too full to speak, and many a silent sigh of thankfulness ascended to Him who had given the genius, and sustained by daily help, the men whose toil and energy have secured this grand result."

Such being the feeling which so generally existed, the christian sense of the nation would justly have felt itself wounded and aggrieved had not the first message been a religious recognition, and an eloquent and grateful tribute to the word of God, if no so delicate and beautiful an allusion to the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

In this connection it is appropriate to call to mind the collateral fact, that the very first message which passed between Washington city and

Baltimore, on the very first telegraph line ever in operation, was "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!" How appropriate! yet, if that was a proper sentiment by which to express human wonder and gratitude then, how much more is it so now, when not only towns and cities over the land, but continents through the wide rolling ocean, are joined, and speak to one another as friend to friend.

When the noting apparatus had been brought into successful working order expectation—and we may say the same religious feeling of which we have already spoken—was high throughout the land, in regard to the dispatches of greeting which, according to previous arrangement, were to pass between the Queen of England and the President of the United States. The eminent stations occupied by them—the extraordinary event to be signalized—the time enjoyed by both for deliberation, and the eminent counsellors by which they are officially surrounded, and the general high-wrought enthusiasm of two of the most enlightened and powerful christian nations of the earth rendered the expectation just that these dispatches would, with singularly appropriateness and force express the mind and feeling of the two nations and embody in monumental sublimity the spirit of the event for the admiration of all nations and ages. That this expectation should be fully realized was perhaps too much to hope, as all efforts would naturally seem inadequate in the presence of the sublime event; yet, we hesitate not to say, though we do it sadly, that these international congratulations have not been read without a very marked and deeply felt disappointment. The enthusiasm was great and the national feeling joyful in the extreme, and we fear not to be charged with censoriousness when we say that the dispatches produced no additional thrill in the great stirrings of the nation's heart. Let them be here recorded :

THE QUEEN'S GREETING.

VALENTIA via Trinity Bay, August 16.

To the Hon. the President of the United States :

Her Majesty desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of that great international work in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, August 16, 1858.

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries.

It is a triumph more glorious, because more useful, than was ever won by the conqueror of the field of battle.

May the Atlantic Telegraph Company, under the blessing of Heaven, prove

to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world.

In this view, will not all the nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration, that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the place of their destination, even in the midst of hostilities?

Here are no stirring words, which at once interpret and fire the national heart. It has been truly said by a highly respectable journal: "It is an occasion on which such a congratulation might have been placed in the strongest, the most terse and vigorous words our Saxon tongue affords." The dispatches seem studiously diplomatic, statue-like and cold, lacking both the 'thoughts that breathe and the words that burn.'

Let it not be thought cruel that we criticise even the English in which they are expressed. We have a right to do so in documents which concern national honor, and stand so prominently connected with an event which comes only once in ages. The Queen speaks of the "successful completion of the work." It has been justly asked by a prominent city journal, whether a work can be *successful* without being brought to *completion*, or be brought to *completion* without being *successful*. The oracle-like ambiguity of the expression "in which the Queen has taken the *deepest* interest," is inexcusable in a message of such dignity and importance. She no doubt means to say that she has taken a very deep interest in the work; but it may mean also, in perfect agreement with the genius of the language, that of the two nations *she* has taken the deepest interest in it. There ought to be no occasion for the least shadow of suspicion that the Queen under cover of ambiguity would thrust a sickle with which to reap glory from another's field. Moreover, instead of complimenting herself and nation, by saying that in it "she has taken the deepest interest," it would have been in much better taste—indeed all true courtesy *requires* this—to have paid the compliment to the party greeted, by saying "in which she is assured the President has taken a deep interest." This is no cavil; the sentiment, as expressed, will not for one moment stand a critical examination in the light and by the laws of polite interchange of compliment.

The expression "Electric cable," is not correct. It would only be properly called "electric" if it contained electricity in itself, so that it could be evoked from it by friction. It has no quality of this kind at all, but is merely a medium or channel for the transmission of that fluid which is excited and produced elsewhere. The Queen hopes that the cable "which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link (of what?—she evidently means, *of union*) between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem." Without the words we have suggested, or others of the same import, the sentence is a mere truism. The friendship to which the Queen refers is founded first of all "upon their common *interest*," which is no friendship at all; and where this is its primary and deepest basis, "reciprocal esteem" becomes a mere sham, a union from self-interest. There is a much deeper basis upon which the friendship of the two nations truly rests. To say nothing of christianity, there is that of identity of race, sameness of language, and reigning

literature, local and commercial relation, and especially that of general position in reference to the present and future of our world. Would it not have been much more noble to have referred to these, instead of the low stratum of self-interest. The sentiment would even have been less objectional had Her Majesty reversed the order, and written "whose friendship is founded upon their reciprocal esteem and their common interests."

Those who think differently, will not find us denying their right to enjoy their own opinion, but in our humble judgment, in view of the exalted source whence this congratulation proceeds, it is wholly inexcusable. If the Queen of *England* cannot write good *English*, are there none of her counsellors who are masters of that tongue? In such a message we have a right to expect the pure article; and when we receive it not, we complain.

But we have a graver objection to make, and a more serious charge to prefer against the Queen's dispatch. This is *the entire absence of any recognition of a higher power and of the divine favor in the accomplishment of this great work*. Not a word—not the remotest hint in this direction! We have already shown what was the common feeling on this point. We have indicated what the nation evidently expected. This feeling—this expectation, the Queen has entirely, we may say, coldly and cruelly disappointed. This is the more inexcusable when we remember that, as its head, she represents a christian nation—a nation where church and State are united, and she is in consequence head both of the church and of the State, besides bearing before all the world the high and sacred title of "DEFENDER OF THE FAITH." Yet not a word; when thousands stood awed into reverence before so sublime a manifestation of divine favor, and when the anxious and noble men who conducted the great work, like the pilgrim fathers, fell upon their knees the moment they landed the cable on the shore, and "read prayers," and gave thanks to the God who led them and succeeded their efforts—from the Queen not a word! Her Majesty perhaps felt a delicacy in expressing any religious sentiment in greeting the chief magistrate of a nation in which christianity does not exist by law? If so, she has widely mistaken the general sentiment, which has only the more nerve, because it is free; and in this case too, our President, who is not even a member of the church, better interpreting the national feeling, by at least alluding to the religious aspect of the event, has given the Queenly head of the English church an indirect but severe rebuke. For the omission referred to, we feel assured, neither the present age nor those to come will excuse the Queen.

Setting aside all our American feelings, we think it must be confessed that the President in his dispatch has taken the crown from the Queen. In acknowledging the religious features of the event, he has placed himself immeasurably beyond her. The expressions, "under the blessing of Heaven," "divine Providence," "religion" and "Christendom," are shining gems in his dispatch, which ornament not that of the Queen. In this respect we have no special reason to complain.

There are nevertheless just grounds for dissatisfaction with the bungling manner in which the dispatch is gotten up. We use the word *bungling* deliberately, and under a firm conviction that it is the word

which most truly expresses the facts in the case. He speaks of the "*indomitable* (untameable) energy of the two countries"—(nations). In the expression, "it is a triumph more glorious, *because more useful*," he reduces the sublime event to the low ground of utilitarianism. This reminds us of the yankee who, when he first saw Niagara Falls exclaimed, "O what a water power! what machinery it would propel!" "Than was ever won by the conqueror *of* the field of battle"—he means to say "by the conqueror *on* the field of battle." The President hopes "the Atlantic Telegraph *Company*, under the blessing of heaven, may prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations"—he hopes it (the company) will be "an instrument destined by Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world!" That this telegraph will prove instrumental, under the blessing of heaven, in advancing these glorious interests, we have no doubt; but we doubt whether the *company* itself will ever aspire either to the dignity of being a bond of peace between the nations, or make itself an instrument of diffusing religion, civilization, liberty or law. Though they have outdone both the Queen and the President in the piety of the first message, yet it is our opinion that if the company can realize ten, twelve or fifty per cent. interest on their investments, they will be satisfied to let others care for these interests.

The last paragraph, whilst it is admirably calculated to please the American national feeling, is altogether out of place, and therefore out of good taste. It is an illy concealed thrust at England in reference to recent differences between the two nations in regard to certain international affairs. That is a matter that should not be thought of amid the joy of such an event. It is out of taste to allude to probable future hostilities. By this interchange of congratulations it was not designed to form a treaty, or to arrange preliminaries for a probable future war; and hence it was not necessary to suggest an international policy, by which the two nations should be guided in a case which it is hoped may never occur. The President steps down from his lofty position, and becomes minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. James. At a time of highest joy when the hearts of two nations, through a medium so new and surprising to the world—which annihilates the ocean, and as by a wave of peace makes two distant shores kiss each other—are ready "like kindred drops to mingle into one," it is entirely too cool, calculating and suspicious, to stick stakes for prospective war! It takes the heart and the cordiality out of what should have been a most friendly and cordial greeting. Our noblest feelings are shocked, at the close of such congratulations, to be lodged into "the midst of hostilities." What a taste, to end the official greeting which is to bear a nation's happiest good will to a kindred nation, with the word "hostilities!"

We make these strictures on these national dispatches more in sorrow than in a fault-finding spirit. We wish, though it be humbly and may be be of little public importance, to record our sore disappointment at the result. We have a right to our opinion, and we have also a right to express it—as we have done. Before the cable was laid we were notified that these distinguished dispatches should inaugurate the great event. During nine or ten days, between the time the ends of the cable were landed and the successful working of the noting machinery, the telegraph wires

throughout the land were busily awakening expectations, the burden of which was these dispatches. We were excited, to great hopes, and they were not realized. "The mountain labored, and brought forth a ridiculous mouse."

Besides the inexcusable carelessness of their composition, both dispatches are extremely common-place. There is not one striking, thrilling sentence or sentiment in either one of them. When reading them, the paper unconsciously fell from our hands, and we thought of the volume-words of light and fire by which the present Emperor of France made his *coup d'état*, some of which—quoting from memory and impression—were something like this: "The assembly is dissolved. France is in a state of anarchy. I sieze the reigns of empire. Reject me, or receive me! Kill me, banish me, or sustain me whilst I restore honor, law, and former peace and prosperity to France!" The present occasion had all the elements for calling forth words and sentiments equally terse and electric; but in their stead we have the veriest common-place, done up in confusion of ideas and in bad English. Some of the hoax dispatches gotten up by wags in some sections of the country during the suspense, are decidedly better.

The question will no doubt arise as to where the principal honor of this great achievement belongs. This it is not difficult to decide. First of all it belongs to God, and in the language of Capt. Hudson "to Him be all the glory." As to human instrumentalities England furnished the largest quantity of money, and America the greatest amount of genius. Morse and Field, both Americans, have won for themselves honors that will last longer than the pyramids. A brief notice of these sons of genius belongs to our sketch. We find the following furnished to our hand. It is from a French paper translated for the Philadelphia Ledger.

PROF. S. F. B. MORSE.

Mr. Morse is one of those truly useful men whose practical mind prompts him to practical applications. This happy disposition appears to have been aided by a natural ingenuity and a sound judgment, rather than by scientific education. Mr. Morse was destined at first for a painter. He studied the principles of his art in London, with Alston, West and Copley, whose talents were in the highest estimation in the United States early in this century, and he exercised his profession as a portrait painter afterwards in Charleston, S. C., and in Boston. He acknowledges himself that he had but little success in the exercise of his art. The first experiments of electric telegraphy, which go back to the labors of Oersted in 1820, impressed Mr. Morse. He appears to have been occupied since that time in the practical realization of an idea which till then existed only theoretically.

"It was only in 1838, that the first electric telegraph was established in England by the philosopher Wheatstone. But Morse had already for a long time anticipated in his researches the applications of the English philosopher, and he exhibited the same year his recording apparatus, of which he had conceived the idea in 1832. The superiority of this invention over the needle and dial instruments employed in the outset, should cause it to be promptly substituted for these in the practice of telegraphy.

The apparatus of Morse is now everywhere adopted, and we must say that, notwithstanding the numerous modifications that it has been subjected to at the hands of mechanics, no addition of any importance has been made to the original conception of the inventor.

The name of Mr. Morse further commends itself by the first experiments of submarine telegraphy which were attempted.

The idea of this bold enterprise suggested itself to him for the first time on board a ship during a voyage. In the month of October, 1842, the population of New York were assembled to witness a public experiment with the electromagnetic telegraph. Morse, embarking in a boat with an oarsman, had laid out in the sea a wire insulated with cotton, covered with asphaltum and caoutchouc, between Castle Garden and Governor's Island. But in the night following this operation, many vessels were seen to anchor above the lines, the batteries were found to be injured, and the experiment came off but indifferently. Morse succeeded with some trouble in transmitting some signs wholly illegible. The public retired, well persuaded that they had been hoaxed. But the American Institute of New York offered to Morse, with its thanks, a medal as a reward for his efforts, of which the possible consequences were foreseen, even in these crude results.

Morse was much grieved at this miscarriage, but was not discouraged. Strongly interested in all questions bearing upon electric telegraphy, he applied himself in the transmission of the electric current across rivers without any wire. Two months after his unfortunate experiment in New York, he caused a current to pass across the canal at Washington city, without any wire. This attempt had not anywhere else been carried out.

In 1843, Morse, governed by a strong and clear conviction, growing out of these last experiments, wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury to demonstrate to him in consequence of these attained facts, *the possibility of a submarine communication across the Atlantic*. But in the opinion even of the most adventurous minds, *it was deemed a chimerical project*.

Meanwhile, in 1846, Col. Colt and Mr. Charles Robinson, of New York, reviving the project of Morse, laid a wire between New York and Brooklyn, and between Long Island and Coney Island, for the purpose of procuring to the merchants of New York marine news with greater speed, and these little submarine telegraphs operated for some time to general satisfaction. Five years later the telegraph line from Dover to Calais was established.

Morse went to England in 1856 and devoted himself with Messrs. Whitehouse, Bright, and other English telegraphists, to some experiments.

Morse returned to the United States, and, well versed in the experiments made in England, he was the most ardent promoter of the project of the transatlantic telegraph. It is the honor of Mr. Morse to have been the first to open the way for this astonishing event, and in the midst of difficulties and discouragements, to have always shown an unshaken confidence in the possible execution of this great enterprise.

"From all these considerations, Morse well deserves the gratitude of Europe as well as of the United States. There is no one who does not sincerely respond to the sentiment which has inspired the European powers, and who does not participate most cordially in the act of liberality which would thus reward useful labors."

The best acknowledgment of the fact that this great honor belongs first of all to Prof. Morse, is found in the fact that France, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Italy and the German States, have already substantially rewarded his genius. Never was such a reward better deserved. "It was indeed a noble sight," says M. Terre, a Frenchman, "to see assembled in Paris, at the request of the Emperor, the ministerial representatives of France, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Italy, the German States, and others, and sitting as a high Court of Claims, investigating a question of profound interest, not only to the scientific world, but to all classes and to all interests, with a view of awarding a high testimonial to him who, if he did not subdue the lightning of heaven, first caused it to play a most wonderful part in the world's economy, and directing it literally to speak to all mankind; we say it was a noble gathering of distinguished men, for a high and noble object, and their verdict was ren-

dered and award made to Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York. This high court of the representatives of princes not only awarded to Professor Morse the high distinction of first having brought into practical use the magnetic telegraph, but conferred upon him the princely donation of four hundred thousand francs, payable in four equal annual instalments.

To another American belongs the honor of being the master spirit in actualizing the great work of which Morse had prophesied, and for which his genius had prepared the way. We cut the following from the *Evening Express* in reference to the life and labors of

CYRUS W. FIELD.

Cyrus West Field, who will be remembered in all time for his connection with the *Oceanic Telegraph*, was born at Stockbridge, Mass., in the year 1822. Upon arriving at a proper age, he came to the city of New York and commenced business under the training of A. T. Stewart, the eminent merchant. He subsequently became the head of one of the largest houses in the city engaged in the manufacture and sale of paper. Four years ago, in a social party, composed of some four or five of our eminent business men, the subject of connecting Europe with America was broached. Mr. Field at once became impressed with the idea of its feasibility, and turned the whole energies of his mind to bear upon the subject. He very soon, with others, formed an association in this city, composed of Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshal O. Roberts, Chandler White, S. F. B. Morse, and David Dudley Field, for the purpose of effecting a communication between the Eastern and Western world.

As a first step, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, with his brother David Dudley, and Chandler White, went to Newfoundland, and after overcoming many legislative difficulties, procured a charter, under which they constructed a line of telegraph from St. Johns, Newfoundland, across that island of more than 300 miles, through a sterile wilderness, composed of rock, forest, and morass. Then followed the submarine telegraph across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the first one attempted to be laid, as our readers will remember, being lost. Hence it is that Mr. Field trained himself for future triumphs, for, undismayed, he immediately ordered a new cable; then, against all seeming possibility of success, secured the one at the bottom of the Gulf, and thus finally relieved the company against any material loss. A telegraphic communication with Cape Breton was thus accomplished, connecting with the then existing lines in Nova Scotia. The company then procured grants and charters for lines from Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine and Canada. All these things accomplished, Mr. Field started for England, and there, by unrelenting efforts, succeeded in establishing the *Atlantic Telegraph Company* for the purpose of connecting the European and American continents. What Mr. Field has had to do to bring about this wonderful consummation is familiar to the world. Failure after failure never damped his ardor or lessened his enthusiasm, and on the memorable occasion when the cable, apparently without cause, untwisted as it was paying out from the *Agamemnon*, when all were despondent, it was stated that Mr. Field alone was sanguine and sure of success. Such energy, such determination to triumph, has creative power, and is only to be found in characters illustrated by Columbus, Franklin, and other discoverers, who have led the way in the advancement of civilization, and been the eyes, as it were, of the world in which they lived and had material association.

We intended to add some reflections in regard to the probable effects of this astonishing achievement on the highest interests of the world. But our article has already grown beyond what we intended; and perhaps any judgment on this point is premature. The virtual annihilation

of space, the idea of talking across oceans, the bringing into a focus, at any point and at all points, the ends of the earth—these are mysteries so new and great that it seems impossible to form any adequate conception of their bearings on commerce, science, religion and social life. Let us wait in silence.

One thing is certain christianity will come in for its full share of the vast advantage. The Atlantic Telegraph, like all science and all nations, belongs to our Lord and His Christ. In some way He will make these "lines go out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," saying, "go ye swift messengers to nations scattered and peeled." The heaven which leaveneth the world will transfuse its heavenly energy into all powers that rule the race, bringing honor to God and good to man. Though not directly, nor need we now see how, yet surely will the results of genius in this its most mighty achievement in due time lay down its crown at the feet of Jesus. Not the least doubt have we that the Atlantic Telegraph in transferring its first glorious message through the deep waters uttered the blessed prophesy which it will itself aid in hastening to its fulfilment; and as it begun so will it end with; "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN." By means of this space-anihilating mystery the Poet's rapturous prophesy may be *literally* fulfilled.

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasure might go round
Without the village tattling,
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all may dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever;
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales, they say
"Don't mention what I say, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh, that the mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our village sure forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For it's a sad, degraded part
To make another bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

OUR DAILY BREAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

WE are prone to give our assent to certain truths of God's word without practically owning their power. Thus we are ready to acknowledge that God "*provides us with all things necessary for the body;*" but do we really feel and act as though this were true? Do we practically "*acknowledge Him to be the fountain of all good?*" Do we receive our temporal mercies as from His hand? Do we appreciate and enjoy them with a grateful sense of the truth that they are from Him; and that they are evidences of His love toward us in the same way as are the gifts of our friends?

Is not our common feeling rather that they come as matters of course, and that in some way we receive them as a right. Do we feel that they are gifts—gifts from God?

We may be assured that it is not an easy thing so to regard, and with this feeling to receive, our bodily mercies. It is worthy of serious inquiry whether we ever rise to this sense of implicit and entire dependence on God.

There are several things which stand in the way of our faith and feeling in this respect; and which make it difficult for us to realize this truth.

These mercies come to us by the meditation of second causes. The clouds give rain to our fields. The sun warms the earth and promotes the growth of our food. The ground itself seems gifted with power to bring forth of itself. To these we are prone to look. When the earth is cold and all growth is chilled, we say, Did but the sun come forth. In drought we say, Did it but rain; and when after all these are at hand growth is still feeble, we say, Were but the soil more rich. Thus how easily do our minds rest in second causes, and fail to pass through them to God, the ultimate source of all good, "who covereth the heavens with clouds and prepareth rain for the earth"—who hath created "the light and the sun"—and hath given the earth power "to bring forth grass for cattle and the herb for the service of man."

Even when we do acknowledge a higher source of our blessings yet do our grateful feelings reach Him enfeebled by these intermediate interruptions. As the intervening misty air permits us to see distant objects but dimly, so second causes obscure the source of all good, if not to our minds yet still to our hearts in vague indistinctness. We look beneath and around us for our blessings, seek to draw our mercies from our mother earth, and to it our feelings are prone to cling with debasing affections.

This is the old pagan feeling which still hangs to the heart of man.

They deified second causes. They located a God in each natural power which seemed a source of blessing to them;—one in the soft sunshine, one in the gentle rain, one in the green fields—and these they regarded as their kind benefactors. Are there not many Christian heathen now, who hope more from rain, favorable weather, and good soil, than from Him who is “God over all, blessed for ever?”

Again our faith is easily betrayed by the fact that our mercies come to us by means of our own aid and co-operation. Our health comes, in a great degree, through our own care and prudence. Our daily bread comes through the labor of our own hands, and the sweat of our face—we prepare, and plant, and gather. Of many of our earthly comforts and joys we are, under God, the procuring cause. What a snare is here for our faith. What a temptation to trust in ourselves; and to ascribe to our own prudence and industry what belongs alone to God.

Moreover, these blessings are so common and natural, that we find it difficult to suppose it possible that we should not possess them as natural gifts. In fact our greatest temporal blessings seem to exist with us and around us as naturally as we exist ourselves. Our life, our health—our hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling and touching—the light of the sun for our labors and the shades of night for our repose—the air we breathe, the bread we eat, the water we drink, the garments we wear, the homes to which we retire;—these are all blessings great as life itself, and yet so common and so natural to us, that by a deep habit we regard them rather as rights than as gifts, yet from any one, and from all of them we might be deprived in a moment!

How hard it is thus to see and feel that our daily temporal mercies are from God. Yet how clearly is He the sole source of them all.

To convince ourselves of this we need but closely reflect on any one of them. Take, for instance, the one directly mentioned in our heading—“our daily bread.”

What a history is that of a single grain of wheat! It begins in mystery, not only fairly beyond man’s power, but beyond his knowledge. What a mystery is the germination—the relation to it of sun, rain, and soil! Look also at the enemies to which it is exposed during its entire history. Even before it peeps above the ground, it is exposed to three deadly enemies—the worm, the drought, and the wet. The moment it comes out of the ground it encounters new enemies. Then comes the fly, the weevil, the rust, the frost, the hail, the hurricane. Even on the shock the wet may spoil it. In the stack and in the barn it may be destroyed by the weevil or the fire. Amid all these enemies only God can preserve it. Against not a single one has man the least power. What can he do against the subtle frost, the burrowing insect, the silent rust, the cutting hail, the burning drought. How easily can the Lord “make the rain of thy land powder and dust.” He need but say to the clouds during two months of summer, Withhold your kindly showers, and vain are the hopes of man. “Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of water may cover thee? When the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together?” What we are so helpless to do, almighty love does for us in daily kindness.

Thus it is that God is “pleased to provide us with all things necessary for the body.” Thus are we moved to “acknowledge Him to be the

only source of all good." Thus are we constrained to feel and confess "that neither our care nor industry can profit us without His blessing."

God's kind agency does not end with the furnishing of these temporal gifts. He also makes these gifts a true blessing to us; for "not even His gifts can profit us without His blessing."

These blessings are only such in truth where there is the ability to use and enjoy them. For this we may be unfit in two ways.

First by the want of bodily health. What is food to the dyspeptic?—the source of gloom, pain, and heaviness. What is dread to the sick in general? What is air to inactive lungs? What is light, but pain, to weak eyes, and darkness to the blind. What are harmonies to the deaf. How true it is that "even His gifts cannot profit us without His blessing."

We may be unfitted for enjoying and using these gifts by the want of a proper disposition of mind and heart. Truly has Solomon said: "There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men: a man to whom God hath given riches, wealth and honor, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease." Prov. 6: 1, 2.

There are many who are afflicted with this "evil disease." The rich fool in the Scripture was under its power. His barns were full, and he had much left with which he knew not what to do. His trouble was with his abundance. His blessings were his sorrow. He had more than he could use or carry. As when one eats more than he can digest, so was he. He had gathered more than he could manage. It lay as a heavy load upon his heart and hands.

You have seen a greedy boy go into an orchard and fill his bag till it was too heavy for him to carry. He staggers under it—he throws it down, and again shoulders it weeping, and yet he has not the heart to leave one behind or to give one away! So is the man whose blessings are more than he can use, when he has no heart to give any to the needy. His life is spent in a toiling endeavor to spread over more than his wants can cover. He has every blessing but a cheerful, liberal heart. He has fulness but is entirely unable to use or enjoy what by God's kindness he possesses.

His blessings are a curse to him in every way. He is not only unable to use and enjoy them while he lives, but he cannot answer for their misuse when the God, who gave him all for noble ends, shall call him to an account for his stewardship. Because much was given him, much will be required of him; but instead of much he has nothing to show. He has not even made himself a cheerful heart with his mercies, to say nothing of blessing others by them. His full barns, his overflowing coffers, his houses and his acres cry to God against him; and from God's own lips, will he hear the words: "Thou wicked and unprofitable servant." Thus his very mercies, abused by a narrow heart, become his curse—bearing his body down under a load of cares while he lives, and dooming his soul to perdition when he dies!

As is he who thus abuses God's mercies by hoarding, so is he who wastes them by spending. What was the prodigal's portion that fell to him. First the means of riotous living to his misery, and at length the

inheritance of harlots, leaving him in want and in shame to desire the husks which the swine did eat. How many young men, who are the pride of their parents, are thus cursed by having too much. Their abundance leads first to waste and then to want. O how true it is, that "even God's gifts can profit us nothing without His blessing."

Ought not these solemn facts to induce us "to withdraw our trust from all creatures"—from all creature good—"and place it alone in God."

How much there is in our daily mercies—the commonest—to awaken our grateful wonder. We bless the happy fortunes of the Israelites whom God daily fed in the wilderness with manna from heaven. We read with holy wonder of our Saviour's feeding the five thousand by a miracle in "a desert place." But are we fed in a less wonderful way. In those instances there was a sudden breaking through of providing power and love from the higher world, whilst here the same result is accomplished in a slower and more silent manner. Equally may our wonder rise—equally will we be constrained to regard our daily bread as "from heaven" when we reflect how wonderfully it is furnished us now though the process of natural growth which almighty power causes, and which unwearied love directs. The production of a single grain of wheat is as much beyond our power as to cause manna to fall from heaven, and did not our practical unbelief falsely attribute it to the processes of nature in some way independent of the direct agency of God, it would be to us equally as great a wonder.

We reflect too little on the workings of God around us. We think too much of what we do, and of what is done through second causes, and too little of the "almighty and everywhere present power of God, whereby, as it were by His hand, he upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty, yea, all things, come not by chance but by His fatherly hand."

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
Our daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeams die in the waving hair.

Turn from the mirror and try to win,
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

A M B I T I O N .

AMBITION is the inordinate love of the honor which may be received from our fellow men. It is not merely a high degree of the love of this species of honor; for there is no limit to the extent to which we may devote ourselves to any proper object of inclination, so long as we are true to our relations to all other objects. But it is love of such a character as unduly elevates honor from its place as one of many subordinate objects, to the place of the chief object.

It arises from the union of inclination and desire; from the surrendering of self, on the one hand, to the honor of the world, and the desire, on the other, that this honor may become an accident of self. Hence it comes under the head of passion, that disturber of the harmonious activity of our affections, and of the necessary relations that exist between man and the various objects and orders of being with which he stands connected. And far from being the least harmful it belongs to a division the most abnormal and contradictory in the impetuous and disorderly category. Inclination and desire are direct opposites. In inclination self yields to an object, and would preserve it; in desire self makes the object yield, and would destroy it. Yet in ambition these opposite tendencies are united, forming a monstrosity such as nature in her freaks has not yet produced, or arbitrary imagination conceived. The ambitious man loves honor, would sacrifice himself, his life, his all, in order to obtain it; and yet however unnatural and contradictory it seems, he at the same time desires honor merely for his own sake, and values it only so far as he can make it a part of his selfish self, and not because it is something noble and good.

Ambition is the source of numerous evils. It includes a desire of superiority, and consequently leads to the practice of base methods to obtain it. The ambitious man is satisfied with no attainments short of the highest place in the sphere in which he moves. To reach this elevation he will do any thing right or wrong: for the slave of passion is insensible to his true interests, and hurries headlong in pursuit of which he lives, and for which he would even die. In order that he may rise superior to his fellows, no undertaking will be too difficult for him, no obstacles in his course too formidable, no trickery too mean, no deed whatever too base. His reigning principle is selfishness and desire of distinction. Hence he is envious of all whom he sees on an equality with him, or are likely to surpass him; and calumniates their good qualities, in order that they may sink, and he rise in the estimation of the world. He hates and would destroy all excellence that he does not himself possess. At the shrine of the idol he worships, he would sacrifice even the character of his dearest friend, if it would tend to his own elevation. Ambition makes a man at once a hypocrite, and a slave to others. He gets his honor from others, and therefore insinuates himself by deceit into their favor, relinquishes his own sentiments, and yields to theirs. Thus he servilely cringes to others, professes opinions that he does not believe, and makes pretensions to abilities and excellence which he does not possess.

The ambitious labor under two mistakes. They make the honor of the world the end of life, instead of regarding it, as they should, one of many subordinate means to assist them in seeking the only true end. They seek honor in the wrong way. It is our duty to seek the honor of our fellow men. If it is right to give honor to all who are worthy of it, it is right to desire honor from others. But we should seek it in a right way. We should not desire it without being worthy of it; to be worthy of it we must have in ourselves true merit; to have merit, and consequently to receive true honor, we must be useful, virtuous, generous, good. These qualities can not be ascribed to the ambitious.

However despicable ambition in its general sense is regarded by the world, there are yet those who look with favor on a species which they call *honorable*, encourage others to cultivate it, and even assert that "every noble action springs from ambition." But to assert that a man can be *honorably ambitious*, is to assert a gross contradiction. The phrase is equivalent to nothing else than *honorably mean*. We might as consistently speak of *honorable avarice*, or *honorable covetousness*. Ambition in any form is wrong; it is a passion: all passion is wrong. How can that be right, the nature of which is to disturb and pervert the beautiful, the harmonious relations which man sustains to the various objects of his love? How can he who enviously aspires to be above his neighbor obey the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is right that men should strive to rise and ennoble themselves; but not for the sake of obtaining superiority over others. As responsible beings, to whom talents of priceless worth have been committed, we are bound to develop and bring to the greatest possible perfection all the powers with which we have been endowed by the Author of our being. But this is not ambition, for there is no passion connected with it. It is an undeveloped noble nature seeking perfection by a normal growth. It is like the acorn, which with the presence of the necessary conditions, becomes in a natural way a giant oak. He who strives to rise from a sense of duty, is of a character far different from that of him who strives merely to outstrip others. He is free from envy toward others, but is generous and noble-hearted toward them; and however humble his station compared with theirs, is satisfied with the consciousness that he is endeavoring to act well his own part in life. Men who perform noble actions from no higher motive than ambition, are not worthy of honor. How despicable Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Bonaparte appear! how little they look! how poorly they shine, when a Judson, a Wilberforce, a Howard or a Washington, confronts them!

J.

"READING the biographies of our great and good men and women," says an exchange, "not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

XXIV. THE WHEAT HEADS.

A FARMER took a walk into the fields with his little son Tobias, to see whether the wheat was nearly ready to cut.

"See father," said the inexperienced youth when they came to the grainfield, "see how erect are some of the wheat heads, rising high above the rest! These must be excellent ones; the rest who bow so humbly before them, must be poor and little worth."

The father plucked several heads and showing them to his boy said: "simple child, behold!—these heads which lift themselves so proudly above the rest are empty! But these which bow so modestly, are filled with the most perfect grains."

Thus with men we find it oft
That empty heads are raised aloft.

XXV. THE TREASURE IN THE FIELD.

In a far, far distant land it came to pass that two farmers appeared before a judge. The one said: "I bought a piece of ground from my neighbor; and when I began to till it I dug up a treasure: this treasure I cannot keep with a good conscience. For I bought only the ground, and have no right to this treasure."

The other one said: "In like manner also I cannot take this gold and silver with a good conscience. I did not bury this money and it is therefore no mine. More than this, I sold the ground to my neighbor with all that is in it—and made no exceptions. Now do you, wise Judge, decide, to whom the treasure belongs."

The Judge said: "I have heard that the son of one of you and the daughter of the other intend to be married ere long. Give the treasure to these two youths as a marriage outfit."

The two honest men promised to do so, and returned well pleased to their homes.

A man who was a stranger had been present and had heard all that passed. Greatly astonished at the manner in which the business was settled he said to the Judge: "In my county the matter would have taken quite another course. The buyer of the land never would have thought of giving a farthing to the other, and hence would have kept the matter secret. Had he not succeeded in this, the other one would have come forward and claimed the treasure as his own. Then the law suit which would have grown out of it would probably have cost more than the whole treasure is worth."

Then the Judge, astonished, said: "Does the sun shine in the land where you live?" "O yes," said the man. "Does it also rain there?" asked the Judge again. "Of course it does," answered the man.

"This is strange," said the Judge thoughtfully, and asked again: "Are there any cows and sheep in your county?" "A great many" said the man.

"Now, I see," said the Judge, "now, I see it is for the sake of the innocent animals that our kind God permits the sun to shine and the rain to fall in your county, for you most certainly do not deserve it?"

When honesty and faith have fled,
No blessing comes on human head.

XXVI. THE BOUNDARY STONE.

Ulrich lived in a house which was surrounded with a beautiful green sward full of fruitful trees. The meadow of a neighbor bordered on it. The evil heart of Ulrich desired to enlarge his own ground at the expense of his neighbor, and hence in the night he removed the boundary stone a considerable distance into the meadow of his neighbor.

Some time after Ulrich climbed up a ladder to pick cherries from his tree. The ladder standing too straight, when he was at its top it fell backwards, and he broke his neck on the boundary stone. Had he not removed the stone some time before, he would have fallen far beyond it on the soft sod of the meadow, and received no injury.

All sinful gains will lead to final wreck,
As he the stone did place that broke his neck.

THE TWO PROPHETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

YOUTHFUL life a Prophet is—

Like the early Prophets
In the holy Book;

It turns toward the future
With too bright look;

In its happy wishing
For the better days,

It hears not friendly voices
That warn it of its ways.

Dazzled by the promise
It heeds the warning less,

Forgetting that the lips that warn
Are the lips that bless.

Aged life a prophet is—

Like the later prophets,
Mounting as they go,

Over wrecks of glory,
Through the reigning wo.

In the evening twilight—
Mid the evil days,

Age laments the errors
Of its youthful ways.

Had it loved the caution more
And the promise less,

It had found how warming lips
Are the lips that bless.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN we wrote the sketch of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable which is found elsewhere in this number of the Guardian, the incident which we here record, with the prayer offered on that occasion, had not yet been made public. It must be recorded; and we give it a place with the greatest pleasure, because it confirms the view we have taken of the religious aspect of this great work of the age. A correspondent of the New York Press who was on board the Niagara, describes the following scene which followed the landing of the cable:

The question now is, how shall we properly celebrate the consummation of the great event? How, but by an acknowledgement to that Providence, without whose favor the enterprise must have ended in disaster and defeat? Every one feels that this is all that is necessary to make the celebration complete, and to mark the undertaking as the work of two great Christian nations. When, therefore, they all gathered together before the telegraph station, they understood the purpose for which they were assembled. Captain Hudson took up his position on a pile of boards, the officers and men standing round amid shavings, stumps of trees, pieces of broken furniture, sheets of copper, telegraph batteries, little mounds of lime and mortar, branches of trees, huge boulders, and a long catalogue of other things equally incongruous.

"We have," said the captain, "just accomplished a work which has attracted the attention and enlisted the interest of the whole world. That work," he continued, "has been performed, not by ourselves; there has been an Almighty Head over us and aiding us; and without the Divine assistance thus extended us, success was impossible. With this conviction firmly impressed upon our minds, it becomes our duty to acknowledge our indebtedness to that overruling Providence who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. "Not unto us, Oh Lord! not unto us, but to thy name, be all the glory." I hope the day will never come, when, in all our works, we shall refuse to acknowledge the overruling hand of a Divine and Almighty Power. It is He who can rebuke the winds and calm the seas. He works in a mysterious way for his people. His path is on the mighty waters. We have seen His power in the tempest; and when we have called upon Him in the time of trouble, He has heard our voice. And yet how ungrateful we are for all His favors, and how soon we forget Him when the trouble passes away like the summer cloud or the morning dew. On a solemn occasion like the present we should feel more particularly our indebtedness to Him, and it is with a feeling of heartfelt gratitude we should acknowledge the many favors which He has bestowed upon us. There are none here, I am sure, whose hearts are not overflowing with feelings of the liveliest gratitude to Him, in view of the great work which has been accomplished through His permission, and who are not willing to join in a prayer of thanksgiving for its successful termination. I will, therefore ask you to join me in the following prayer, which is the same, with a few necessary alterations, that was offered for the laying of the cable:

PRAYER.

"O, Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea, who hast compassed the waters with bounds till day and night come to an end, and whom the winds and the sea obey—look down in

mercy, we beseech Thee, upon us, Thy servants, who now approach the throne of Grace, and let our prayer ascend before Thee with acceptance. Thou hast commanded and encouraged us in all our ways to acknowledge Thee, and to commit our works to Thee; and Thou hast graciously promised to direct our paths and to prosper our handiwork. We desire now to thank Thee, believing that without Thy help and blessing nothing can prosper or succeed, and we desire humbly to commit all who have been engaged in this undertaking to Thy care, protection and guidance. It has pleased Thee to enable us to complete what we have been led by Thy providence to undertake, that being begun and carried on in the spirit of prayer and in dependence upon Thee, it may tend to Thy glory, and to the good of all nations, by promoting the increase of unity, peace and concord. May Thy hand of power and mercy be so acknowledged by all that the language of every heart may be, 'Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory;' that so Thy name may be hallowed and magnified in us and by us. Thou hast controlled the winds and the sea by Thy almighty power, and granted us such favorable weather that we were enabled to lay the cable safely and effectually. Finally, we beseech Thee to implant within us a spirit of humility and childlike dependence upon Thee; and teach us to feel, as well as to say, 'If the Lord will, we shall do this or that.' Hear us, O Lord, and hear us in these our petitions according to Thy precious promise, for Jesus Christ's sake."

The "Amen" which followed the conclusion of this prayer showed what a sincere response it received from the hearts of all present, and the depth of feeling it excited. "You recollect," proceeded the Captain, "what our Saviour told his disciples, that if they had faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, they could move mountains. We have performed a work, or rather we are thankful to God for having performed a work for us, which has been ridiculed by a great many who regarded it as an impossibility. We have been peculiarly favored in being permitted to be His agents, and we are pleased to acknowledge that it was through His instrumentality the work has been performed."

A work of such magnitude, conducted and concluded in such a Christian spirit, must prove a blessing to the world, and to religion. It lies embalmed in prayer and piety. It is also worthy of lasting remembrance and gratitude that the first News dispatch August 26, brought the message of PEACE with China; and the second August 27th the still greater fact not only that that vast Empire is open to the trade of all nations, but to Christianity, and that by the treaty "THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION IS ALLOWED!"

READ AN HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who at fourteen was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read one hour every day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said when he was twenty-one that he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and fifty-five hours, which, at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days: equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge, would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now.

B E A U T I F U L .

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is seldom we see so touching an incident as that which has lately gone the rounds of the papers with the caption of "beautiful." Beautiful certainly it is.

BEAUTIFUL : Mr. W. Evans, now a resident of Boston, Mass., has recently made a donation to the town of Smithfield, in that State, of \$10,000, as a grateful tribute for the support of himself and parent by said town, during his infancy and childhood. His parents, with himself and other children, were paupers to said town and were for many years supported by it.

Beautiful is the gift in itself, but more beautiful the spirit which it manifests as dwelling in the heart of the giver. He was once poor, very poor; he has now grown rich, but has not forgotten his former humble condition, nor the place where his lowly life began. Nor has he proved ungrateful toward those who in his humble condition befriended him.

How often do we find that persons of humble origin, when the tide of fortune has turned in their favor and elevated them above their former condition, become so elated as to be ashamed of their humble childhood. They hide it, they cannot bear any allusion to it—they wish it to be forgotten. They shun those who are acquainted with the fact, and disown everything that is associated with their former humble level. Persons whom they once knew are now disowned because they need them no more. We have known persons who did not wish to have the place of their birth known, and could bear no inquiries in regard to their parents and relations, when the only sin of these was that they belonged to humble life! How false and how far from greatness are such ideas and feelings.

Beautiful, indeed, in this respect is the conduct of Mr. Evans. Instead of hiding the fact that he was once poor, he actually builds a monument to commemorate the fact! As long as the village exists, and coming generations will ask "whence this gift?" it will be told that the wealthy Mr. Evans of Boston was once poor, and the son of poor parents, and that he was supported by the town "during his infancy and childhood." Will this be to his dishonor? No, no! For it will be also told that he did not remain poor—that by industry and perseverance he nobly elevated himself; and above all, that through all his rising prosperity he carried with him a noble heart, which grew neither proud nor narrow, but amid wealth and honor, turned in grateful remembrance toward his native village. The monument will tell forever how the poor boy became a noble man.

How false is that idea of greatness which supposes it necessary to hide an humble origin. Our Saviour has forever put it to shame by his humble birth. We do not find that He thought it necessary to be ashamed of his birth in a stable, and his infant slumbers in a manger "with the beasts of the stall." To rise to greatness is great; and the

humbler the beginning the more honorable the end. We take off our hat before Mr. Evans, as before one of the chiefest noblemen of our race, and cry with all our heart—BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FALSE principles like false prophets are known by their fruits. The bad effects of novel reading have been often pointed out. It has been shown that it enfeebles and renders morbid the mind that indulges in it—that novels give a false coloring to life, and allure the reading victim by unsubstantial fancies into a land of dreams, whereby they are rendered unfit for the sober realities of life as they actually exist. Thus as the result of disappointment, the abused mind sinks into gloom and despair.

Novelism has the same effect upon the writers as upon the readers of these morbid fancies. This may be seen from some startling statements made by the press immediately after the suicide of Henry Herbert, the novelist who wrote numberless hot-bed stories for our city magazines and newspapers under the adopted name of "Frank Forester," and who shot himself "*for love*" to a lady of whose love he had made himself unworthy by his debaucheries. Among other notices of this suicide the papers state the following:

A singular story, told in connection with the suicide of Herbert, ("Frank Forester,") is, that in 1851, Thomas Picton, who now claims Herbert's library, started a newspaper called the *Sachem*, and gathered around him a group of good writers. The list—editorial and corresponding—included Picton, Dr. Bachelor, Herbert, Wm. North, George Foster, Major Richardson, and Capt. Bradley. Picton and Dr. Bachelor are living—the other five have died suicides.

Here is a batch of *five* novelists who have rushed unbidden into the awful presence of God! Such is the fruit produced by this tree of novelism. These are the teachers of the youth of our land! These are the etherial spirits who are to instruct in matters of love and life! When will our young people—and old too—learn to flee from such poisoners of the mind and heart, and seek to derive their ideas of life from a pure and solid source.

Besides these mournful results of novelism, we have lately had a shameful chapter from the domestic history of Dickens, the great chief of modern novelists. With all his wit and facinating style he has not been able to cover the shame connected with his late separation from his own wife! yet how many there are who read Dickens far more than they read the Bible, and shed more tears over his pages than they ever dropped at the foot of the cross.

It is especially on the points of love and marriage that these novelists offer such sublimated lessons. They are the men to give instructions in this solemn business! Physicians they are who cannot heal themselves. Passion is their affection, and lust is their love; and as the

devil once gave instructions in paradise, so do these of like spirit, enter the sacred enclosures of our homes with their lying words and corrupting touch.

How many of the young have novels misled in regard to the nature and solemnity of marriage. They learn from novels to choose from fancy at first sight at a ball or heated evening party—without any serious reference to the character of the person or their own circumstances in life. Hastily the marriage is effected, but sad is the after disappointment and long the unavailing regret. The romance fades away before the reality, like fog when the sun rises.

We have a case in point. Some months ago the papers were handing round the romantic story of a marriage of fancy between the daughter of a wealthy and refined family in New York and her father's coachman. She would have him—the idea was romantic—she had read the like in novels, and it ended well—so she eloped with “the interesting youth” of the coach-whip. A few months have passed, and now the papers give us the following significant item :

A New York correspondent of the *Boston Gazette* writes : You remember the story about “John Dean and his Mary Ann” Boker. Poor girl, her romance is converted into a miserable reality. He, as I stated some time since, is a marker in the custom-house, and they now occupy the second floor of a house over a corner grocery on Second and South Third streets, Williamsburg, surrounded by tumble-down shanties and beggarly looking tenement houses. The only sign of refinement in the apartment is a piano, which the young lady continually drums upon, to the great annoyance of her neighbors ; for, truth to say, she is by no means a Thalberg.

SUDDEN DEATH IN FULL DRESS.

It is not long since we gave a solemn incident of a sudden death in a ball-room in Philadelphia. Any person may die suddenly ; yet who would wish to be called into the presence of the final Judge from the midst of scenes of vanity, robed in all the pride and pomp of fashion's extravagances. That we feel an inward horror at the idea of such a death is the best evidence that we secretly feel such vanity and folly to be in itself sinful. Here is another. How sad the thought !

At this season, says a writer from Paris, one hears almost every day of the house warming of a villa in some neighboring village, as the entrance into possession of a rural residence furnishes one of the best pretext possible for giving a party. A brilliant festival of this sort was given three days ago on the Fountainebleau railway ; and as it was rather more formal than most of the entertainments given at this season of the year, the ladies were all in full dress. Among the guests was a brilliant young wife from Normandy. At 2 o'clock in the morning she quitted the rural lodge to return to Paris, and as she wore one of the steel cages and the number of petticoats now fashionable, she occupied the carriage alone, and her husband followed in a brougham.

At 3 o'clock in the morning they reached Paris. Her husband got out of the brougham and opening the carriage door, called her : “Pauline ! Pauline ! here we are at home !” There was no answer. He called again and louder than before, and he shook her by the shoul-

der. It was cold, strangely cold : "Are you unwell, dear ? What is the matter ? Speak !" He could gain no reply. Taking down one of the carriage lamps, he entered the carriage and found his wife dead ! She had been suffering from an affection of the heart, but the doctors said it was cured ; and now coming from a ball in gay ball attire, with flowers on her head, and rouge on her cheeks, death had come all unawares, before she could speak, while she lay dreaming of balls and all the follies of the world. Never does death seem more hideous than when it surprises its victim arrayed to play a part in the frivolous amusements of the hour !

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY REV. DR. COX.

OUR people at large take too little thought about the infinite importance of education, especially a right one, for their children ; and this is more eminently true in regard to their precious daughters, the women of a soon coming age ! Neglect Women—and ruin men !

What use in educating a woman ? What use ? Let barbarism in Madagascar, or profligacy in Utah, or all manner of pollution in the dark realms of heathendom, be left to ask ; what all civilization, and all Christian philosophy answers with rational and conscientious triumph. Woman is the criterion of society. To improve and elevate the sex, is to advance and meliorate the species. What great and good man can you ordinarily show us, who had not a great and good mother ? Is the influence of a mother, *that is a mother*, less potential, when excellent, because bores, and fops, and fashionable simpletons, never think of it ? because infidels, who believe in Fourierism and communism, in polygamy and seraglios, in Turkish and Circassian slave-marts, and oriental sensualism, utterly forget or discredit it ?

Should we not educate the greatest educators in the world ? A mother first influences a man—a son or a daughter, born into the world. For the infantile and formative years of life, she develops, nurtures, forms, impresses, disciplines, and blesses—or curses, a poor human stranger. What if every mother was an Eunice, a Lois, a Hannah, an Elizabeth, or, I had almost said, a Mary ; what, in the constitution of God, might we expect, with his own added blessing, on their duties and services and pieties, in educating our successive generations of mankind !

SELF-DECEPTION : I think that one of the most terrible spectacles in the world is to see a man that has destroyed the power of moral judgment in respect to his own action, his own moral character. The number of such persons is not small ; it is growing more and more ; and what is more remarkable, they are found more frequently in the Church, and within the sound of preaching, than out of it, and in rounds of wickedness.

BOOK NOTICES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. SAMUEL HUBER, Elder in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. Edited by John Denig, Author of the "Mourner's Bench," &c., Chambersburg, Pa. Printed by M. Kieffer & Co., 1858, pp. 254.

Mr. Huber was born in 1782, grew up to be rather a wild young man, was at length brought to change his course of life, and began to preach about 1815. He was without a regular education. "Our scholarship then, was in German. Dilworth and the Bible were our school books. When we could read them, it was considered that we had passed the ordeal of erudition. What English I learned, was gathered from the people in conversation." Yet he was a man of strong native talent, as the book before us evinces. It contains much solid sense, often graphically expressed. The book has been interesting as giving a natural and living glimpse of the times just gone beyond the knowledge of the present generation, and fast fading from remembrance. There is about it a savor of the olden time in the country life of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which is not without its charm. It gives a picture of the life of an earnest man, who sought to do good in his way. In regard to the peculiar religious views and measures presented, we can best express our sentiments in Mr. Huber's own charitable words: "I am aware that such religious exercises do not meet with the approbation of all kinds of people. There are some honest, good-meaning persons, who do not see into such things as many others do. We therefore pass them by with our best wishes." p. 64.

The book is well gotten up, written in a fresh style, and accompanied with a fine portrait of Mr. Huber. For sale by John Denig, Chambersburg, at 68 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents per single copy.

LIFE IN A RISEN SAVIOUR. By Robert S. Chandish, D. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1858, pp. 410.

This is an interesting book on an interesting subject. Its main thought is well indicated by the title of the book. It is founded on the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and is designed to show the connection between the resurrection and the spiritual and eternal life of the believer. It does not enter into particular exegesis, but unfolds the leading ideas of that rich chapter on the resurrection with great beauty and power. The matter which it contains was first used in the pulpit, and it has all the freshness and point of faithful practical pulpit discussion. The reader will be disappointed should he expect a prosy style, and a slow length of ideas, from the fact that the book is made up of what was once sermons. The discussion is regular, compact, and strangely vigorous. To all persons who are interested in the solemn mysteries which connect the Saint's present life of grace with his future life of glory, the book may be recommended. It is gotten up in the usual excellent style of the substantial and enterprising publishers. It will no doubt have a large sale.

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NICK-NAMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE give due notice to our readers that this is to be a philosophical and scientific article. More than this, anxious as we always are to gouge our way back to the roots and beginnings of things, our present inquiry will lead us in among the darkest kind of antiquarian researches. Besides this it may even lead us into theology, theoretical and practical; in which case it may turn out a more serious matter than one would guess from our title. The reader being thus pré-advised, and properly set on his guard, will please do after the example of him who intendeth to build a tower and first counteth the cost, lest having begun to read he may faint by the way when he findeth himself entangled in the strange words and curious lore which we shall certainly fish up in our present recondite investigation.

That the reader may not be at once dismayed by immediate troubles, but that both we and he may glide into the coming mysteries of our subject, by a somewhat pleasant avenue, we will first pleasure a little by way of prologue.

We will have him with us, then, when we call to mind some reminiscences connected with nick-names. The very mention of the word carries us immediately back to boyhood, or girlhood. It is a chance if the reader himself has escaped having some queer appendage placed along side of his true name whilst he still sojourned in his father's house. For well we know that boys—and girls too—have an instinctive propensity to dub one another in this way. We do not now pass any opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of this common habit of youth, as that belongs to a future part of our subject; we merely here call up the fact, which may serve to show that the habit of nick-naming begins early and spreads widely.

If this propensity begins to manifest itself among little boys and girls it is by no means left behind with that interesting period of life. It goes with young men to college, and with young ladies to boarding schools. Do we not at this moment remember, by the dozen, the curious appellatives which designated our fellow students, and which, after years of earnest and manly life, they have scarcely lost. Yea, the loftier

the position which is afterwards gained, the more surely will tradition have remembered and transmitted the haunting cognomen. The strange name will be about as the ghost of a murdered man follows him who did the deed, and it will be nearest him when he least wants it, like the harlequin or buffoon who, being without modesty, will always be nearest the President in a public procession.

Speaking of the President reminds us further how this propensity to nick-name enters the political arena. Who ever heard of a candidate for the presidency, or indeed for any important office, being called by his right name by the shouting multitude. He is no longer himself, or his own; he belongs to "the people" and they will name him to distinguish the former private man from the present public man. Who shall count the examples from "Old Hickory" down to "Buck and Berry."

Having now opened our subject we must enter it. This we do first of all philologically, which word, upon inquiry, the reader will find designates "that branch of literature which comprehends a knowledge of the etymology or origin and combination of words." Words are the nuts in which kernels are found; and as one who should eat nuts without cracking them would find them hard fare and derive little nourishment from them, so he who inquires into the nature of things without digesting words will not find the sweet wisdom which they at once hide and reveal. We will not act so strange and foolish a part. We must first of all dissect the word, and find how it is, and how it came to be.

Unfortunately "Trench on the study of Words," contrary to his usual sagacity, has entirely overlooked our word, so that we have no help from that source. At this we have felt tempted to be displeased; but on a second thought we are inclined to forgive him, as it gives us a better chance to be original, which rare fortune if peradventure it can be attained, is very pleasing to a writer, and is not even despised by the reader himself. Therefore, excusing Trench, and relying upon our own genius, and inspired by the hope of discovery, we launch forth toward worlds unexplored as yet.

Nick-name is a compound word. The second part of it needs no learned investigation, being derived from the Anglo Saxon *Naman*, or the Latin *Nomen*, it means that word by which a thing is known. This part of our word will not aid us in getting at the philosophy of nick-names.

We must rely on the other part of the word. *Nick*—means the devil. It seems to come from the Anglo Saxon *Naecan* to slay, or kill; the devil was a murderer or manslayer from the beginning. From *Naecan* comes the Dutch word *Nicker*, the devil. "Nicka," says Warton, as quoted by Richardson, "was the Gothic demon, who inhabited the element of the water, and who strangled persons that were drowning; and from him the name has been transferred, with the epithet 'old' to the devil of christian theology." This brings us to this conclusion, namely: A Nick-name is a devil-name!

But still we are not at the end of our inquiry. How did the word *nick* or devil, come to be attached to the word name? Why is a nick-name, a devil-name? What really and ultimately underlies the custom of giving nick-names? What relation does the devil, or evil, sustain to these names?

To answer these questions we must first inquire, how do persons get their right names? This inquiry will lead us to the true origin and nature of nick-names.

All nations, even heathen, have had a deep, though often only a dark sense of the truth that by birth and nature all men are not in their proper state, but are in evil, from which in some way they must be delivered, by being in a solemn way dedicated to the gods, and thus initiated into a better life. Not at their birth, but when this ceremony of dedication took place, they received their names. The Romans named their children on the day of their lustration, a ceremony by which they were supposed to be washed and cleansed from their natural pollution, which was therefore called *Dies nominalis*—the day of naming. The Greeks carried their infants, soon after their birth, around the fire, by which ceremony they dedicated them to their gods, and on that occasion gave them their names.

Jewish writers tell us that a similar custom connected with giving names prevailed among that people. It was connected with circumcision, which was the rite of initiation into the Kingdom of God. That naming children was associated with their consecration by circumcision, is confirmed in the case of Abraham naming Isaac, Gen. xxi: 3, 4, in the circumcision of John the Baptist, Luke 1: 59, 60; and in the circumcision of Christ, Luke 2: 21. This custom was continued in the christian church; and from the very earliest ages infants were named at their baptism. St. Ambrose says, Saul of Tarsus, at his baptism, changed his name to Paul. This change of name especially took place if previously the person had a name connected in any way with heathenism or idolatry. No doubt with a deep sense of the force of this venerable custom, the great Church Historian, when he was converted from Judaism to christianity, and baptized, changed his name to Neander—the new man.

When we are baptized, therefore, we get our name—our proper name. Being baptized unto Jesus Christ we not only receive his name—being christened, christians from Christ; but also a name, which indicates our relation to Christ through and by that ordinance; as though before that event we were nothing—not truly born—not born in the highest sense—and consequently not truly named.

The name we receive in baptism is our christian name. Before that the child had only one name—the name of its parents—the name in nature—the name that comes by natural generation—the name in flesh and blood. Now it has an additional name—a new name—a name in grace—a christian name—the name of Christ—the name which designates that union with Him which has been effected by a baptism into His name.

This christian name is the one which the child constantly hears—especially as long as it is a child—to remind it of its new relation to Christ. So it ought to be—alas! how has familiarity or something worse! destroyed the true meaning, and the sacred power of the christian name in our associations! Would not Abraham, at first called Abram, when ever he heard his new name think of the glorious promise by which his name was changed? Would not Jacob, when he heard his new name “Israel,” think of that God who suffered himself to be conquered by his

prayer? Would not Peter, at first called Simon, be reminded of the Saviour's promise to the church in the giving of his new name? Would Paul ever hear his name, without calling vividly and gratefully to mind, the wonderful transaction which changed his name from Saul, "a destroyer," to Paul "a worker." No, no, never. In like manner ought the christian name ever call to mind that glorious birth by water and the Spirit, in which that name was received!

In this view, the giving of a name in baptism is not an empty form; or, a superstitious custom. It is a solemn pronouncing of the gracious fact, to be repeated by every one who afterwards applies that name to it—that the child is initiated into the kingdom of Grace, and bears the christian name.

In this view, too, there is a christian propriety in the beautifully simple and touching custom of using the christian name in familiar christian circles. To show a preference for titles and complimentary appendages—except when they are insignia of office—is something worse than vanity. Inasmuch as it shows an undue prominence given to the spirit and element of the world over the spirit of child-like piety. Even when our christian names are nobly and honorably covered by the badges of office, they ought still to fall upon our ears with a pleasant, holy charm—reminding us of "the water and the blood." Such is the power, and such the associations of the christian name!

This being the nature and power of the christian name, which is the true name of every baptized person, the reader will easily see what is the nature and import of a nick-name, or devil-name. *It is a contempt and a denial of the person's baptism!* It is virtually to say he is unbaptized—that he is not a christian—to deny him that which is the highest style of man. No wonder that *nique* in French and *niquo* in Italian, are terms of the utmost contempt. No wonder that a nick-name is felt to be the keenest insult that can well be given. Is it not contemptuous, when a man has been elevated to a position in which an honorable title-name has been made his, steadfastly to deny him that title, and apply to him some other name. A greater contempt is it, when one has received a christian name, to displace that by another.

If a nick-name be a devil-name there must be some way in which the evil one causes such names to be given. True they are often thoughtlessly given without any evil intention; but it is one of the ways of the evil spirit to lead persons thoughtlessly into evil habits, and then gradually make those habits seem natural and easy. When the evil work has been accomplished, and those who have been taught by him are doing the work alone, unconscious of where they learned it, satan disappears. As when he had effected the fall of our first parents,

Back to the thicket slunk the guilty serpent.

We often hear a man given to profanity say, in excuse of his sin, I did not know I swore. The habit is so confirmed, and works with such ease, that the evil is no more consciously felt. So has the custom of nick-naming become so common, that the true origin, and fearful nature of the habit is no more held in view. If satan would say to us: Go and call that person an unbaptized wretch, or make light of his baptism, and even ridicule it, our eyes would at once open to the wicked-

ness of the proposal; but when the same spirit, under cover of long habit, induces us to nick-name him, we regard it innocent amusement.

Satan has to do with it furthermore particularly, when, as in many cases, he leads persons to furnish occasion for nick-names being given them. We know how often some particular sinful tendency in a man becomes the occasion of a nick-name. Thus Tiberias Nero, who was greatly given to drunkenness, was nick-named Biberias Mero—one that does nothing but drink. How apt are misers, petty thieves, great liars, mean persons, and such like, to receive nick-names. They hold out the bait. Their particular sins become more prominent than their own personality, and thus cover their true names. They are no more named according to their baptism, which by sin they have virtually surrendered and denied, but according to that which has become their centrality and ruling characteristic. When they turn away from their christian name, and reproach it by going back into the world and sin, the world and sin will baptise them profanely and give them a new name—a nick-name. That satan has to do with nick-names may also be seen from the fact that wicked persons often make good men seem ridiculous by nick-names, and thus seriously interfere with and limit their influence, especially in the eyes of the thoughtless. Ridicule is a strong weapon in evil hands for evil ends.

Wherever there is a nick-name there is always sin about—either in the one who gives it, or in the one who receives it. It may, as we have said, be sin which invites it in the one to whom it is given. It may also be sin in the one who gives it when it is given from illwill, on the principle that to call a dog mad, is the same as to kill it.

There has of late years a singular taste sprung up, principally among the young, according to which nick-names are even coveted. It prevails mostly among ladies. Catharine even prefers to be called Kate—Susan is pleased with Sue—Margaret loves Mag! and so of the rest. This, to construe it most mildly, certainly arises from affectation, behind which lies a concealed pride. There is about it, moreover, a certain rude and rowdyish jar which is far from a lady-like mildness, gentleness and grace. Among young men it takes a still ruder form, and smacks far more of the bar-room and the corners of the streets than of christian society. Who can picture to his fancy the true gentleman, when he hears Nathaniel called Nat—Henry addressed as Harry—James turned into Jim, and so of the rest.

We sometimes hear it said by way of justification, that these are mere tokens of familiarity; and that these new names are words indicating intimacy and affection. This is a great mistake. Diminutives are names of fondness; and these are perfectly legitimate as accordant with the best laws of language. True, diminutives are not so regularly derived, and so clearly marked in English as they are in German and some other languages, and perhaps many English names have no proper diminutives at all; yet it is perfectly clear that Kate, Mag, Nat and Jim are in no proper sense diminutives, but full-fledged nick-names. The fact is the whole business is foolish and wicked. Why give a child a name in so solemn a manner, and call it his christian name, when he is not to be designated by it.

But it is time to bring this article to a close, especially as it is per-

haps growing too serious and severe for the taste of some of our readers. Our justification is that we gave due notice in the beginning that our subject might perhaps lead us "even into theology, both theoretical and practical." It has in fact turned out so, and thus we have been true to the path in which we set out.

Let us hear then the conclusion of the whole matter. It is this : Let parents make it a rule, yea, a conscientious duty, to call their children by their christian names, and teach their children so to name one another ; and if what we have delivered will any way encourage them to this good habit, our wish is realized, and our object attained.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

HARK, the warning needles click,
Hither, thither, clear and quick
Swinging lightly to and fro,
Tidings from afar they show ;
While the patient watcher reads,
As the rapid movement leads,
He who guides their speaking play
Stands a thousands miles away.

Eloquent, though all unheard,
Swiftly speeds the secret word ;
Light or dark, or foul or fair,
Still a message prompt to bear.
None can read it on the way,
None its unseen transit stay ;
Now it comes in sentence brief,
Now it tells of loss and grief ;
Now of sorrow, now of mirth,
Now a wedding, now a birth ;
Now of cunning, now of crime,
Now of trade in wane or prime ;
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips ;
Now it warns of failing breath,
Strikes or stays the stroke of death.

Speak the word and think the thought,
Quick 'tis as with lightning caught ;
Over, under lands or seas,
To the far antipodes :
Now o'er cities thronged with men,
Forest now, or lonely glen ;
Now where busy commerce broods,
Now in wildest solitudes ;
Now where Christian temples stand,
Now afar in Pagan land ;
Here again as soon as gone,
Making all the earth as one.
Seems it not a feat sublime,
Intellect hath conquered Time ?

THE WATER LILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVE you seen the water lily?
Seen the pond or water lily?
How it grows, and how it flowers?
If you have not, I shall tell you,
Tell you of the water lily
Where it grows, and how it flowers.

When you see a dismal water,
See a dark and dismal water,
Pond cut off from running water
Hemmed and hedged by grass and bushes
Tepid, stagnant, black, and lonely,
Filled with all the hateful creatures
Which such places so inhabit;
Where by day the exhalations
Of the hot sun spread around it,
And at night chill fog arises,
Covering all its stagnant bosom—
Then look closely, you shall see it—
See the yellow water lily.

In a pond like this—believe it—
In this pond—how strange, unlikely—
Grows and blooms the water lily.
If still further you should ask me,
Ask me of this water lily,
How it grows and all about it—
I should answer, I should tell you,
Tell you in such words as follow:

In the pond's deep dismal bottom,
In the mud its roots are fastened;
Then its stem is long and slender,
Pliant almost as a vine is,
Winding through the water upward,
Till it reaches to the surface.

At the vine-like termination
Lie two leaves like twins together:
Green and broad they lie together,
Flat and floating on the water,
Keep the slender stem from sinking
To the dark and dismal bottom,
And between these leaves—behold it!
Grows the lovely yellow flower,
Blooms the charming water lily;
Courts the sun upon the surface
Of the dark and gloomy water.

Should you ask me for the lesson
Which this water lily teaches,
Ask me how it would address us

Could it speak such words as we do :
 I should answer, I should tell you—
 Hear the words as I repeat them—
 Hear its words of holiest wisdom :

“ Child of earth, and child of sorrow,
 You are often in dark waters,
 Naught but dismal scenes around you :
 But the life of grace will keep you,
 Keep your heavy soul from sinking,
 Make your life grow to the surface :
 Faith and Hope, twin leaves, sustain you,
 Keep your head above the water :
 And between them ever blooming,
 Fresher than the water lily
 Love will show its fadeless flower,
 Smiling in the light of heaven.

And should sorrow's waters rising
 Ever threaten to submerge you :
 Life of grace, like stem of lily,
 Rises as the water rises :
 Faith and Hope upon the surface
 Low, or high, or calm, or troubled,
 Float like life-boats with their treasure,
 Keeping every wave beneath them,
 And the flower of love between them,
 Blooming on the troubled surface,
 Smiling in the light of heaven.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

“ Cast thy burden upon the Lord.”—Psalm 55: 22d verse.

Is this the way, my Father? 'Tis my child,
 Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild,
 If thou would'st reach the city undefiled,
 Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! yes child, I know,
 That where thou least expected thou'lt find a foe,
 But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,
 Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child take my hand,
 Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the land;
 Trust my all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand,
 Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide! Child only raise
 Thine eye to me, then, in these slippery ways,
 I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
 Me for each step above.

Oh, Father, I'm weary! Child lean thy head
 Upon my breast. It was my love that spread
 Thy rugged path; hope on till I have said,
 “ Rest, rest, for aye, above.”

ANNIE AND EMMA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Miss Annie has been a member of the church four years. As soon as she made a profession of religion by uniting with the church, she became also a teacher in the Sabbath School. For this labor of love she felt a strong desire, because she had a strong desire to do good. She started with a class of five little girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age. These grew up—how quickly!—under her care; and scarcely could she realize the fact that they also had already become full members of the church.

Having made a public profession of religion, and taken the solemn vows of consecration to God upon themselves, they did not withdraw from their Sabbath School class, but only became the more interested in it. Their young hearts were full of tender penitence and humble joy as Miss Annie, from Sabbath to Sabbath, led them into the green pastures of the holy scriptures. One of these, Emma, was always particularly attentive; she drank in every word as the thirsty ground drinks in the refreshing shower. One thing especially—as afterwards appeared—filled her with wonder. She could not think how Miss Annie, had become so wonderfully familiar with the scriptures. She referred to its history, quoted passages from it, explained its doctrines and precepts, with a readiness and ease, which filled Emma with surprise as she listened. She longed herself for such an attainment, and wonders every day whether it was possible for her to realise it in herself. She modestly supposed that it was owing to a peculiar gift and talent in her teacher, and then her heart despaired.

She loved her teacher, and had always experienced the greatest kindness in return. This encouraged her to open her heart to her on this point.

One Sunday afternoon when the school had closed, Emma asked her teacher whether she could have an interview with her on a point in which she had been deeply interested for a long time. "With pleasure," said Miss Annie, and invited her home to her house. It was a pleasant hour Emma spent with her teacher that afternoon; and one, the results of which were of great importance to her afterwards.

Emma opened the conversation by telling her teacher that she had often been filled with wonder at her familiarity with the scriptures, and had a great desire to make the same attainment if it were possible—expressing her anxiety to know what course she had pursued, and whether she could not give her some suggestions on that point. She wished to benefit by her example.

Miss Annie said she did not wish to hold herself up as an example to others, for she felt her own deficiencies deeply; but added that if the course which she had pursued could furnish any valuable suggestions to her she would cheerfully tell her what course she had pursued in attaining the little she knew. This modest estimate she put on herself, only

increased Emma's respect for her teacher, and at the same time excited her desire to advance in christian knowledge.

"I will give you in order," said Miss Annie, "the main points in the plan I pursue, and from which, I am sure, much benefit has accrued to me. When I was about twelve years of age, a minister addressed our Sunday School. He spoke on the knowledge of the scriptures, and urged us children to read the Bible regularly. Among other things, he told us how we could read the Bible through once a year. I recollect my first thought was: "How can that be?—so large a book, and can be read once every year!" But I listened attentively as he went on to say; that the Bible contained so many chapters, (giving the number,) and that any one who would read three chapters each week-day, and five chapters each Sunday, would thus go through the entire Bible once every year. I was astonished and glad. I saw that it could be done. I resolved to take up and practice the plan. As soon as I got home I took my Bible and read five chapters carefully, marking the place where I left off, and also putting the date when I began on the first white leaf of my Bible. At the same time I wrote under this date these words—showing them to Emma in her well-worn Bible—"I resolve before God and by His grace, from this time forth, to read five chapters every sabbath, and three every week-day, and thus read the Bible through every year. I also resolve to read it studiously and prayerfully.

ANNIE."

"This resolution, my dear Emma, I have been enabled to keep to this day. I am now over twenty-two years of age, and I have read the Bible through ten times. I am not tired of my plan, but like it better every year, and intend to follow it up to the end of my life."

"But when you were busy all day," said Emma with deep anxiety.

"Then," said Miss Annie, "I did like David, 'gave no sleep to my eyes nor slumber to my eyelids' till I had read my chapters. I made up my mind firmly that my own bad nature and the temptations of the evil one, would get me if possible to break my resolution, so I watched and was careful *not to make the first break in my plan*. Several times, especially at first, when I had been very busy during the day, and was very tired in the evening, something seemed to say to me 'leave your chapters this time, and read six to-morrow'—but I knew where the suggestion came from! I knew that if I missed once I should be gone. So I took care of the first omission—did not allow it—and hence my plan has never been broken."

"But when you were away from home," said Emma.

"Then I took my Bible with me, and did abroad as I did at home. Sometimes I was severely tried, but by the grace of God I adhered firmly to my resolution, and kept my plan unbroken. By this faithfulness I even got some of my cousins, and other young friends to adopt the same plan."

"It is an excellent plan," said Emma, "and I will adopt it immediately. Just think, if I had commenced four years ago, when I was the same age as you were when you began, I might now have read the Bible through four times! But it is never too late to begin a good work. I will begin to-day."

Emma had her Bible with her, and in the presence of her teacher she

wrote a similar resolution on the blank leaf in the beginning of her Bible ; and to strengthen her resolution, she requested Miss Annie to sign her name to it, also, as a witness. This she cheerfully did, and also gave her many pleasant words of encouragement.

“ Besides this, there are some other plans which I pursue in studying the word of God,” said Miss Annie ; “ but as we both have some reading to do this afternoon, and must be ready for evening service, we will put that off to another occasion.”

As we are acquainted with future interviews between these interesting ladies, the reader shall hereafter be informed further in regard to Miss Annie’s mode of becoming acquainted with the scriptures—and with what excellent results Emma adopted and carried them out for herself. Meanwhile, will not some of the young readers of the Guardian—or even old ones—go and do likewise.

NEVER DESPAIR.

THOUGH the billows of life around thee should roll,
And the waters of darkness break over thy soul ;
Though thy brow should be clouded with sorrow and care,
Yet there is a promise—then “ Never Despair.”

Though the friends of thy youth should be altered and changed,
And the hearts that were fondest forever estranged,
Though tears should embitter affections warm prayer,
Yet there is a promise—then “ Never Despair.”

Though the wings of thy spirit be broken and crushed,
And the voice that is loved, in eternity is hush’d ;
Though death blight the prospects of all that was fair,
Yet there is a promise—then “ Never Despair.”

Although by the world thou art coldly forsaken,
Let thy faith in that promise be ever unshaken ;
It will cheer thee through life, it will bless thee in death,
And wing with delight thy last, dying breath.

For that promise is life in bright heaven above,
Where justice is throned with sweet mercy and love ;
Where blessings immortal and glories divine,
For the chosen of God everlastingly shine.

Then cling not to earth with its struggles and strife,
Let it crush not thy spirit, though it darken thy life ;
But in that dark moment of anguish and care,
Remember that promise—and “ Never Despair.”

GOLDEN PARABLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

XXVII.—THE VINE.

A GARDENER had planted a vine at his house which covered the entire wall with its leaves and bore excellent fruit.

His neighbor envied him on account of the beautiful vine, and once in the night he went and cut off some of the prettiest branches.

In the morning, when the gardener saw his vine he was sad, for at that time it was not yet known how good it is for a vine to be closely cut.

"I could weep," said the gardener, "when I see how my vine itself seems to weep over its mutilation." But behold, the next year the vine bore far more and better grapes than it had ever done before. The gardener took the hint, and discovered that in this way the vine could be greatly improved in its fruitfulness.

What'er our enemies intend for ill,
The Lord o'errules and makes a blessing still.

XXVIII.—THE SINGING BIRDS.

A friendly village was surrounded with a whole forest of fruit-bearing trees. In the spring the trees bloomed beautifully, and scented the air with their fragrance in the pleasantest manner. Upon their branches and in the bushes around, all kinds of birds built their nests, and sung very charmingly.

Towards autumn the trees were richly laden with all kinds of fruit, apples, pears and plumbs. Then some wicked boys began to rob and destroy the nests of the birds. Then the birds gradually left the place.

On the beautiful spring mornings no songs of birds were heard, and all was sad and still in the gardens. The destructive caterpillars, which had before been caught and destroyed by the birds, got the mastery, and eat the leaves and blossoms from the trees. The trees stood bare as in the middle of winter, and the wicked boys which other years had abundance of fruit to enjoy, did not even as much as get to see a single apple.

Wisely our God hath made all things below,
Who sins against His ways himself shall reap the wo.

XXIX.—THE CANARY BIRD.

Christina begged her mother to buy her a canary bird. Her mother said: "You shall have one if you will always be industrious, well-behaved and obedient;" and Christina promised she would be so.

One day Christina returned from school. Her mother said to her: "I wish to go out for a short time; here on the table is a little new band-box. Whatever you do, open it not—touch it not! If you obey me, when I return I will give you great pleasure."

Scarcely had her mother gone out of the door when Christina was already handling the band-box. "It is so light," she said to herself, "and there are small holes in the lid! I wonder what is in it!" She thought her mother would not see her, so she opened the box, when behold, quick as lightning, a beautiful yellow canary bird leaped forth, and flew happy and twittering around in the room!

Christina tried to catch the bird and put it into the box again, that her mother might not know that she had left it out. Whilst breathless and with glowing cheeks she was chasing the bird around the room, her mother came in and said: "O inquisitive and disobedient child! I intended to make a present to you of the beautiful bird; but I wished first to prove you, to see whether you are worthy of it. Now, however, I will return it again to the bird-dealer."

A noble child its parents will obey,
Alike when the're at home, and when away.

MECHANICS' EVENING HOURS.

WHAT have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours' toil? Hearken to the following facts:

One of the best editors the *Westminster Review* could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hours, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the *London Daily Journal* was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the *London Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London, was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watchmaker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler in Huntly; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a workman in Morah. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose; Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a plowman in Haddington, and Arthur Anderson, the member from Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

WHAT A PITY: It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are four classes of persons referred to, in the New Testament, existing in the holy land in the days of our Saviour's sojourn on earth.

The Pharisees, who corrupted religion—turning it unto a mere ornament for their own pride—making it a means of honor to themselves instead of an honor to God—prostituting it into mere outward show to be seen of men, retaining the form without the power. Thus, not only formalists but hypocrites, were the Pharisees.

This became the occasion of another class, the Sadducees—the more wealthy and intelligent, who could see through the shams of the Pharisees, and were disgusted with their emptiness; but who failed, at the same time, to see the true religion behind these corruptions; and thus identifying all piety with that which they saw in the Pharisees, they denied all religion, and became infidels.

These two classes were made up of the higher orders of society, and their position and spirit begat also two classes among the lower orders.

Thus the Essenes, who had too much piety either to feel at home amid the emptiness of the Pharisees, or, with the Sadducees, to discard all religion. Alike disgusted with both these parties, they became separatists, retired into solitude, and were the anchorites of that day.

The other class among the lower or common order of people kept their place in social life; they would not be hypocrites like the Pharisees; their religious instincts would not let them be theoretical infidels like the Sadducees; nor would they fly into solitude like the Essenes; they were the loose and floating lower orders in society—the “publicans and sinners.”

Wicked and degraded they no doubt were; but they were pressed and crowded into this position. They were what they were more from circumstances than from deliberate choice. They were hated and hunted by the Pharisees; who would not permit them to come into the temple or the synagogues, nor to partake of their public prayers, or of their offices of judicature, or allow them to give testimony in a court of justice, nor accept their presents at the temple.

Neglected, rejected and despised, they were wicked, and proudly spurned as the “sinners,” as if there had been no other sinners in the land. But we must remember that they have this title rather from the Pharisees than from God. As to sin, they differed from the Pharisees only in this, that their sins were public, in the outward life; whereas the Pharisees covered theirs in the heart. The publicans sinned in the world, the Pharisees in the holiest name of religion. The publicans neglected religion; the Pharisees abused and disgraced it at its own sacred altars.

The Pharisees were hardened in hypocrisy. Their habitual abuse of sacred things had eaten out of their hearts all religious susceptibility and reverence; they were a generation of vipers; their hearts were sepulchres, in which all true aspirations after the higher life of the spirit

lay dead and buried. Hence our Saviour, for whom they professed to look and prepare the way, found no access to them. The challenge could be proudly made: "Have any of the Pharisees believed on Him?" The only one of whom we read, who broke through this shell of prejudice, was only a "disciple secretly for fear of the Jews," Nicodemus, who "came to Jesus by night."

The publicans and sinners were not so hardened or prejudiced. Even in their wretchedness they had not lost their religious instincts. The very fact that all the shell religion around them made itself foreign to them, and stood away from them in proud and cold disdain, only increased their longings for a religion that should reach them and take them up. Their wounds stood open, and waited for the balm.

That their religious instincts were better than those of the Pharisees, and that they were in a more hopeful condition, is abundantly evident from the gospels. Our Saviour has embodied this fact in the notable parable of the Pharisee and publican who went up to the temple to pray. It is seen from His calling one of His apostles, Mathew, from among this class, and the readiness with which, at the first word, he left "the receipt of custom," and followed Him. It is seen in the case of Zaccheus, the chief among the publicans, who at the first word came down from the tree, and received him joyfully into his house, amid the usual murmurings of the crowd: "That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner."

Our Saviour declared to them plainly: "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Even John the Baptist was readily received by this class: "Then came also publicans to be baptised, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?"

We find them ever around our Saviour in favorable contrast with the Pharisees. "Then drew near to him all the publicans and the sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying: This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." So again we read, "And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto His disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?"

From what has been said of the deep religious instincts of this class of persons, we gave a correct answer to the question, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" It is not pretended goodness, or outward show of piety that attracts the Saviour; but a true want, a sincere longing of heart, however deep it may be buried in degradation and sin. Not a feigned wholeness and health, but a felt sickness of soul brings the physician near.

Besides, in this lay the deepest sense of our Saviour's mission. He came to the world, not merely to the Pharisees as they proudly thought. He came to the lost, not to those who proudly denied that they were lost. He came to the bound, not to those who said boastingly, we are free. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The ninety and nine who believed themselves righteous He passed by to follow one who cried after him in the wilderness.

It was the way of condescension that He had undertaken to go; and

this path lay past those who believed themselves nearest to heaven on to those who lay groaning in their sins and miseries on the lowest level of fallen human life. Because He descended to the lowest and deepest wants of the world, the Pharisees failed to find Him. Pride was the essence of their religion, humility that of His. Among those whom they derided, they despised Him. The Saviour of sinners, among sinners, they rejected and crucified!

Because he was saving those whom they regarded beneath them, they regarded Him also beneath them. How could they know Him? They boasted that they kept the law and were not under its curse; but he was made under the law to bear its curse for those under the law. He was in true and full sympathy with humanity in its fallen state, they owned no such humiliation in themselves. He could be touched with a feeling of all human infirmity, they could not respond to it in what they regarded as its lowest form. He was a stumbling-block to their self-righteousness; and what made Him truly a Saviour they considered as His shame, showing an utter ignorance of His mission in the question: "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" By the words: "your Master" they disown and reject Him; and what proud disdain and contempt in the words "eateth with sinners."

What an honor to Him is that which they deride! What a consolation to the world! He eateth with sinners. He has really come into our fallen nature. He has stooped to the lowest. He is in true sympathy with the vilest. He touches those that lie bound and groaning in sin. This is not the priest that passes by on the other side, nor yet the Levite that but looks on the wounded man and passes on. He stoops to the wounded with glorious relief.

He eateth with sinners, says the proud Pharisee. Hear it ye weary and heavy laden. His enemies proclaim his praise. Those who despise Him speak our sweetest consolation. Hear it ye humble and penitent souls, who after all your endeavors, feel constrained to say, "nought but sin have I to bring." Hear it ye who can hardly venture to raise your eyes toward heaven, but only smite on your breast saying:

"Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes!"

Not His friends only, then you might think them partial, His enemies say: "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

Come with all your wants and woes; come with hungry, thirsting souls. This man eateth with sinners, at His own table. Not with self-righteous sinners, but with penitent and believing sinners.

Come, He is at the head of His own table, saying: "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Such is the friend of sinners. How suitable is such a Saviour to the wants of our lost and guilty world. By His love and mercy He sweetly allures the weary and heavy laden to Himself and gives them rest. Not only poor, guilty mortals, but even angels rejoice that He receiveth sinners and eateth with them!

REV. CHRISTIAN LUDWIG BECKER, D. D.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS eminent servant of Jesus Christ was born in Anhalt-Cöten, Germany, November 17th, 1756. His parents were Carl Godfried Becker and Johanna Elizabeth, his wife, whose maiden name was Hane. His father died when he was only seven years old; and his education, at this tender age, devolved upon his mother, a most excellent and truly pious woman; in all respects worthy of being entrusted with such a charge.

At an early age his mother sent him to one of the best Seminaries in the region of his home, where he enjoyed, for the space of ten years, the instructions of Professors Luedike, Lange, and others, in Latin and Greek, and other branches of science. Having naturally an active mind and a love for knowledge, he made rapid progress.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Halle, at that time under the Presidency of Dr. Gruner. Here for four years he attended the Lectures of the following learned Professors: In Mathematics and Mental Philosophy, Doctors Eberhard and Meyer—in Theology and Moral Philosophy, the celebrated Dr. Mursinna—in Exegesis of the Old and New Testament, Doctors Nöeselt and Knapp—and in Ecclesiastical and Political History, Doctors Semler and Thuneman.

After finishing the course of study at Halle, he went to Bremen, where he spent fourteen years as *Candidatus Theologiae*; during which time he pursued his studies with the utmost diligence, occasionally preaching for the pastors of that city with great acceptance; and devoting part of his time in the education of young men, preparatory to entering the Universities. While at Bremen he also published several works; one an Exposition of the 53d Chapter of Isaiah, and the other a Treatise on the best mode of converting the Jews; both of which are said to manifest much Theological learning, and very extensive acquaintance with general Literature. Afterwards, he also published two volumes of Sermons, while yet in Europe.

On the 10th of November, 1788, in the thirty-second year of his age, he was united in holy matrimony with Miss Adelheit, daughter of Mr. William Ahlers, of Bremen.

He continued to reside in Bremen till 1793, when he embarked for America, bearing with him the most flattering testimonials of his learning and piety, and the blessing and prayers of the Ministerium of Bremen. It is due to his memory that a testimonial so nobly won be recorded in illustration of the esteem which he drew upon himself from the most worthy.

*From the MSS. of the forthcoming Third Volume of "The Fathers of the Reformed Church in Europe and America," by Rev. H. Harbaugh. Published by Sprenger & Westhaeffer, Lancaster, Pa. In view of the fact that the death of Dr. Becker's only son, Rev. Jacob Christian Becker, D. D., has just been announced, this sketch of the life of his venerable father will be interesting to many of our readers.

Having arrived safely at Baltimore, in July or August, 1793, through the kind interest of the Rev. George Trolldenier, then pastor of the German Reformed Church, on Second street, in that city, he immediately received a call from the united congregations of Easton, Mount Bethel, Plainfield, and Dry Land, in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, which he accepted, and accordingly entered upon his duties there in the latter part of the same year.

On the 18th of May, 1794, he presented himself before Synod, in Reading, making application to be regularly received as a member of that body, and placed formally over the congregations which he had served since his arrival from Germany. He was received as a candidate for the ministry, and a *tantamen* was directed to be held with him. Instead of this, however, synod only required him to preach a sermon, which he did from John XVI: 13. This having been satisfactory to synod, Reverends Blumer, Helffrick, and Wack, were appointed to ordain him in his own congregation.*

He remained pastor of this charge about eighteen months, much beloved by his people, when he received a call from the congregation in Lancaster, which, after much reflection, and considerable reluctance, he at length accepted. He removed to Lancaster in March, 1795. He labored with much acceptance and success in his new charge, till about June, 1806, eleven years. There are still some aged members in that congregation who remember his extraordinary eloquence, and who kindle up with delight at the mention of his name.

As early as 1801, after the death of his bosom friend, Toldenier, a call was presented to him from the congregation in Baltimore, which, however, he at length declined. As reluctant as he was at first, to come to Lancaster, so unwilling was he now to leave. In 1806 the congregation in Baltimore again became vacant, and the call to Dr. Becker was renewed, and once more earnestly urged upon him, which finally proved successful in drawing him away from Lancaster. Nothing can better illustrate the deep hold he had upon the affections of the people, whom he was now to leave, than the fact that his removal bore strong resemblance to a funeral procession. A long train of carriages, and persons on horseback, accompanied him on his way as far as Columbia, ten miles; and the whole scene seemed like that of old, when "devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made a great lamentation over him." It was a spontaneous demonstration of the sincerest affection. They were losing a faithful, learned, and eloquent pastor, and this was cause sufficient for tears.

He entered upon his duties as pastor, in Baltimore, about the first of July, 1806, and continued there up to the time of his death. Besides attending to the more immediate interests of his congregation, both in Lancaster and Baltimore, Dr. Becker manifested a more general zeal for the spread of the church in preparing a number of young men for the ministry. Some twelve or fourteen, in all, were, by him, prepared for the holy office, some of whom were at an earlier day, and some still are among the most devoted and successful pastors in the church.

*Minutes of Synod, 1794.

While in Baltimore, in 1810, he also published a volume of fourteen sermons. This volume is still to be found in some old families of the church.

Silently and steadily the time drew on when Dr. Becker was to be "gathered to his fathers." Though he was sick for some time, he died somewhat suddenly, July 12th, 1818, "fully assured of his interest in the Saviour of the world." "The pulpit and minister's chair were hung in black, and the whole congregation went into deep mourning for their esteemed Pastor." He was buried on the day following his death, in the Western Cemetery, belonging to the Second street Church. Dr. Kurtz and Rev. Snyder officiated on the solemn occasion.

Often have we heard aged persons, who were present, describe the awfully sublime meteorological phenomena which characterized the day of his burial. "At the hour of his funeral, the heavens were clothed with blackness; the forked lightnings sent forth fearful gleams; the hoarse thunder shook the very foundations of the place where the mourners and friends were assembled; and so agitated were the elements, and so terrible the storm of rain and wind, that many were led to fear for their personal safety. Towards evening, however, the fury of the storm abated, and the congregation followed their lamented pastor to the tomb. On the following Sabbath the Rev. Dr. Kuriz delivered, in the church, a very appropriate funeral discourse."*

Dr. Becker possessed naturally a very strong mind, which had early been brought under strict scientific discipline, so that he thought logically on any subject he took in hand. Though he wrote much, yet in his teaching and preaching he was ready, and free in his communications. Though trained to logical acuteness, he was neither stiff nor cold. His heart reigned in his mind. He was ardent and impulsive in his temperament; and in preaching was frequently "caught up" into a most overwhelming flow of impassioned eloquence and tender feeling. He would at times sway a congregation as the wind moves a forest of pines, so that the stoutest would bend to the power that breathed upon them.

With all his ardor and fire of temperment, he was a man of much mildness, and loved the ways of peace. He seems to have been averse to religious controversy, and possessed much charity towards those who belonged to other christian communions. We have been informed by aged persons, who were catechised and confirmed by him that he never explained the eightieth question in the catechism. He never gave any reason for this; it may have been because it was not contained in the original copy as drawn up by Ursinus and Olevianus; or perhaps more likely because of its sharp and severe polemical spirit, differing so entirely from the sweet pacific spirit which characterizes the symbol as a whole.

The late venerable Jacob Christian Becker, D. D., of Bethlehem, Pa., for many years pastor of an extensive charge in that region, and who died on Wednesday afternoon, August 18th, 1858, was his only son, and had, in a very large measure, inherited his father's talents and eloquence.

*Centenary Sermon by Dr. Heiner, 1850, p. 52.

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

THE old garden! What need to write more? The thought of Sweet Williams comes to us again, and the little grass pinks are sprinkling the borders with rubies, and the blue violets cluster modestly along the fence, and "pineys"—Heaven restore the day we called them "pineys"—filled up the corners; and over there is a row of "bachelors' buttons," white, purple and blue,—gay and varied enough for the roundabout of poor Joseph.

It is morning, and the sweet bells of the morning glorys "toll their perfume" along the vine; it is midsummer, and the old red rose, forever sacred to memory and affection, blushes, and blesses all the air; it is September, and the starry China asters raise in rainbow-lighted constellations in the grass.

The red plumes of "love lies bleeding" are moving in the wind, and the marigold of French velvet glitters on the ground—new coin of gold, just struck in the mint of June.

There, too, were the hollyhocks, small orchestras every one, for the summer bees; many a time, gathering the edges of the leaves of his tiny chamber together, have we made a prisoner of the solo singer. And there, all by itself, the broad disc of the old-fashioned sun-flower turns to light, while a brown bird, the *Crusœ* of the rocking world, picks fiercely at the rare Mosaic of its close sown field of seed.

There, too, are the lilacs beside the garden gate, flinging their fragrance in the open window, and out in the dusty street; and there, with its broad grasp of roots fast hold of a square rod of earth, is the balm of Gilead, that each year outlives the threat of the axe and the fire.

Down the main walk were a dozen tufts or so of garden sorrel, and over there were the feathery plumes of the asparagus; and who would ever forgive us for forgetting the caraway and dill, that made the old meeting house fragrant of a Sunday, blended with the breath of pink and white roses.

And how, as we think of the garden, can we fail to remember the green, flaring boxes of wood—hoppers wherein, upon the Lilliput acre of earth, spring poured its sweet treasures of sunshine and rain? The little green boxes with the geranium race—the lemon, the rose and the strawberry? And the dew plant with its frosted verdure, that both dwelt in these little green boxes of gardens?

And where are they all, the old-fashioned gardens and flowers? Gone with the Mollys, and Pollys, and Betseys—"as lovely and fleeting as they." Gone with "Coronation," and "Mear," and "Windham," and "Wells." Gone with the old mossy bucket

———"that hung in the well."

There are new names, new tunes and new flowers; the gardens are splendid with statue, and fountain, and vine; shrubs, gorgeous with the glow of tropic suns, tower to skies the *glazier* made, and furnaces diffuse a birdless June, and prolong it through the shivering year.

BE YE ALSO READY.

BY THE EDITOR.

How often do instances of sudden death solemnly remind us of our Saviour's words: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," yet how little is this earnest warning heeded by the careless thousands.

With what distressing feelings have we all read the late account of the burning steamer *Austria* in mid-ocean, with the burning and drowning of over 500 human beings! At a moment's warning they were hurried from the midst of life, with all its sweet dreams of hope, into the presence of their Judge—a judge whom many of them had not only neglected as a Saviour, but long and wickedly insulted by careless and impetuous lives!

In cases of such wholesale and hurried loss of life the dying experiences of many, are of course unknown; they go down in silent despair, or their frantic and hopeless cries are only heard by those in a like case who can never return to repeat them for the warning of the living. There are, however, generally some incidents that come to the knowledge of the world through the survivors. One such case comes to us from the ruin of the *Austria*.

A small party resolved to remain together as long as possible, and if the leap into the ocean became inevitable, they determined to make it together. They were the Rev. Mr. Stamm, a Missionary, Mrs. Stamm, Mr. Shiebe, Mr. Straub, a Baptist minister, Mrs. Straub, Miss Becker, a governess in a family in New York City, Mr. Berry and two or three others. It soon became evident that the alternative was inevitable. Taking their positions on the edge of the quarter-deck, Mr. Shiebe gave the word, "Let us go," and immediately Mr. Berry leaped overboard in advance of the others, with his life-buoy in his hand, and as he reached the water he was compelled to let go his hold of it, while he was carried under the waves. On rising he discovered the life-buoy a short distance from him; he swam to it, adjusted it to his person, and looked about for Mrs. Stamm, whom he had intended to assist after she leaped into the water. None of the party were in sight, and probably all are lost. A Mrs. Dormitzer was walking the deck, enduring alike great physical agony in addition to mental anguish. She asked Mr. Berry if there was any help. He only said to her to put her faith in Jesus. Her reply, in the despair that seemed to pervade her whole being, was, "*Oh, God! I have no strength, no hope!*" and she sank down on the deck overcome.

What words are these in the lips of a despairing soul: "Oh, God! I have no strength, no hope!" No doubt she had often heard the Saviour's warning: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!" But like many thousands she heeded them not. In the flow of health, and amid the dreams of life's smiling hopes, she put far off the evil day. She said to her heart, I shall yet see many days, and rejoice in them all. But the end came suddenly, and as a thief in the night. She had boasted herself of to-morrow, but what did a day bring forth. As by a whirlwind she was called to her

solemn account. Scarcely had the dreadful cry : " the ship's on fire ! " thrilled through her hopeless soul, ere the waves clapped their hands over her sinking body, and the only sad farewell cry from her lips that the world has heard is : " Oh, God ! I have no strength, no hope ! "

How different the end of the little missionary company. Calmly they sit waiting. There is strength there—the strength of faith in Jesus Christ. There is hope there—the hope of eternal glory near, which no flames nor floods can overwhelm and destroy. As if the golden gates of light had been flung wide open before them by waiting angel's hands, they leap at the words : " Let us go ! " and the dark waves which receive them are as the bosom of their God. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his !

You, reader, it is true, may not be thus called away from the deck of a burning ship ; but you are subject daily to a like sudden summons wherever you may be. Stricken down alone, as you may be will make the sudden event to you no less solemn. So are many called away ; nor do you know the time and manner of your end. " Therefore be ye also ready ; for at such an hour *as you think not*, the Son of man cometh. "

THE RAIN DROPS.

BY ETTA JEHLLEN.

THEY come ! they come ! all cooling and bright,
Sparkling like diamonds with brilliant light—
Merrily, merrily the rain-drops fall,
Refreshing the earth, and blessing all.

They come ! they come ! so noisy and wild,
Like the ringing laugh of a happy child,
And fall on the roof and dash on the pane,
And play hide and seek with the weather vane.

They come ! they come ! they are sent to serve
The burning brow, and sinking nerve,—
The sick and the weary inhale the breeze
Wafted to them from the dripping trees,
Watch the drops—and again and again
Bless our God for the cooling rain.

THE GOOD MAN'S REWARD.

WHO has good deeds brought well to end,
For him the gloomy forests shine ;
The whole world is to him a friend,
And all the earth a diamond mine.

EXAGGERATED EXPRESSIONS.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

SOME time ago, a correspondent, whom I would not willingly neglect, requested me to make a few plain remarks on the common evil of giving utterance to inflated expressions and statements in common conversation. Some persons never seem to see objects with the naked eye. Every thing is seen through a magnifying glass. It looks larger than it is.

It is a somewhat ungrateful task to tell those who would shrink from the imputation of a falsehood, that they are in the daily habit of uttering untruths; and yet, if I proceed, no other course than this can be taken by me. It is of no use to adopt half measures. Plain speaking saves a deal of trouble.

I love the man who steps along on his toes, that he may not tread on the toes or the heels of his neighbors. Some are remarkable for this habitual tenderness to their fellow-creatures, and it does my heart good to see it; but in a case where trifling is losing time, and decision is really necessary, we must run the risk of giving offence if we would really do good.

My correspondent says that I make capital "caps;" and that if all those who need them would wear them, my hints would be very profitable. I am, however, sadly afraid that most of the caps I make would fit my own head quite as well as they would fit the heads of my neighbors. But to my task.

The examples about to be given by me of exaggerated expressions, are only a few of the many that are constantly in use. Whether you can acquit yourselves of the charge of occasionally using them, I cannot tell; but I dare not affirm for myself that I am altogether guiltless.

"I was caught in the wet last night; the rain came down in torrents." Most of us have been out in heavy rains; but a torrent of water pouring down from the skies would a little surprise us, after all.

"I am wet to the skin, and have not a dry thread upon me." Where these expressions are once used correctly, they are used twenty times in opposition to the truth.

"I tried to overtake him, but in vain; for he ran like lightning." The celebrated race-horse Eclipse is said to have run a mile in a minute, but poor Eclipse is left sadly behind by this expression.

"He kept me standing out in the cold so long I thought I should have waited for ever." There is not a particle of probability that such a thought could have been for a moment entertained.

"I went to the meeting, but had hard work to get in; for the place was crowded to suffocation." In this case, in justice to the veracity of the relator, it is necessary to suppose that successful means had been used for his recovery.

"When I mentioned it to her, she turned as pale as a sheet." I am skeptical enough to believe that had an actual comparison taken place, it would have been found otherwise.

"I have been sadly troubled with headache; I thought I should have died, I was so ill." If they who use this expression on every light occasion, did really reflect on death as frequently as they represent themselves to do so, it might be attended with the most salutary consequences.

"You would hardly know her again, she is as thin as a thread-paper." Either the thread-paper must have been of an unusual size, or she must have been very thin indeed.

"We came along the lane, a horrid road, up to our knees in mud." Some people a little more diffident, satisfy themselves with saying, "It was over my shoe-tops in mud." All I can say is, that if either the one statement or the other be correct, it is high time the road should be mended.

"He is a shrewed fellow! as deep as a draw-well." There is an old adage that truth lies at the bottom of a well: I am afraid that it is not at the bottom of this draw-well.

"We stood there for an hour: my feet were as cold as ice." If the feet were once as cold as ice, there would be very little heat left in the head or the heart.

"Oh, nothing will hurt him; he is as strong as a horse." Some go even farther than this, and say, "as strong as an elephant;" but both expressions are too strong to be consistent with fact.

"It must have been a fine sight; I would have given the world to have seen it." Fond as most of us are of sight-seeing, this would be buying pleasure at a dear price indeed; but it is an easy thing to proffer to part with that which we do not possess.

"It made me quite low spirited, my heart felt as heavy as lead." We most of us know what a heavy heart is, but lead is by no means the most correct metaphor to use in speaking of a heavy heart.

"I could hardly find my way; the night was as dark as pitch." I am afraid we have all in our turn calumniated the sky in this manner; pitch is many shades darker than the darkest night we have ever known.

"He ran till his face burnt like a live coal." Ay, and if every one blushed in the same proportion in which he departed from truth, he who uses this form of speech would have a face ruefully red, though not exactly burning like a fire-coal.

"I have told him of that fault fifty times over." Five times would, in all probability, be much nearer the fact than fifty.

"I never closed my eyes all night long." If this be true, you acted unwisely; for had you closed your eyes, you might, perhaps, have fallen asleep, and enjoyed the blessing of refreshing slumber; if it be not true, you act more unwisely still, by stating that as a fact which is altogether untrue.

"He was in such a passion, that he foamed at the mouth like a mad dog." Rather mad language this; but many a man in his descriptions acts like a bad painter, who, almost always, has too much color in his brush.

"He is as tall as a May-pole." I have met with some tall fellows in my time, though a common May-pole is somewhat taller than the tallest of them.

"He was so fat he could hardly come in at the door." Most likely the difficulty here alluded to was never felt by any one but the relator;

supposing it to be otherwise, the man must have been very broad, or the door very narrow.

"You don't say so!—why, it was enough to kill him!" The fact that it did not kill him is a sufficient reply to this unfounded observation; but no remark can be too absurd for an unbridled tongue.

Thus might I run on for an hour, and, after all, leave much unsaid on the subject of exaggerated expressions. We are hearing continually the comparisons, "black as soot, white as snow, hot as fire, cold as ice, sharp as a needle, deaf as a post, light as a feather, heavy as lead, stiff as a poker, and crooked as a crab-tree," in cases where such expressions are quite out of order.

The practice of expressing ourselves in this inflated and thoughtless way is more mischievous than we are aware of. It certainly leads us to sacrifice truth. There is an uprightness in speech as well as in action, that we ought to strive hard to attain. The purity of truth is sullied, and the standard of integrity is lowered, by incorrect observations. Let us reflect upon this matter freely and faithfully. Let us love truth, follow truth, and practice truth in our thoughts, our words, and our deeds.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

FRIEND, after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ;
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
'Till all are passed away,
As morning higher and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THE TULIPOMANIA.

THE Tulip—so named, it is said, from a Turkish word, signifying a turban,—was introduced into western Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Conrad Gesner, who claims the merit of having brought it into repute—little dreaming of the extraordinary commotion it was to make in the world—says that he first saw it in the year 1559, in a garden at Augsburg, belonging to the learned Counsellor Herwart, a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare exotics. The bulbs were sent to this gentleman by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favorite. In the course of ten or eleven years after this period, tulips were much sought after by the wealthy, especially in Holland and Germany. Rich people at Amsterdam sent for the bulbs direct to Constantinople, and paid the most extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in 1600. Until the year 1634 the tulip annually increased in reputation, until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them. Many learned men, including Pompeius de Angelis and the celebrated Lipsius of Leyden, the author of the treatise “*De Constantia*,” were passionately fond of tulips. The rage for possessing them soon caught the middle classes of society, and merchants and shopkeepers, even of moderate means, began to vie with each other in the rarity of these flowers and the preposterous prices they paid for them. A trader at Harlaem was known to pay one half of his fortune for a single root—not with the design of selling it again at a profit, but to keep in his own conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintance.

One would suppose that there must have been some great virtue in this flower to have made it so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch; but it has neither the beauty nor the perfume of the rose—hardly the beauty of the “sweet, sweet-pea;” neither is it as enduring as either. Cowley, it is true, is loud in its praise. He says—

“The tulip next appeared, all over gay
But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;
The world can’t show a dye but here has place;
Nay, by new mixtures, she can change her face,
Purple and gold are both beneath her care—
The richest needlework she loves to wear;
Her only study is to please the eye,
And to outshine the rest in finery.”

This, though not very poetical, is the description of a poet. Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions*, paints it with more fidelity, and in prose more pleasing than Cowley’s poetry. He says: “There are few plants which acquire, through accident, weakness, or disease, so many variegations as the tulip. When uncultivated, and in its natural state, it is almost of one colour, has large leaves, and an extraordinary long stem. When it has been weakened by cultivation, it becomes more agreeable in the eyes of the florist. The petals are then paler, smaller, and more diversified in view; and the leaves acquire a softer green colour. Thus this masterpiece of culture, the more beautiful it turns, grows so much the weaker, so that, with the greatest skill and most careful attention, it can scarcely be transplanted, or even kept alive.”

Many persons grow insensibly attached to that which gives them a great deal of trouble, as a mother often loves her sick and ever-ailing child better than her more healthy offspring. On the same principle we must account for the unmerited encomia lavished upon these fragile blossoms. In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. As the mania increased, prices augmented, until, in the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. It then became necessary to sell them by their weight in *perits*, a small weight less than a grain. A tulip of the species called *Admiral Liefken*, weighing 400 *perits*, was worth 4400 florins; an *Admiral Von der Eyk*, weighing 446 *perits*, was worth 1260 florins; a *shilder* of 106 *perits* was worth 1615 florins; a *viceroi* of 400 *perits*, 3000 florins, and, most precious of all, a *Semper Augustus*, weighing 200 *perits*, was thought to be very cheap at 5500 florins. The latter was much sought after, and even an inferior bulb might command a price of 2000 florins. It is related that, at one time, early in 1636, there were only two roots of this description to be had in all Holland, and those not of the best. One was in the possession of a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Harlæm. So anxious were the speculators to obtain them that one person offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building ground for the Harlæm tulip. That of Amsterdam was bought for 4600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete suit of harness. Munting, an industrious author of that day, who wrote a folio volume of one thousand pages upon the Tulipomania, has preserved the following list of the various articles, and their value, which were delivered for one single root of the rare species called the *viceroi*:

	florins.
Two lasts of wheat.....	448
Four lasts of rye.....	558
Four fat oxen.....	480
Eight fat swine.....	240
Twelve fat sheep.....	120
Two hogsheads of wine.....	70
Four tuns of beer.....	32
Two tuns of butter.....	192
One thousand lbs. of cheese.....	120
A complete bud.....	100
A suit of clothes.....	80
A silver drinking-cup.....	60
	<hr/>
	2500
	<hr/>

People who had been absent from Holland, and whose chance it was to return when this folly was at its maximum, were sometimes led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. There is an amusing instance of the kind related in Blainville's Travels. A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor

had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly siezed an opportunity and slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth three thousand florins, or about 280*l.* sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor.

The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul! had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "*onion*." Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth; or, as the plundered merchant himself expressed it, "might have sumptuously feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder." Anthony caused pearls to be dissolved in wine to drink the health of Cleopatra; Sir Richard Whittington was as foolishly magnificent in an entertainment to King Henry V.; and Sir Thomas Gresham drank a diamond, dissolved in wine, to the health of Queen Elizabeth, when she opened the Royal Exchange; but the breakfast of this roguish Dutchman was as splendid as either. He had an advantage, too, over his wasteful predecessors; *their* gems did not improve the taste or the wholesomeness of *their* wine, while *his* tulip was quite delicious with his red herring. The most unfortunate part of the business for him was, that he remained in prison for some months, on a charge of felony, preferred against him by the merchant.

Another story is told of an English traveller, which is scarcely less ludicrous. This gentleman, an amateur botanist, happened to see a tulip-root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his pen-knife, and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearance of the unknown bulb. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him, and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing? "Peeling a most extraordinary onion," replied the philosopher. "*Hundert tausend tuyvel*," said the Dutchman; "it's an Admiral *Van der Eyck*." "Thank you," replied the traveler, taking out a note-book to make a memorandum of the same; "are these admirals common in your country?" "Death and the devil," said the Dutchman, siezing the astonished man of science by the collar; "come before the syndic, and you shall see. In spite of his remonstrances the traveler was led through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been experimentalizing was worth four thousand florins; and notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum.

The demand for tulips of a rare species increased so much in the year

1636, that regular marts for their sale were established on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, in Rottersdam, Harlæm, Leyden, Alkmar, Hoorn, and other towns. Symptoms of gambling now became, for the first time, apparent. The stockjobbers, ever on the alert for a new speculation, dealt largely in tulips, making use of all the means they so well knew how to employ, to cause fluctuations in prices. At first, as in all these gambling mania, confidence was at its height, and everybody gained. The tulip-jobbers speculated in the rise and fall of the tulip stocks, and made large profits by buying when prices fell, and selling out when they rose. Many individuals grew suddenly rich. A golden bait hung temptingly out before the people, and, one after the other, they rushed to the tulip marts, like flies around a honey-pot. Every one imagined that the passion for tulips would last forever, and that the wealthy from every part of the world would send to Holland, and pay whatever prices were asked for them. The riches of Europe would be concentrated on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and poverty banished from the favored clime of Holland. Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, seamen, footmen, maid-servants, even chimney-sweeps and old clothes-women, dabbled in tulips. People of all grades converted their property into cash, and invested it in flowers. Houses and lands were offered for sale at ruinously low prices, or assigned in payment of bargains made at the tulip-mart. Foreigners became smitten with the same frenzy, and money poured into Holland from all directions. The prices of the necessities of life rose again by degrees; houses and lands, horses and carriages, and luxuries of every sort, rose in value with them, and for some months Holland seemed the very antechamber of Plutus. The operations of the trade became so extensive and so intricate, that it was found necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of the dealers. Notaries and clerks were also appointed, who devoted themselves exclusively to the interests of the trade. The designation of public notary was hardly known in some towns, that of tulip notary usurping its place. In the smaller towns, where there was no exchange, the principal tavern was usually selected as the "showplace," where high and low traded in tulips, and confirmed their bargains over sumptuous entertainments. These dinners were sometimes attended by two or three hundred persons, and large vases of tulips, in full bloom, were placed at regular intervals upon the tables and sideboards, for their gratification during the repast.

At last, however, the more prudent began to see that this folly could not last forever. Rich people no longer bought the flowers to keep them in their gardens but to sell them again at cent. per cent. profit.

It was seen that somebody must lose fearfully in the end. As this conviction spread, prices fell, and never rose again. Confidence was destroyed, and a universal panic siezed upon the dealers. *A* had agreed to purchase ten *Sempers Augustines* from *B*, at four thousand florins each, at six weeks after the signing of the contract. *B* was ready with the flowers at the appointed time; but the price had fallen to three or four hundred florins, and *A* refused either to pay the difference or receive the tulips. Defaulters were announced day after day in all the towns of Holland. Hundreds who, a few months previously, had begun to doubt that there was such a thing as poverty in the land, suddenly found

themselves the possessors of a few bulbs, which nobody would buy, even though they offered them at one quarter of the sums they had paid for them. The cry of distress resounded everywhere, and each man accused his neighbor. The few who had contrived to enrich themselves hid their wealth from the knowledge of their fellow-citizens, and invested it in the English or other funds. Many who, for a brief season, had emerged from the humbler walks of life, were cast back into their original obscurity. Substantial merchants were reduced almost to beggary, and many a representative of a noble line saw the fortunes of his house ruined beyond redemption.

When the first alarm subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns held public meetings to devise what measures were best to be taken to restore public credit. It was generally agreed, that deputies should be sent from all parts to Amsterdam, to consult with the government upon some remedy for the evil. The government at first refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-holders to agree to some plan among themselves. Several meetings were held for this purpose; but no measure could be devised likely to give satisfaction to the deluded people, or repair even a slight portion of the mischief that had been done. The language of complaint and reproach was in everybody's mouth, and all the meetings were of the most stormy character. At last, however, after much bickering and ill-will, it was agreed, at Amsterdam, by the assembled deputies, that all contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to the month of November, 1636, should be declared null and void, and that, in those made after that date, purchasers should be freed from their engagements, on paying ten per cent. to the vendor. This decision gave no satisfaction. The vendors who had their tulips on hand were, of course, discontented, and those who had pledged themselves to purchase, thought themselves hardly treated. Tulips which had, at one time, been worth six thousand florins, were now to be procured for five hundred; so that the composition of ten per cent. was one hundred florins more than the actual value. Actions for breach of contract were threatened in all the courts of the country; but the latter refused to take cognizance of gambling transactions.

The matter was finally referred to the Provincial Council at Hague, and it was confidently expected that the wisdom of this body would invent some measure by which credit should be restored. Expectation was on the strength of its decision, but it never came. The members continued to deliberate week after week, and at last, after thinking about it for three months, declared that they could offer no final decision until they had more information. They advised, however, that, in the meantime, every vender should, in the presence of witnesses, offer the tulips *in natura* to the purchaser for the sums agreed upon. If the latter refused to take them, they might be put up for sale by public auction, and the original contractor held responsible for the difference between the actual and the stipulated price. This was exactly the plan recommended by the deputies, and which was already shown to be of no avail. There was no court in Holland which would enforce payment. The question was raised in Amsterdam, but the judges unanimously refused to interfere, on the ground that debts contracted in gambling were no debts in law.

Thus the matter rested. To find a remedy was beyond the power of the government. Those who were unlucky enough to have had stores of tulips on hand at the time of the sudden reaction were left to bear their ruin as philosophically as they could; those who had made profits were allowed to keep them; but the commerce of the country suffered a severe shock, from which it was many years ere it recovered.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MINSTREL LOVER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

MINSTREL thy farewell song.
 Sad as a dirge heard through the midnight rain,
 Falls o nmy heart—and love's dear years again
 On memory throng.
 The music of the past
 Comes floating round me—and young fancy brings
 Sweet dreams of love and glory on her wings,
 Too bright to last.
 The bow that spanned the years
 In life's young morning glows with blessed ray,
 But soon, too soon, its beauty melts away
 In clouds and tears.
 I may not hear that tone
 Of mournful minstrelsy again. 'Tis well!
 Alas! that earthly tones should ever swell
 So wild and lone.
 Minstrel, I love thee now
 As first I loved thee. In this raven hair
 I twine, as then, thy favorite flowers—but where,
 Oh! where art thou?
 The solitary star
 That rose so sweetly o'er yon mountain's brow,
 On that blest eve of love—'tis rising now,
 But thou art far.
 I gaze on yon dear moon
 As erst we gazed ere love's young dreams were dull,
 And wept that dreams so passing beautiful
 Should fade so soon.
 I wonder on the spot
 Where first we met. The notes of early birds
 Still float upon the air, but thy sweet words—
 I hear them not.
 I am alone, and fast
 My life is fading from the earth—this breath
 Is faltering now, and the low wind of death
 Seems moaning past.
 'Tis well, and I have come
 To bear in silence. I can calmly see
 Life's last pale blossom wither on its tree,
 Then seek my home.
 Minstrel, this mournful token
 Of love is thine, it is my heart's farewell!
 I leave thee soon—oh! keep it as a spell
 Of love unbroken.

BOOK NOTICES.

A PLEA FOR THE LORD'S PORTION OF A CHRISTIAN'S WEALTH, IN LIFE BY GIFT: AT DEATH BY WILL. Chambersburg, Pa: Moses Kieffer & Co., 1858, pp. 128.

The character and object of this little work may be best known from an extract which we take from the preface.

"The Triennial Convention of the two German Reformed Synods at its meeting held in Winchester, Virginia, October 3d, 1856, recommended to both Synods of the Church to address ministers and members, whom God has blest with wealth, on the subject of contributing liberally to its benevolent Institutions, by gift during their life time, and by will at their death. This suggestion was viewed with favor, and the Eastern Synod of the Church at its annual meeting in Reading, in October, 1856, appointed a Committee to issue such an appeal. Thus has this little volume been produced."

This little book contains a great amount of useful matter in regard to the making of wills, which, if well considered, would enable persons to avoid many serious mistakes, which are so easily and so often made. The work may be had of the Editor of the Guardian, and of Moses Kieffer & Co., Chambersburg, Pa. Price, in cloth, 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts. It will be sent by mail, post paid, for 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

GRACE CHURCH, (First English Evangelical Reformed) corner of Grant and Webster streets, Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. George B. Russell, A. M., Pastor. Krebs & Brother, Lithographers, Pittsburg, Pa.

We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Russell for a copy of this beautiful lithographic view of a beautiful gothic church in the the Iron City. Having seen the church ourself, we can bear testimony to the correctness of this picture. Mr. Russell has been successful in building up, within a very few years, a fine congregation in Pittsburg; and with such a fine place of worship, his congregation cannot fail, under the blessing of God, speedily and permanently to increase.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. III. Beam—Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1858.

We have already favorably noticed the two former volumes of this extensive new work. These, with the present Third Volume, have appeared in quick succession, which gives assurance that the work is carried forward with energy, and will be speedily completed. Its fulness, and in this respect, also, its value may be judged of, from the fact that three volumes of over 700 pages each are required to cover two Letters, A and B. We have in these three volumes information on between 7 and 8000 topics. It will be, when completed, a library in itself, and worth more for all practical purposes than many libraries which cost five times as much. We have carefully examined the volumes as they appear, and are convinced that the work is gotten up with much ability and great care. Elias Barr, on East King street, Lancaster, has the agency for this part of Pennsylvania, and will promptly furnish the work.

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

No. 11.

PILGRIMS IN A CIRCLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

“THOSE healthful sports that grac’d the peaceful scene,
Liv’d in each look, and brighten’d all the green—
These, far departing, seek, a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds;
And, many a year elaps’d, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
O blest retirement, friend to life’s decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
And, all his prospects bright’ning to the last,
His heav’n commences ere the world be past!
The noisy geese that gabbled o’er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand’rings, but reliev’d their pain.
The long-remember’d beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin’d spend-thrift, now no longer proud,
Claim’d kindred there, and had his claims allow’d;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk’d the night away;
Wept o’er his wounds, or tale of sorrow done,
Shoulder’d his crutch, and show’d how fields were won.
Pleas’d with his guests, the good man learn’d to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill’d to rule,
The village master taught his little school,
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn’d to trace
The day’s disasters in his morning face;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey’d the dismal tidings when he frown’d.”

. There is a poetic and holy charm in the word pilgrim. How easily are our best feelings interested by a pilgrim; that is, one who is not in his own home or country, but is travelling towards it. His look is lonely and his heart full of longing. On his countenance there is something

which declares plainly that "he seeks a country." He cannot tarry, but moves ever onward, and nightly pitches his moving tent,"

"A day's march nearer home."

There are various kinds of pilgrims, and these are only each in his degree, and according the goal toward which they journey, entitled to the honorable name. Good John Bunyan has described to us the travel of a pilgrim in the highest sense of the word. Then there are also pilgrims to various sacred places. Patriots travel to their Mount Vernons, Musselmans to their Meccas, and Christians to their Jerusalems. All these in their pilgrimages go right forward till they reach the sacred spot, and then die there or again return. These are pilgrims in a line forward, having a definite end in view. From this fact it will be seen that those indicated in our caption do not come under this definition. These are "pilgrims in a circle." It may be possible that these are a kind with which the reader is unacquainted, and it is precisely this supposition which has led us benevolently to endeavor to increase his stock of information on the subject of pilgrimages.

Who then are these "pilgrims in a circle," and where do they travel? We feel that our subject is extensive and difficult of treatment.

Be it known then that they are spread over the country, as the constellations are over the heavens. Though each group has its own locality, yet neighboring circuits cross each other at least in their peripheries. We will confine ourselves in our present history to that circle which covers and is in its body confined to Lancaster county, Pa. As this region is celebrated for its rich soil, fine farms, large Conestoga horses and other advantages, it may be expected that the fraternity of "pilgrims in a circle" move here in a flourishing manner, and may therefore be described as a fair type of what other circles are, though perhaps on a somewhat smaller scale.

As authors who profess to write authentic and reliable history, are expected to give the sources whence they obtain their information, we cheerfully conform to this most just and proper demand. Therefore, here, at the outset, we distinctly inform the reader that the facts which we shall use in our history of the "pilgrims in a circle" have all been obtained, not without care and pains on our part, from the following sources: 1. From the annals and traditions of the Lancaster county Poor House and Prison. 2. From the policemen and police reports of Lancaster city. 3. From persons—for let not the reader suppose that we, the Editor of the Guardian, are personally acquainted in such places—from persons conversant with the inside business and the outside surroundings of our lager beer saloons and the lowest class taverns in the city and county. 4. From the lips of our county farmers. 5. From personal observation and study of the manners and movements of the singular fraternity of these "pilgrims in a circle."

From these authorities we have made ourselves tolerably well acquainted with what we shall call the Lancaster county circuit "pilgrims in a circle." From most reliable data it is known, that this circuit numbers at least four or five hundred pilgrims. An old policeman has informed us—and his opinion has been confirmed by the keeper of the Poor House and a number of farmers—that, including the transient visits of such as more properly belong to the adjoining circuits of York, Lebanon, Berks

and Chester counties, but who are occasionally drawn into this circle and for a time travel in it, the number often rises to at least one thousand ! We are inclined to believe that this estimate is nearer correct than the first and more moderate one.

These pilgrims have their head quarters to which at times they retire, and whence they go out on their circuits. The class to which they belong determines their head quarters. For the reader must be informed that there are at least four distinct classes of pilgrims, of which he shall soon have principal characteristics in order.

But first we must give him a more general description of the fraternity as a whole ; for though they differ in many respects they have also many things in common.

They are generally men. It is seldom you find a female pilgrim in this entire circuit. Moreover they are generally men of some age ; many indeed are far advanced in life, who can say that the days of the years of their pilgrimage are three score and ten, or even four score years. You see many of them sadly bowed under the load of years, with gray and white hair, and depending much on their staff as they go. Often when passing into the country have we met them with slow and unsteady steps measuring the heat and dusty road, or sitting under a shade tree by the way, with nervous hand wiping the sweat from their wrinkled brows. They generally carry knapsacks or bundles, bleached and weather-beaten like the tents of Kedar, and these are often stuffed full with all kinds of strange collections, so that they seem sufficiently heavy for younger backs. Yet they have borne them whilst they gradually increased, like the man who daily carried the calf till it became an ox, so that the enormous growth of rags, roots and minerals now seems natural to them. They are attached to it as men are to their load of sins, and like these, would only the more hate the merciful hand that should propose to relieve them of what seems to all but those who bear it, a useless and sorrowful load. Indeed it has grown to be part of themselves ; and as in the case of ballast in a ship it is the load that keeps them steady in the way. What meaning would there be in travelling without a bundle ? The whole object of life would then be gone. What would the poor pilgrim then do with his back and his hands ? What would he lay his head upon at noon-day under the shade tree ? Swinging his hands, and walking erect and empty along the road, who would believe that he is a traveller ? Even the world would disown him as a useless fellow, and what is worse, the whole fraternity would at once rule him out of the ancient and venerable fellowship of "pilgrims in a circle," for they all carry bundles. He might as well lay down his body as lay down his bundle.

The pilgrims have their regular stopping places among the farmers, for dinner, and for the night, with its preceding supper and succeeding breakfast. They scarcely ever travel more than from six to eight miles a day ; and thus it requires from a month to six weeks to make the circuit—indeed some get round only once a summer. There are some single farmers who know from twenty to thirty of them, having enjoyed their custom for many years. Indeed one venerable farmer informs us that there is one very old man who has been on the circuit in which his house is a station for over thirty years, and that he has regularly stopped with

him each round. We know some farm houses, in the lane to which almost every evening you can see one or two pilgrims wending their way at sunset, and the farmer recognizes them the moment he catches the most distant glimpse of them as they come.

In the summer after supper they adjourn to the barn for the night. Being weary from travel they retire with the barn-fowls, and in the morning are out as early. Not all travel in winter but retire to their several head-quarters. Some, however do, and for their accommodation through the cold season, many of the farmers have a room and a bed for them, specially provided in the close granary on the spring-house, or on the garret of the farm house. This—not “prophet’s chamber,”—but pilgrim’s chamber, is provided with a lock and key, to which the farmer himself attends, locking them in at night and leaving them out in the morning. They are thus kept in safety; and on account of some peculiar characteristics of one class of the pilgrims, the farmer himself feels more comfortable when he knows that his guest can neither fall out of the window nor walk out of the door.

We have said that the pilgrims are generally men advanced in age. We must also inform the reader that they are generally unmarried men. If they had ever had families, they perhaps never would have become pilgrims. Some are, what are vulgarly called bachelors, who perhaps became such by a blight that fell upon their earliest love. Some are widowers to whom the world once became lonely. When their rose faded away, all the bright petals which united in it and made it one and fragrant, dropped away and have since been drifting in the wide, wide world, and there is no earthly power, no earthly heart, no earthly home which can unite them and make them blooming again. With these we sympathize. At the sight of them a very tender feeling steals over our spirit, and whilst we blame their wanderings we equally pity their lot. There is still another class who—though not in the scripture sense or in its spirit—have left home and wife and children, that they might become “pilgrims in a circle.” Though no doubt even their wives and children would say, that “they have left their families for their family’s good,” yet would we declare the opinion that less than a good brute do they deserve the food they eat, and the friendly roof which covers their wicked and worthless being.

We have told the reader, what by this time, from the general account we have given of the pilgrims, he may have farther judged, that they fall into several distinct classes. It becomes us, as a historian who would not leave his subject in vague obscurity by dealing only in generalities, more particularly to characterize these classes. This is now the place to deliver what belongs to this part of the work we have taken in hand.

The classes, covering and including the whole fraternity of “pilgrims in a circle,” are four in number. And inasmuch as, according to the philosophy of history, that which is best, constitutes the most true and essential element and substratum of history; and that which is worst is more outward and accidental, even though for the time it may be most prominent—we, desiring to be philosophical in our present treatise, will begin with that class which we consider the best, and deserving of most respect and sympathy.

1. The first class might perhaps be designated as a kind of monoma-

niacs. They are not properly balanced in mind ; and whilst they are right and sensible in many things, they are generally fanciful or crazy on some one point. These are generally an innocent, good-natured kind of persons, abounding in kindly feelings. They always feel the pressure of some benevolent mission which they think themselves bound to fulfil. Hence they travel.

This class are generally medicine-men—itinerant doctors. They are acquainted with a great many cures, which, from a charitable desire to do good, as well as in the way of reward for hospitalities received, they zealously reveal to the farmers. Their bundles are filled with herbs and roots which, during the summer, they diligently gather in the woods. At all their tarrying places in summer-noons, on the porch after dinner, and in long winter evenings by the warm stove, they expatiate on the curing and healing virtues of these herbs and roots, often to the weariness of the farmer and his wife, but to the wonder of all the listening children. Never do they depart without leaving roots and herbs for the family, sufficient to last till they return again, with many oft repeated special directions as to their use and effects. These medicinal herbs and roots are “good for man or beast.” Those left, as a general thing, grow in some distant locality through which the pilgrim’s circuit leads, and it is as a special favor that they are brought at regular intervals ; and the medicine-man takes great pains that the farmer shall never run out of his supply.

Many of this class of the pilgrims are surrounded with a strange kind of mystery. Though free and friendly on some points, they have an awful gift of silence in regard to others. You know them and yet you do not know them ; for there is always a part of their being that stands in the shade, toward which you cannot but look with reverence and awe.

They often claim to possess strange and hidden knowledge. Besides a knowledge of the secret virtue of herbs, they profess themselves able to cure “by the use of words !” They carry with them and relate many legends of witchcraft and haunted houses. Some of them can also tell fortunes ; and children are filled with a strange reverence toward them, regarding them as the living prophets of the land.

These do not often suspend their travels even in the winter. It would not do to leave the farmers on their circuit without roots and herbs ; and they greatly enjoy the opportunity of communicating their important wisdom to the farmer and his family during the long winter evenings. The head-quarters of such as retire in winter is the county poor house, where they seek to render themselves useful by means of their herbs and roots, regarding the institution as greatly benefitted by their skill and benevolent efforts in behalf of the afflicted.

2. The second class are mendicants, though by no means monks. They have a constitutional aversion to all kinds of labor. They are religiously opposed to being under the curse : “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.” A farmer relates that he was walking one day along the inside of his fence, bordering on the turnpike. Outside on the highway there was one who had formally belonged to the fraternity of “pilgrims in a circle,” but having grown tired of this roving life, had hired himself to the supervisor and was engaged in breaking stones on the road. Just then a pilgrim who had known him on the circuit came along, when the farmer overheard this conversation :

PILGRIM. What now, Heinrich—have you got to work—and this hard, hard work, breaking stones on the road.

HEINRICH. It is hard work enough, that is true. But I have my regular meals, a good home where I stay, and a little money left.

PILGRIM. Pooh! boy—why dont you travel! As for food and lodging, I get that as good as I could wish on my circuit; and as for money I dont need any. Even my “schnapps” is sure at most of the places where I stop.

“I don’t like travelling,” said Heinrich; “and I do,” said the pilgrim; “at least,” he added, “of the two evils I choose the least”—and breathing a deep sigh for his back-sliden brother on the turnpike, forward he moved, determined till death to remain faithful to his principles and diligent in his duties, as a “pilgrim in a circle.”

Some of this class keep up their travels through the winter, whilst many of them finding the business too severe on account of advanced age or superior laziness, retire to their head-quarters in the poor house. Of this class the keeper can count at least fifty in mid-winter.

Why do these lazy wretches receive any countenance from the farmer? Why do they entertain them at all, or give them a single morsel of bread? The reader must know that there are so many of them, and they have so longed enjoyed the privileges of their circuits, that they claim them as a right; and if they are not accommodated, they are careful to let the farmer know by a kind of half-subdued threats, that should they grow uneasy under this small tax and refuse the pittance asked, something worse might befall them. We have been well assured that the farmers are really in dread of them, fearing that to deny lodging to one of these mendicants might cost them their barns? So widespread and burdensome has this evil become to the farmers that they have seriously thought of establishing a combined secret night patrol to banish them from the county. Those best informed say that Lancaster county feeds and fears not less than three hundred of these lazy itinerent scamps, who travel in a circuit from one farm-house to another from year to year.

3. The third class are the red-nosed flank of this “noble army” of “pilgrims in a circle.” They go in the spirit of the old ballad:

Sometimes drunk,
And sometimes sober:
The fall of the year
Comes in October.

These are petty beggars—“only a few cents!”—which the farmer’s wife sometimes gives them “so that they go again.” They have their head-quarters at low taverns, where they gather together as the vultures around the carcas. Here they can stay till what they have begged is spent, when they are started out on a new pilgrimage.

This class are up to an operation which pays better than begging money. They go ragged, and thus successfully beg clothes, half-worn coats, hats, shirts, boots, stockings and other articles, all of which they know where to dispose of as second-handed clothing. In this way they gather enough in value in one circuit of a few days to keep them two weeks in boarding and liquor at the head-quarters. These clothes are sold to laborers, and a benevolent man, who is easily operated on by a pitiful story, need but observe closely to meet his own hat, boots or pants

on the street. Almost any one will not decline such a gift, even if he does see that "his countenance doth witness against him," and when he would by no means give him money lest he should spend it for liquor. But is not the cunning of a thirsty toper proverbial? Well he knows how to turn stock into cash, especially when he acts under interested advisers. We have ourselves been caught by those in this trade; and that the business is carried on regularly in the way indicated, is well known.

4. The fourth and last class are the petty thieves. We have already mentioned that the farmers take the precaution to lock the pilgrim in for the night. They have the very best reason for doing this. They come as those in want, and they go as thieves.

When they cannot steal directly they make use of arts. Thus for instance, one comes to a farm house in the evening. In a little while another comes. They both pretend to be strangers to each other. In the morning early the one leaves, taking his fellow's hat, coat, bundle and other articles. Now the poor robbed man must have a hat and boots, etc., and what can the farmer do but give him what he must have to get away. Before noon the travellers meet, and divide the spoils!

Farmers have informed us of this, and other such like tricks, which are common. The head-quarters of these are the same as those of the red-nosed flank; except when, on account of their dishonesty, they occasionally fall into the hands of the police and are quartered in the county jail.

These are the generations of the "pilgrims in a circle" in their classes, tribes and manners of life. The reader may rest assured that we have given him an authentic and reliable history. Should he closely observe the movements of these characters in his own neighborhood, he would no doubt ascertain that there is a circuit, perhaps on a smaller scale, around him, with its regular travellers. For be it known that these in the Lancaster circle have been heard to discuss together the relative merits of other circuits. The Berks County circuit is by some regarded as superior to this, notwithstanding the good name which Lancaster county bears as "the garden of the State." Some transient visiting pilgrims, whom inclination or some "sad disaster, following fast and following faster," has brought for a time into the Lancaster circuit, have not hesitated to declare that they fare better among the farmers of "Old Berks." Glad would we be to have light thrown upon this dispute of the "pilgrims," by some diligent pen in Berks, or any other county where these "pilgrims in a circle" do travel.

Behold the forests are growing yellow! The chill foretastes of winter begin to be felt. Already are some of the pilgrims leaving their circuits for the poor house. The medicine-men's root and herb harvest will soon be over. The pleasant season for travel is passing away; but we are told

Into each life some rain must fall—
Some days must be dark and dreary;

and since then sad seasons come in every life, must they not also come to our "pilgrims in a circle."

Our heart grows heavier as we think over the fortunes and fate, and especially the end of these poor fellow mortals. By what ever sins of their own, or misfortunes coming on them from others, has cast them forth, and sent them thus drifting through the world, they deserve our

pity. How meaningless their lives! How cut loose are they from all its tenderer and better sympathies; and how friendless and lonely will be their end!

Before Spring arrives, and the violets bloom again, some of them will have been found frozen by the way-side. Others will sleep in the flowerless, treeless pauper's grave-yard on the poor house grounds—covered over forever as to those bodies which they dragged so wearily around through many a year, without one solemn word from a man of God, or a single tear of love, over their lonely graves. What is man! What is life!—man without religion?—life without a mission? A pilgrim in a circle.

A P E R S I A N R E V E R I E .

O THAT in some oasis green
A fount of red wine gushed,
While round the paradisal scene
A boundless desert rushed.

For to that fountain I would go,
And pitch my life-tent there;
That in its quiet I might know
A bliss beyond compare.

Sad men, oppressed with grief and care,
And boorish spirits, known afar,
Should never reach that region fair,
Its calm content to mar.

Sweet nightingales should scatter round
Their warblings on the grass;
The light gazelle should graze and bound,
And not a hunter pass.

There peace profound I would enjoy.
And Hafiz' rhymes repeat,
Till pleasure's honey-songs should cloy
My lips with dripping sweet.

T H E N I N T H P A R A D I S E .

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises,
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises,
When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.

THOUGHTS FOR THE GUARDIAN.

Suggested by a discourse from the Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., of Lewisburg, on
John 3: 14, 15.

“And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up;
that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life.”

BY JAMES AIKEN.

THE mighty Saviour! He made history teach;
He brought to view that awful scene of wo,
When murmuring Israel felt the scourge of God,
When fiery serpents, whirling through the air,
Stung the rebellious with the sting of death.
But when affliction, by the grace of God,
Had wrought repentance in their suffering hearts,
Then Moses, taught of God, announced a cure—
A brazen serpent, lifted on a pole:
And all who look, said mercy's voice, shall live.
They look'd—they lived! *God's promise never fails!*

E'en so said Jesus, must the Son of Man
Be lifted up, to heal the tribes of earth.
O, wondrous mystery of heavenly grace!
Sin, hateful sin, God's only deep abhorrence,
Hath shot its venom into every drop
Of human blood, save that of Christ alone,
From Adam downward, through revolving years,
And swift succeeding generations—traced
In blood, and hate, and devastating war!
O, wretched, lost, forlorn humanity!
Within thyself, thou hast no cure—no hope!
From crown to sole of foot—from foot to crown,
Bruises, and wounds, and putrefying sores!
A withering body, and a fiendish soul,
Aside from grace, are man's inheritance!

How then shall he be saved? O matchless grace!
God's wisdom infinite, devised the plan:
God's power omnipotent, performed the work.
Says the great “*Lion of the Tribe of Judah,*”
“To do thy holy will, O God, I come!
On me be laid that whole tremendous load,
The mortal sin of every human soul.”
Here is the secret of God's long forbearance!
There was a Saviour found—an elder brother—
A Mediator between God and man—
A sin-atoning Lamb, whose precious blood
Could cleanse the sin of a lost universe.

“The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.”
That little germ—that promise most obscure!
O! how did God's benignant sleepless eye
Through long, long ages watch its silent growth!
Through times of patriarchal sacrifice—

Through Hebrew types—through long prophetic years,
Till on the eve of his great Advent, John,
With warning voice, which echoed through the wild,
Proclaimed, "Repent, repent, the Saviour comes!"
And come he did! Said I not, once before,
God's holy promise never yet hath failed!

The babe was born in Bethlehem, while bright,
Down from their heavenly spheres the angels came,
And fill'd the midnight air with melody.
The child grew up beloved of God and man;
For e'en lost human nature may, through grace,
See and acknowledge what is pure and lovely.

When twelve years old, among the doctors seated,
The gray-beard elders saw with wonder deep,
How wisdom lighted up his childish brow.
And yet, of filial duty an example,
He bowed in meekness to his gentle mother—
Subject and faithful to parental law.
O, wondrous spectacle to heaven and earth!
Man without sin! Aye, God in human flesh!
Baptized of John in Jordan, John Shrank back—
"O I have need to be baptized of thee?"

So be it now, the gentle Saviour said;
For it behooves the Father's chosen one,
And great exemplar, in each point minute,
Thus to fulfil all righteousness, and show
To wandering souls, a track of living light,
Through sin's dark gloom, up to eternal day.

And when he spake, e'en the rude multitude
Declared that ne'er before such gracious words
Had fallen from human lips, on human ears.
In his brief space of gracious ministry,
He was the incarnate power and love of God.
And pray why not? For he was God himself!
"In the beginning," says the child-like John,
"The word was with God, and the word was God.
The word, made flesh, hath dwelt among us too."

Child of immortal love, and Man of sorrows!
When did the poor, the out-cast, and the lost,
The blind, the lame, or the afflicted victim
Of guilt and shame, or of demoniac power,
Or the poor thief in dying agony,
Apply to Jesus for relief in vain?
He came to save! And to the uttermost,
All, all who humbly come to God by Him,
Shall be redeem'd, and heal'd, and sanctified—
Made like to Him. Think O my soul, just think!
Made like to Him, by his almighty power!
And raised by him to thrones of dignity,
To reign with Him through vast eternal years!
O, ye have read, how in Gethsemane,
His Godhead grappled with the power of hell.
He sweat great drops of blood—his spotless soul
Was bowed beneath the o'erwhelming avalanche
Of God's great wrath, to wretched sinners due.
He bore it all—on Him alone were laid

The great transgressions of earth's guilty myriads—
And thus he died. Into the prison house,
Came the Almighty, conq'ring death and hell.
He led captivity a captive, bound,
To his victorious flaming chariot-wheels!

On the third day, he rose. O could the grave
Hold in its cold embrace th' Omnipotent?
Could not the Almighty *Word* who made the worlds,
Snap into shreds the feeble bands of death?
He rose! He rose! and now, enthron'd on high,
His eyes of flame can see each feeble gleam
Of gracious penitence within my soul.
He will not quench the smoking flax—his breath
Shall blow the little latent spark of grace,
Into a brilliant flame of heavenly love.

And shall not Jesus reign upon the earth?
Yea verily! Behold the sparkling east,
Already gleaming with the dawn of day.
See the bright tokens of the future shine,
O'er the dark surface of this ruin'd world.
See the lone herald of the cross of Christ!
Far in the shade of heathen night he stands.
His cheek is pale; but faith lights up his eye—
Love fires his heart, and in his feeble hand,
He bears aloft the flaming brilliant torch
Of God's eternal word!

See, all o'er christian lands, the heaving swell
Of human thought, caused by the mighty breath
Of God's pure spirit, breathing o'er the world,
As once it breathed, over those bleaching bones
Ezekiel saw, in that sepulchral valley.
Feeble sectarian walls are breaking down!
Shepherds and flocks are seeing, eye to eye.

O'er the material world, God gives to man
Great victory on victory, till at last,
Ocean's dark caves are now the opening path
For lightning messages of peace and love!

Father of light! O let thy kingdom come!
Thy will be done by the redeem'd on earth,
As now 'tis done, by angels bright in Heaven!

ENJOYMENT VERSUS IMPROVEMENT.

One said, "Better a single drop of pleasure,
Than to possess a hog's head full of wisdom."
Such thought it fitteth a hog's head to treasure,
In filthy dregs of sense appointing his doom;
But, sooth, one drop of wisdom is far better
Than pleasure in whole bottomless abysses:
For sense's fool must wear remorse's fetter
When duty's servant reigns where endless bliss is.

H A V E Y O U M A D E Y O U R W I L L ?

THE following interesting article we take from the little work noticed in the last number of the *Guardian*, entitled : "A Plea for the Lord's Portion of a Christians Wealth, in Life by Gift, in Death by Will." We earnestly commend it to the careful and prayerful perusal of our readers. It is strange that more has not been written and thought on this solemn subject.—[EDITOR.

PROVISION TO BE MADE FOR CHILDREN.

What shall the Christian do with his worldly property when he is about to leave the world ? To whom shall he give it ? Or how shall he divide it ? Who are properly his heirs ?

First of all, he must of course remember his remaining family. The words of the Apostle must apply to a man's will at his death, as well as to his conduct through life : "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."* If the Testator is a husband, he will first of all think of his faithful and beloved wife, the constant partner of his joys and sorrows. It has been well said, "Surely the woman who has shared with us in all our troubles, and to whose wise and economical management we are indebted for part of our prosperity, should be considered with all prudent liberality. Strange, however, as it may appear, the wife is sometimes neglected, and has reserved only a miserable pittance under her husband's Will ;"† and we may add, often under such conditions as to make her, under any circumstances, a kind of slave to her husband's Will, and render it difficult for her silently to cherish his memory.

Next are his children, for whom he will be anxious prudently to provide at death, as he was devoted to them next to God in life. In the ancient Church, "if a father disinherited his children to make the Church his heir, in that case, no bishop would receive his donation."‡ Augustine, we are told, returned an estate to a son, which an angry father at his death had taken from him by Will, saying, "that if any disinherited his children to make the Church his heir, he should seek some one else to receive his donation ; and he hoped by the grace of God there would be none to receive it."§ This tender and disinterested spirit ought always to characterize the Church.

While God through His Church, declines to receive the inheritance of children, a portion is nevertheless due Him in the parent's Will, as well as during his life. If the children are not to be disinherited, neither is God to be set aside with nothing ! As a Christian's property is the Lord's while he lives, and the parent acknowledges it to be his duty to devote a portion of it while living to God, so he ought to acknowledge God's claim to a part at his death. If he does no injustice to his chil-

* 1 Tim. 5 : 8.

† Testamentary Counsels, p. 33.

‡ Bingham's *Christ. Antiq.* Vol. 1, p. 187.

§ Bingham's *Ant.* Vol. 1, p. 187.

dren by giving in life, neither does he by giving in his Will. His only care must be, both in his gifts during life, and by his will at death, not to rob his children on the one hand, nor his God on the other.

How much constitutes a proper provision for children? Here no definite rule can be given. Many circumstances must be taken into view. An earnest and conscientious Christian parent will take the following points into serious consideration :

1. It is best for his children to be provided for with such moderation, that they will have strong occasion for, and motives to, industry and economy. Even the sure expectation of a large inheritance, has a tendency to injure children while their parents are yet living, and the sudden possession of it at their death, has often completed their ruin. As a judicious parent, however rich he may be, does not lavish money unnecessarily on his children in his life-time, so he ought not to do it at his death.

2. A parent ought to remember, that he himself began life with much less than he is able to give each of his children—or perhaps has even already given them. His own prosperity in life did not depend upon what he inherited from his parent, but on the blessing of God upon his industry and economy. The same will be true of his own children.

3. If his children are industrious and economical, less will be, not only enough for them, but a blessing to them; if they are not, more will not be enough, and a curse besides. If they are prone to be spendthrifts, the less they have to waste the better for their morals. In the one case, they will be done spending, and thus forced to industry, before they are too far gone in ruin; in the other, their money will only be the means of helping them on in a bad way beyond recovery.

4. The fact, so abundantly open to the observation of all, that a large number of those children who enter life with a large fortune are not benefitted but injured by it, ought to be very seriously considered by every Christian parent. How often do we witness large estates in a few years after the parent's death scattered to the winds! It came easy to them, it goes easy from them. It took a long time and many pains to gather it; it takes but a short time to scatter it. The very fact that it seems so much, at once received, often elates the mind and banishes all lessons of economy, so that the heir supposes that there is no end to his means. Where is the neighborhood, or village, or town, or city, that does not furnish many sad examples to prove the truth of these remarks! Nor is there any want of instances in which children carefully raised have fallen into this same snare. Experience proves that few persons can bear to come into possession suddenly of a large amount of means. It seems that some discipline of getting it by industry is necessary as a preparation to use it properly.

5. Whatever weight is given to these considerations, there are solemn testimonies of sacred Scripture which cannot be too deeply pondered. How does all experience teach the wisdom of Auger's prayer: "Give me neither riches nor poverty." The wise man says: "He that hasteth to be rich, considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." It is the way to "temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." What can be more solemn than our Saviour's declaration, "How hardly shall they that have

riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Ought not such testimony go far to abate a parent's desire to leave too large an inheritance to his children? The parent may mean well in giving his children as much as he is able, but his tender mercies may be cruel; and what he intends as a blessing may prove a curse. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." When he points out danger in a certain direction it is for us to believe him, and act accordingly, whatever our own feelings or wisdom may suggest to the contrary.

6. It ought also to be considered that the act of the parent in giving a portion of his property to God, will deeply impress upon the minds of the children a sense of God's claim upon them. If the parent's life has been in accordance with this act, the children will approve of what he has done; not only approve of it, but it will be to them a matter of pleasant and grateful recollection. We think an inquiry into facts will prove this remark to be correct.

7. Has not a parent the best warrant for believing that what he thus gives to God will sanctify that which he gives to his children, and be the means of making it a blessing to them. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich."

"A good man,"—says the Author of 'Testamentary Counsels,' "who was liberal in life, and who had not withheld more than was meet, when dying called his nephew to his bedside and said, 'David, I have little to give you. I hope, however, that what I have left you is my own. I have not taken improperly from any one. I have not kept back from others. I do not leave you much, but the little you will receive will *work well*.'" The principle of the dying man was right; when a testator gives to relatives or friends, that which he ought to have devoted to God, there is reason to fear that the Almighty will frown upon the gold, which should have been placed upon His altar. 'It will not work well.' God can give the command, and riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away. There can be no doubt, that when the secrets of all hearts are revealed at the judgment day, the great cause of many failures and misfortunes will be ascertained. Large fortunes were given to friends to the exclusion of Christ's holy cause, and the money, therefore, 'did not work well.' We have higher authority than this for believing that, "Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right." Prov. 16: 8. It is also written: "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor." Prov. 28: 8. That is, it shall change hands; and he that will use it right shall receive it.

CASES IN WHICH THE DUTY OF WILLING TO GOD IS PLAIN.

There are many circumstances in which the question as to whether justice to the children will allow any thing to be willed to benevolent objects is not difficult to decide. This is the case when the estate is very large—or where it is not extraordinarily large, but the heirs are few. There are hundreds of parents in the Church, whose wealth is such as to be plainly beyond the reasonable need of their children. In such cases, the duty to remember God's cause is so plain and imperative, that it cannot be set aside except in the absence of all solemn reflection, or of a deep and earnest Christian spirit.

How can a Christian man, in such circumstances, to whom God has so abundantly given, return to that God who gave him all, and by the last solemn act of his life, and in the farewell which he takes of earth and all that he enjoyed in it, *will* that no part of it shall go to God's cause! Can a truly Christian heart be guilty of such ingratitude to Him from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift. Can a faithful steward thus dispose of his master's goods? Will He to whom belongs the earth and its fulness, say to such an one, "Well done good and faithful servant." Will not such a Will confront the ungrateful and "unprofitable parent" who makes it, before the Judgment, when God shall say to him: "Give an account of thy stewardship!"

Besides such, there are also many parents, whose children are already all well provided for before the parent's death, while he has still much property under his control. He has started his children in life. They have prospered. They are independent, or in a sure way to wealth; and without a cent more, by way of inheritance, are enjoying plenty and prosperity. In such case, too, it can be no difficult matter for the parent to decide whether he may, in justice to his children, remember the cause of God in his Will. A double motive,—his own ability, and the prosperity of his children—urges him, in the plainest and most touching manner, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude to Him from whom all this success has flowed.

There are, moreover, cases in which the duty to remember God in the "last Will and Testament" is still more clear. In the case of those who have no direct heirs, and even none more remote who are either worthy or needy. Though the duty here is so plain, yet there are instances within the knowledge of all who observe, in which such persons have preferred either to make no Will at all, and thus leave their estate open to the ungrateful grab of such as cared nothing for the deceased while living, or have passed it by Will into the hands of the nearest heirs, who had no need of it whatever, or perhaps received it only to waste it in profligacy! God, from whom all came, is sent empty away!—and this by the last act in the life of His steward, who is just then going into his presence to render his account! Is not such an one like the "unprofitable servant," who went and hid his lord's money?"

A FORGOTTEN HEIR.

Is your Will made? Have you not forgotten one heir? Reflect again, and seriously consider the suggestion we shall here make—nor is it from ourselves as you shall see.

Is it not reasonable for God to ask of such parents as He has blest with property, that he be admitted with the children *as one heir*? May He who gave all, not be allowed an equal inheritance with the children whom He promises to care for through life? This seems reasonable and right to a reflecting Christian mind.

What we have here suggested is, moreover, not a fancy idea here devised. "By the old canon law," says Wheatley, every one was obliged to leave such a proportion of his goods or estate to charitable uses, as he bequeathed to each of his children.* The same plea for "the for-

* Decret. Par. 2. Caus. 13. Qu. 2. Laws A. D., 1236. 29. Quoted by Wheatley in his Rational Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer. Oxford: 1819, p. 414.

gotten heir," has been urged by a still more ancient and very high authority in the Church. Augustine presses this as a duty upon parents with great earnestness. He exhorts those disposing of their property to reckon that they have one more heir besides their children. "Give Christ a place with thy children. Be thy Lord added to thy family. Be thy Creator added to thy offspring; be thy Brother added to the number of thy children. For though there is so great a distance, yet hath He condescended to be thy Brother. And though He be the Father's Only Son, He hath vouchsafed to have co-heirs. Lo, how bountifully hath He given! why wilt thou give in such barren sort? Thou hast two children; reckon Him a third; thou hast three, let Him be reckoned as a fourth: thou hast five, let Him be called a sixth; thou hast ten, let Him be the eleventh. I will say no more; keep the place of one child for thy Lord. For what thou shalt give to thy Lord, will profit both thee and thy children; whereas, what thou dost keep for thy children wrongly, will hurt both thee and them. Now thou wilt give one portion, which thou hast reckoned as one child's portion. Reckon that thou hast one child more. What great demand is this, my Brethren? I give you counsel only; do I use violence?*" As saith the Apostle, 'This I speak for your own profit; not that I may cast a snare upon you.' I imagine, Brethren, that it is a light and easy thought for a father of children to suppose that he has one child more, and thereby to procure such an inheritance as thou mayest possess forever, both thou and thy children.† Avarice can say nothing against it."‡

This is a venerable and beautiful suggestion; and it ought to be allowed the more weight as coming from one, who, as we have seen, so tenderly advocated the duty of parents not to disinherit their children,—who not only restored his portion to a son disinherited by his angry father, but earnestly advised all to do the same. The advice of such a man must be regarded sincere and judicious.

It may be also here remarked that this idea of making Christ's cause one heir, equal with the children, is not unknown in modern practice. We know, at least of one father in the Church, and he a minister too,—who is not what is generally considered rich, and whose children are by no means independent in a worldly point of view—who has made his Will in this way. The Church is an equal heir with each child to his property. Nor must we fail to mention that his children highly approve of it, and cherish the fact as among the pleasantest of all their recollections. Why should they not? The thought of being fellow heirs with Christ in this sense also, made so by the will of an earthly father gone home to heaven, must be to a rightly disposed child more precious than gold, yea than much fine gold. It must not only inspire them with pleasant memories of a sainted parent, but the thought must bring them nearer to God, every time they visit his grave. In view of these considerations we ask solemnly, Is your Will made? Have you not forgotten one heir? Do not disinherit your Saviour. Can you answer aught against the tender

* I Cor. 7: 35.

† This he says in allusion to his text, St. Matthew 19: 21, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

‡ St. Augustine's Sermons on Selected Lessons of the New Testament. Oxford Ed., Vol. 1, p. 289.

plea of Augustine for "the forgotten heir:" "Give Christ a place with thy children. Be thy Lord added to the family. Be thy creator added to thy offspring. Be thy Brother added to the number of thy children."

A SILENT HEIR!

Who is this? He speaks no words to you. He appears not before you visibly with an imploring look. He frowns not visibly as you are about to pass by. Neither does that gentle, quiet child of yours ask to be remembered. It trusts in a parent's love. You would not disappoint it because it is silent; rather the deeper does its meek, mild, quiet love penetrate your heart; and as a May sun warms and wakes the earth, so does its mute eloquence call forth your deepest and purest affections towards it. You could not overlook it. You have its name in your Will. There is another "silent heir"—perhaps several. See that you give them their portion.

Is it not reasonable that a parent, from whose family children have been removed to heaven, should Will what would be their portion if living, to the Lord's cause? These are the "silent heirs!"

This, too, is not a fancy of ours, but a suggestion of Augustine; and he urges it in a most touching manner upon the hearts of parents. We freely confess that we do not only feel its tenderness and beauty, but are compelled to acknowledge its truth and justice. He speaks to those who make the fact that they have children to provide for an excuse for not giving to the Lord. "You say, I have children; I have those for whom I should be keeping something. In this weakness too the Lord is ready to advise with thee. I would be bold to speak through His mercy; I would be bold to say something not of my own imagining, but of His pity. Keep then for thy children too, but hear me, suppose any one should lose one of his children; mark, brethren, mark how that avarice has no excuse, either as respects this world or the world to come. Some Christian child has been lost: thou hast lost a Christian child; not that thou hast indeed lost him, but has sent him before thee. For he is not gone quite away, but gone before. Ask thine own faith; surely thou too wilt go thither presently, where he hath gone before. It is but a short question I ask, which yet I suppose no one will answer. Does thy son live? Ask thy faith. If he live then, why is his portion seized upon by his brothers? But thou wilt say, What, will he return and possess it? Let it then be sent to him whither he has gone before; he cannot come to his goods, his goods can go to him. Consider only with whom he is! If thy son were serving at Court, and became the Emperor's friend, and were to say to thee, 'Sell my portion, which is there, and send it to me,' wouldst thou find what to answer him? Well, thy son is now with the Emperor of all emperors, with the King of all kings, with the Lord of all lords; send to him. I do not say thy son is in need himself; but his Lord with whom he is, is in need upon the earth. He vouchsafes to receive here, what He gives in heaven."

"But now I am not speaking at all of thyself, but of thy child. Thou art hesitating to give what is thine own, yea, rather art hesitating to restore what is another's; surely thou art hereby convicted, that it was not for thy children that thou wast laying up. See, thou dost not give

to thy children, seeing thou wilt even take away from thy children. From this child at all events wilt thou take away. Why is he unworthy to receive his part? Because he is living with one worthier than all? There would be reason in it, if He with whom thy son is living, were unwilling to receive it. Richly shalt thou now give to thy house and family, but that the house and family of God. So far is it then from me to say to thee, 'Give what thou hast,' that I am saying to thee, 'Pay that thou owest.'"

"But thou wilt say, 'His brothers will have it.' O evil maxim, which may teach thy children to wish for their brother's death. If they shall be enriched by the property of their deceased brother, take heed how they may watch for one another in thine house. What then wilt thou do? Wilt thou divide his patrimony, and so give lessons of parricide."*

We envy not the heart that does not feel the beauty and force of this appeal for the portion of "the silent heirs." These are anointed words. They touch a rightly disposed Christian heart. Had the departed child lived, those now remaining would have received just what they now receive, if the sainted child's portion is willed to Christ. He was, and is its best friend, and must be considered its true and proper heir. Could it speak from its seat of bliss and glory to its parent on the earth in the act of making his Will, there can be no doubt as to what it would say. Its language would be like this: "I have the bread of life, let my portion buy butter of earth for the hungry poor. I am clothed with white robes, let my portion buy robes to warm Christ's shivering poor. I enjoy salvation, give my inheritance to the church, that the same salvation may be spread into all lands, and commended to all hearts." Hearing it, all the rest of the children would say, "Give not its portion to us, but give it to the Lord, for so is its Will."

Christian parent! is your will made? Have you disinherited "the silent heirs!" Have you ought to answer against the venerable and touching words of the Church Father: "Does thy child live? Ask thy faith. If he live then, why is his portion seized upon by his brothers? I do not say thy child is in need himself; but his Lord, with whom he is, is in need upon the earth!"

OUR WILL WORKING IN THE WORLD WHEN WE HAVE LEFT IT.

Instead of it being necessary to hold up motives to a wealthy person to urge him to remember the Church in his Will, it is strange that a dying Christian should not desire to do it beyond all other things. To do good was his highest joy through life, if he be a true Christian. Why should he not desire to leave a Will behind him that would be an abiding power for good in the world after he had left it.

What a pleasant thought that we have it in our power to work on in the earth when we are in heaven! That we can do this is not a fancy, but a fact. Being dead we may still speak and do. Do not Christians, to whom God has given talents to instruct men, leave a power behind them that works in the world when they are gone? While many a use-

* St. Augustine's Sermon, Vol. 1, p. 287, 288.

less man has had all the power he ever possessed buried with him, are not such men as Arndt, and Bunyan, and Taylor, and Owen, and a host of others, still working in the world ; and scores are brought to Christ by influence that proceeds from the works which they have left behind ? These were men not of wealth, but of intellectual ability. We may not have as much ability of this kind ; but we may have wealth. This, too, is power—and a power that may be made the means, in like manner and degree, of everlasting good in the world when we are gone. This too is not a fancy, but a fact. Have not pious men of wealth established institutions that have been unceasing streams of blessing from generation to generation ; and while they are rejoicing in heaven “ their works do follow them ” to increase that joy ; and, on earth, through their charity, solitary places are made glad, and thousands of grateful hearts, blest by their posthumous benevolence, are brightened by new hopes, and sing with new joy.

Is not the way open for you to do the same ? Verily, it is. You can found a power in the earth according to your means. Let us see. Among many opportunities you shall take your choice. We will mention a few as examples—but only as examples, for there are many other ways of doing permanent good besides.

1. With \$500 you can endow a scholarship in college ; so that a poor young man desiring to prepare for the ministry, can go through his course free of expense for tuition. This can be done, not only by one, but by one after another, for ever. Is this within your means ?

2. Have you \$5000 with which to establish a fund, the interest of which, would pay all the expenses of two beneficiary students. In this way you can have two young men in course of training for the holy ministry forever. Nor need you fear that young men will at any time be wanting, to avail themselves of the kindness of their benevolent friend in heaven, who is thus offering to pay their way. There are many earnest poor young men longing for such an opportunity. Would it not be a pleasant thing in this way to send forth scores of pious young men, good and true, to preach the everlasting gospel when you are dead ; or, rather when you have obtained the true life in heaven ! or even while you still abide among the living on earth, if you will do it by a present gift.

3. Or have you perhaps \$15,000, or \$20,000, to give to the establishment of a professorship in the college or seminary ? Let it be called by your name. Let it work age after age ; in the highest departments of sanctified knowledge, by your “ Will.” Let it be a light in the world, kindled by your pious gift. Let it be a city on a hill of your building.

These, we repeat, are only examples. Do you choose another. Then bestow a permanent gift upon the congregation to which you belong ; establish a fund for missions—for the support of the widows of poor deceased ministers, and the education of their children—for the free distribution of the Bible, Catechism, Hymn book, or other religious books—for the support of the poor in your neighborhood or town—for the support of the blind, the lunatic, or the orphan. Objects are abundant. Consider well and make your choice. But do something. You plant a tree, and others eat fruit of it when you are dead. Even this is well. But do better—do more. Fix some fund somewhere, of some kind, and for some purpose, that it may work for Christ, for the Church, and for

the sorrowing on earth, when you are dead, and be through all time the representative on earth of your gratitude in heaven.

What you give, from time to time, to the current wants of the Church, is well ; but it is in a certain sense transitory ; give a permanent gift. Leave a working power behind you. Build a living monument of benevolence and charity that shall cause you to be gratefully remembered on earth, and continue to be for the glory of that grace which moved you to do such good, when the marble over your tomb has grown grey by the ages, or crumbled back to its elemental dust.

A MEMORIAL IN THE EARTH.

We fear not that it may be regarded as an unevangelical sentiment when we say that an act of this kind commends itself favorably to the sense of men, and is to the honor of him who does it. It is perfectly right and scriptural to have reference to true Christian honor. Our honor, if it be truly Christian, is Christ's honor. A Christian may, yea must, covet a good name. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."* The promise is, "The memory of the just is blessed : but the name of the wicked shall rot." It is worthy of notice that it is said in reference to a liberal man, that "he shall be held in everlasting remembrance."† Our Saviour did not intend to awaken vanity, but encourage a charitable spirit when he said to his disciples, in reference to the woman who anointed his head with precious ointment, and *in her presence*, that wherever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, this act of liberality and love, "that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her."‡

He, therefore, who leaves behind him a memorial of his liberality and charity does so with Christ's approval ; and it will only honor Christ, and not injure him, if it is told "in the whole world." The monument which he rears to his own good name is at the same time a monument to his Saviour, and a testimony in favor of that grace which can beget such a spirit, and incite to such honorable works of faith and love.

As the Scripture encourages us to leave a sweet savor around our name on earth, so it promises that all works of love shall be rewarded in heaven, not on account of merit but of grace ; and it teaches us not lightly to esteem such promise of reward. The alms, as well as the prayers, of Cornelius, came up "for a memorial before God," and were "held in remembrance in the sight of God." Though good works do not purchase, they nevertheless increase our reward. God's works "follow us ;" and our reward shall be "according to our works." Not only in this life, but also in "everlasting habitations," may we make unto ourselves "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

But is not the luxury of doing good its own reward ? Is it not a privilege which humbles us while it rejoices our heart. And how great and glorious is that mercy which enables us to work for good beyond our immediate personal influence, and gives us power still to work and bless in this life when we have gone into the joys of the life to come !

* Prov. 22 : 1.

† Ps. 112 : 6.

‡ St. Matth. 26.

LOVE'S LAW OF SACRIFICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVE you heard of the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out into thousand flowers:
This floral green in its blooming seen
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies,
Have you heard of the tale of the Pelican,
The Arib's Gimel El Bahr?
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds living lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings their water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their good.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies!
Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soft still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies—
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.
You have heard these tales—shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the Hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes—
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!
Now hear these tales ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
In the earth's dark bosom must fall:—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

A M E N .

BY THE EDITOR.

MOST peculiar and interesting in very many respects is the word Amen. It is the same in all languages—having gone with christianity among all nations untranslated, and without having found a full equivalent. It is used in christian worship, and especially at the close of prayers in all languages, and has been in all christian ages. The French are the only nation in which, at the close of prayers, it is displaced by its translation “*Ainsi soit-il*”—“so be it;” though they retain the word also in their language.

The word Amen originates in the Hebrew language. It comes from the word *Aman*, to bear, to support; and from the same root come words indicating firmness, truth, faith and faithfulness. It designates that consciousness in us by which we feel ourselves enabled firmly to rely and repose on testimony given as sure and true; it indicates the confidence we have in the power, goodness and faithfulness of another.

The Rabbins say, the Hebrew word Amen has been made by placing together the first letters of the sentence, *Adonai Melech Neeman*—The Lord, the true King.

Jeremiah, chap. 28 : 6, has given us the sense of the word. Haniah had prophesied that within two years the Lord would bring back from Babylon the vessels of the Lord's house which had been carried thither. To this Jeremiah answered: “Amen: the Lord do so: the Lord perform thy words which thou hast prophesied.”

The definition of Amen given in the Heidelberg Catechism is full and correct. “What doth the word Amen signify? Amen signifies: It shall truly and certainly be; for my prayer is more assuredly heard of God, than I feel in my heart that I desire these things of Him.”

The word Amen is used more than thirty times in the Old Testament, and more than one hundred and fifty times in the New—though in the New Testament it is often translated into “verily.” It is also frequently used double, Amen and Amen. In the New Testament it is so used only by John, and is always so used by him in his gospel, “Verily, verily,” or Amen, Amen, “I say unto you.” This use of it indicates the strongest possible emphasis.

The Hebrews enjoined the greatest reverence in the use of this word. “The word,”—so they teach—“must not be spoken *hurriedly*, so as to slur over or suppress the first syllable that the A be not clearly heard. It must not be abbreviated, so that the last syllable is slurred or shortened. It must not be spoken in an isolated or *empty* manner, thoughtlessly, without its having been preceded by a prayer or a blessing. An Amen thus emptily spoken, they called an *orphanized* Amen, it having no true parent-prayer of which it is the child. If any one speak such an orphanized Amen, his children shall become orphans. He that speaks a *hurried* Amen, his days shall hurriedly pass away; and he that shall abbreviate the Amen, his life shall be shortened. On the other hand,

he that shall use the requisite time in pronouncing it, saying it with deliberation, his days and years shall be long. Still they say, let no one, from a superstitious hope of lengthening his life by the virtue of this word, sound it longer than is proper; the principal thing is to pronounce it from a full heart and with all the soul; for to him who so speaks it, the gates of Paradise shall be opened.”*

A correct idea and feeling of the true sense and solemnity of the word in its legitimate devotional use, underlies these directions. They also explain a very striking peculiarity of the word itself. It is a word of two syllables, and when properly pronounced, has both syllables accented, in all languages. It is not *A-men* nor *A-men*: but *A-men*. In this respect, there is no word like it. This pronunciation necessarily resulted from the rule given; that it should not be abbreviated either in the first or last syllable; but that both should be spoken with proper measure and emphasis, and the whole word with slow deliberation. In this way should it properly express the deep earnestness, devotional unction, and active faith of the heart. The Scripture use of the word gives us the fullest idea of its true sense and solemnity.

It is used as a name, to express an attribute of God. Thus in Ia. 65 : 16, “He who blesseth himself in the earth, shall bless himself in the God of truth”—in the God Amen—the true God. So it is used by John: “These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness.” Rev. 3 : 14.

It is used to confirm anything as true. Thus it is used when one says Amen on the representations of another. So also when one uses it to seal and confirm as truth what he has said or is about to say. In the way of solemn asseveration before saying a thing, it is frequently used by our Saviour, according to His well-known habit of introducing His saying with, “Verily, verily,” or Amen, Amen, “I say unto you.” As a confirmation of what has been said it appears at the close of every book of the New Testament, excepting only Mark, Acts, Jude, and the third epistle of John.

Its use as a name of God, and as a solemn seal or confirmation of truth, it has the essence of an oath. Thus some say that our Saviour’s use of it in introducing His addresses is equal to an oath by Himself, as the true witness. Hieronymus says: “In the Old Testament an oath of God was in the words: As I live, saith the Lord; in the New Testament it is: Amen, Amen, I say unto you.”

That Amen is stronger than a mere solemn affirmation is evident from its use after an affirmation and in connection with it. Thus in the passage: “All the promises of God in Him (Christ) are *yea*, and in Him Amen,” (2 Cor. 1 : 20. Rev. 1 : 7.) The word *yea* is a simple affirmation: “Let your communication be *yea*, *yea*: nay, nay.” Matt. 5 : 37. So in James 5 : 12. In both these passages the word *yea*, is set over against an oath. When Amen is made to follow the *yea*, it must evidently be an advance on its meaning; but there is nothing stronger than an affirmation except an oath. The promises in Him are not merely affirmed as true, but are confirmed by an oath—the Amen of God. This, moreover, agrees with the words: “God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, con-

* Berach fol 47. Quoted by Alt. in his cultus.

firmed it by an oath." Lo, Jesus Christ, who did not bear witness of Himself, but to whom the Father witnessed, could utter as from God and in His presence, the eternal truth, with the solemn preface, "Amen, Amen, I say unto you."

How solemn and full of comfort is this sense and use of the word at the close of the Lord's prayer. It is Christ's own Amen, assuring us that all we have asked in the prayer shall be certainly given. It is His own seal under oath to His promise to answer the prayer He Himself has taught us to offer. It is not an Amen affixed by us to our words; but an Amen set to His own words by Him. Hence we need not wonder at the Jewish notion that Amen, properly spoken, opens paradise. Surely in the Lord's prayer it is the end of all confirmation. Heaven and earth are not so sure as every petition of this prayer is made to the believing supplicant, by the Amen of Him who has assured us, "These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness."

In this view, too, we cannot help believing that the praying of the Lord's prayer is something greater, surer, and better than praying in any other words. In no other prayer are the words and the thoughts so directly put into our hearts and mouths by Him whose Amen seals them. Our prayers are all colored and shadowed by our own earthly, partially sanctified life. And, as even a good name signed with good intentions to an illegally written note, does not make it valid, so Amen to our prayers, seeing "we know not what we should pray for as we ought," may not insure an answer. But when He gives us not only the meditations of our hearts, but also the words of our lips, they cannot fail to come acceptably before Him who is our strength and our Redeemer.

We cannot but reverence the simple and implicit faith, found in all christian ages among humble and pious peasants, that praying the Lord's prayer keeps all danger and harm away. It is infinitely nearer heaven than the boasted wisdom which makes merry over it as superstition. Superstition it no doubt is to say it as a mere charm with which to avert evil, but not when it is used with simple faith in its efficacy. Who is the wisest and happiest man, the French philosopher in the capital, who profanely proposes as the highest order of manly prayer the formulary: "O God—if there be one: have mercy on my soul—if I have one: and prepare me for heaven—if there is such a place!" or the least informed peasant in the kingdom, who retires to rest repeating, as a child, his "Our Father," firmly assured that on that account no evil thing, no evil men, no evil spirits can pass the unlocked door of his hut, and that should he die before he wake, Paradise would surely open to him? The darkest and least informed faith, is infinitely better than the most enlightened unbelief. The simple Amen of faith is worth ten thousand verities of mere earthly knowledge.

One man there was, and many such you might
Have met, who never had a dozen thoughts
In all his life, and never changed their course;
But told them o'er, each in its custom'd place,
From morn till night, from youth to hoary age.
Little above the ox that grazed the field,
His reason rose; so weak his memory,
The name his mother called him by, he scarce
Remembered; and his judgment so untaught.
That what at evening played along the swamp,

Fantistie, clad in robe of fiery hue,
 He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
 With quivering heart and winged footsteps home.
 The word philosophy he never heard,
 Or science; never heard of liberty,
 Necessity, or laws of gravitation;
 And never had an unbelieving doubt.
 Beyond his native vale he never looked:
 But thought the visual line, that girt him round,
 The world's extreme; and thought the silver Moon,
 That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
 No broader than his father's shield. He lived,—
 Lived where his father lived, died where he died,
 Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.
 Be not surprised. He loved and served his God.

There was another, large of understanding,
 Of memory infinite, of judgment deep.
 Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
 And all phenomena, in heaven and earth.
 Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
 Of thought, association, passion, will;
 And all the subtle, nice affinities
 Of matter traced, its virtues, motions, laws;
 And most familiarly and deeply talked
 Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
 Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
 And read the glorious visions of the skies;
 And to the music of the rolling spheres
 Intelligently listened; and gazed far back
 Into the awful depths of Deity;
 Did all that mind assisted most could do;
 And yet in misery lived, in misery died,
 Because he wanted holiness of heart.

Another use of the word Amen, that has its origin in the sacred scriptures, must be well considered. It is its use as response from the people to the words spoken, the prayers offered, or the blessing pronounced—yea, even the curse (Deut. 27 : 14–26)—on the part of God's officiating ministers. Of this use of it we have very many instances. Indeed, this was the rule of its use in worship. By the response, Amen, to the words, prayer, blessing, the people made the words of the minister their own. When David had received the restored ark and put it in its place, he said: "Blessed be the name of the Lord God of Israel for ever and ever. And all the people said, Amen, and praised the Lord." (1 Chron. 16 : 36.) When Ezra opened the book of the law to read it, all the people stood up, "He blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with the lifting up of their hands: and they bowed their heads and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground." (Neh. 8 : 6) This use of it as a response continued to the latest time in the worship of the temple and the synagogues. In case of large assemblies, where the most distant worshippers could not hear the words of the officiating minister, it was custom for the person appointed thereto, at the proper time to wave a certain cloth, so that all might know when to join in the response, Amen.

The same use of Amen, as a response, was current from the earliest, even from apostolic times. Of this we have evidence in the New Testament itself. In 1 Cor. 14, where Paul disapproves of offering prayer in a tongue unknown to the worshippers, he says, "When thou blessest with the spirit, how shall he who occupieth the room of the unlearned"

—meaning the laity—“say Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest” This use of Amen by the people as a response is confirmed by all christian antiquity. The Amen belongs to the people, rather than to the minister. It is theirs wherewith to give utterance to the earnest stirrings of their desire and their faith.

It is a response—a heartfelt, believing desire from the worshipper, that the prayer offered may be answered to them, and the believing utterance of the assurance that it is answered. It is a response, not only, as we have seen, from Christ whose seal to the prayer the Amen is, but a response from him to whom it is to be answered, as a public testimony before God that he believes the promise, accepts the seal and appropriates the sure and blessed answer.

Not only in response to prayer, but also to the act of Baptism and the eucharist, from the earliest times, the people responded the Amen. When the minister had said: “I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” the people added the Amen, by which the Church, as a body confirms the act of its organ, the minister, and at the same time opens its believing bosom to receive the newly baptized member into its fellowship of life and love. How sad is the fact, that congregations regard themselves as mere spectators in the case of a baptism! receiving the new born brother as a crowd in the market receives the addition of a stranger, without a word of recognition, without a look of welcome, or a beating heart of sympathy that shall touch and warm his! Would not the glorious Amen, as a response from the congregation, confirming the act, welcoming the new brother, and sustaining like a surrounding heavenly atmosphere of faith and love, his own trembling confidence, do much to destroy that miserable negativeness to which we have alluded. Would it not help to restore to the congregation, a sense and feeling of the part which they ought to take in so solemn a service.

In the administration of the Lord’s supper, when the minister handed the bread and the cup, with the words: “This is my body—this is my blood”—the communicant receiving it responded Amen. As though he had said: “This it is—so I receive it—may it be such to me—such it truly is to me—His flesh is meat indeed; His blood is drink indeed—this it is, Amen and Amen.”

Such is the rich import, and such the blessed associations of our Amen, as it comes to us from the anointed hearts and lips of millions of believers through all christian ages. It is only the richer for the road it has travelled. Its unction is only the more fragrant for its having refreshed and regarded the faith of so great an army of noble witnesses. It has so often expressed the confidence of full hearts, that its very pronunciation seems to aid and strengthen our own faith. It seems as though in it we heard the voice and the faith of ages which lifts us up and carries us away.

Yet how carelessly is it often spoken, and how irreverently heard. Do not many hear it merely as the usual way of closing a sermon or a prayer. The only feeling it inspires is the satisfaction that it marks the welcome close of what was to them a tedious service! In it they neither hear God’s sweet assuring voice, nor utter their own accepting faith.

But to the humble pious it is a word always spoken and heard with reverence. To the sincere christian it is a test word. At the close of

every prayer he feels himself arraigned. It confronts him with the questions : " Have I prayed in faith ? Do I now feel and truly believe that I am answered ? Does the spirit of assurance now sustain me in uttering the Amen ? "

If the prayer was an utterance of empty words, the Amen would be a lie. If the prayer was offered in doubt, it ought to be closed with " perhaps," instead of Amen. If the prayer was a mere wish, it leaves in the suppliant's mind mere vague expectation, instead of satisfying assurance.

A sense of unworthiness must not hinder the confidence of the Amen. The suppliant is always unworthy—but not unworthy to ask and receive—unworthy to claim, but not to accept. The answer comes not for desert, but for grace—not on our account, but for the sake of Christ. The Amen is not to declare our worthiness, but our faith in God's un-failing promise.

Nor must our Amen be hindered by the fact that temptations to unbelief, with their hosts of vain and evil thoughts, have looked in on us whilst we were uttering our prayer. These were neither bidden nor welcome. They were not ours, but against us. They entered under protest, and were not received or approved, because a stronger than they reigned within. Not we, nor God, but an enemy has done this. The bread on the fathers table is ours, though devils in threatening attitude frown in on us whilst we partake.

When Abraham was making ready his sacrifice for the altar of the Lord, and had divided the slain offering and laid the parts in order, the fowls came down upon the slain sacrifice : " But Abraham drove them away." He could not help that they came down on it. He was not willing that they should come. He placed himself over against them, and drove them away. His sacrifice was not vitiated by their attempts. They cost him trouble—they took away his peace, but not the virtue of his sacrifice.

So it is with temptations, and the hindrances of evil thoughts in prayer. They come, but not by our will. The same faith that is offering the prayer keeps them at bay. At the word of faith : " Deliver us from evil," they must vanish, and with a shout of triumph we utter our victorious Amen !

But how meaningless, yea, how profane is this Amen on the lips of the disobedient outside the church. It is as a false oath on their tongues. They say " Our Father," and will not be in His family. They say " Hallowed be Thy name," but join not in this with his children. They say " Thy kingdom come," and will not become subjects in it. They say " Thy will be done," but will not do it. They say " Give us this day our daily bread," and they refuse the true, the highest eating—will not receive the true bread from heaven which giveth light to the world. They say, " Forgive us our debts," but come not where alone debts are forgiven. They say " Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," and yet are content to make their home in the very bosom and element of evil—where the world, the flesh and satan reign. They say, " Thine is the kingdom," to which we will not belong : " Thine is the power," to the drawings of which we will not submit : " Thine is the glory," which neither by position nor influence we will promote ! In such a case what is the " for ever" which follows, but the judgment pronounced

by their own lips, of eternal separation from God, and from the glory of His power ; and what is their Amen, but the seal which they themselves set to their own damnation !

But how blessed is this word in the lips of God's children. It is the same which is heard in heaven. Though not so full of the same mighty sense, we humbly say it after them. By it we close every petition on the way. In the last one we utter we shall hear it sounding in unison with theirs before the throne of God and the Lamb. There—not here—will our Amen be fulfilled in all its richness of meaning. Then, as we never can here, will we set our seal that God is true. Then will every petition of our Lord's prayer be turned into praise, and our Amen will follow the song of Moses and the Lamb. And let all who are truly bound in faith and hope for this glorious consummation, give glory to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, saying, Amen and Amen.

THE BUTTERFLY'S REVENGE.

AN ugly caterpillar once uplooking
To a humming-bird, in gorgeous colors gleaming,
Thus said to him, her furry throat upcrooking :
“ Despise me not, though painful now my seeming
In shape and guise and movement of each feature,
And thou art such a bright, celestial creature.”

The rainbow birdling scorned to make replying,
And gave the wretched insect's love its dooming.
In grief and birth the poor grub writhed as dying,
And soon a butterfly, in splendors blooming,
Uprose from out the slough the proud one hated,
In dazzling hues, with wings of wonder mated.

The humming-bird, unconscious of this changing,
Above a bush of roses red was hovering,
When lo ! appeared our gay one in her ranging.
The hummer, smit with love, himself recovering,
Began to sigh a sweet and melting ditty,
And pleaded first for love, and then for pity.

The butterfly said : “ Vain thy suit and urging ;
For I remember well, though thou forgettest,
That when from lowliness I was emerging,
Thou spurnedst her on whom now thy heart thou settest.
By thee, when low and homely, I was scorned ;
Now thee I scorn, with magic charms adorned.”

THE FOUR WEAPONS.

THE brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue :
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

THE GAY DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

It is said that "men are but children fully grown;" and if I were to be asked in what childish amusements they mostly indulge, I would say, in the game of bubble-blowing. We begin to blow our bubbles early in childhood, and we keep it up, with little intermission, to old age.

With what delight does the young urchin gaze on the glittering globe of soap and water that he has fairly launched into the air, while standing on a wall! There it goes! mounting up with the breeze that blows, and again descending low. One moment as high as the house, and at another almost touching the ground. Onward! onward it holds its course, escaping every danger, till, at last, it busts as it strikes against the edge of a tombstone in an adjoining churchyard.

The bubbles of our after years, too, bear a strong family likeness to those of our childhood. Some burst as soon as blown. Some vanish suddenly in the air; and if any of them mount over the churchyard wall, they are sure to disappear among the tombs.

"Wishing" is a losing game to all who play at it; and yet who is there that altogether refrains? I never heard of but one man who could say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4: 11.

Let us take a stripling from among the many who are, at this moment, banqueting on the airy food of future greatness; who are, in other words, engaged in bubble-blowing, and enter for a moment into his golden dreams. It is true, he may be poor; but the Rothschilds were not always rich, though at last they amassed millions. He has heard of Whittington, a poor friendless lad, quitting London with his bundle in his hand, and turning back again to wealth and renown, beckoned by the bells ringing out musically, as he fancied the words,

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Why, it is very possible that some day he may be as great a man as Whittington, who had only a cat with which to make his fortune. Not, that he has, at present, any very bright prospects before him in real life; but that only renders the more bright the vision of his fancy.

Well, then, it is a settled thing with him that he will be a merchant, and sail the seas in a ship of his own, carrying out beads to barter with Africans for ivory and ostrich feathers; and bales of cloth to exchange for gold. There is no preventing his future prosperity; he will soon become rich, in his own imagination, and ride in a coach and six!

And now the bubble is at its height! Poor fellow! what a pity that he cannot keep it in the air! Alas! down it must come, breaking against the very ground. The poor lad works at a trade, marries early, has a large family; his health fails him, his friends forsake him; want springs upon him like an armed man, he becomes sick and infirm, and he receives his bread from the hand of charity.

Or, suppose his youthful dream to be of another kind : his bubble, though equally frail with that I have already blown from him, may take a different direction. He is studious and fond of books, and it may be that he is poetical. Say that the ballad of the Children in the Wood, or John Gilpin, first lures him to the flowery pathways of poesy. He reads, grows abstracted and imaginative, and "mutters his wayward fancies" as he goes. Goldsmith wins him, Cowper and Montgomery delight him, Gray fires him, and Byron works him up almost to frenzy, and it is well if not to moral evil. Like a ship with no ballast and much sail, he pursues his course. He yearns for an earthly immortality. There have been Shakspeares, and Miltons, and Ossians and Homers ! Why may there not be again ? What a delightful thing to publish a volume of unrivalled poetry ; to be lauded by reviewers, to be sought by booksellers, to be courted by the great, and to be highly estimated by the world !

Thus he goes on wasting his life in unprofitable dreams ; but see ! the bubble bursts at last. He has feasted his mind, and famished his body ; unable to conform to the common-place usages of life, or to perform its duties, he is crushed by trouble. With an intellect superior to those around him, he is the proverb of the wise, and the butt of the foolish : and, perhaps, ends his day in a lunatic asylum. There may be many, whose sober habits and reflections may think this picture overdrown. I have some reason to think the contrary.

Or, perhaps, he has read books of travels and wondrous adventures by sea and land, and is resolved to travel. Why should not he, as well as others, do something wonderful ?—ascend Mount Blanc, go down the crater of Vesuvius, and measure the pyramids ! How delightful, after wandering in strange lands like Mungo Park, encountering lions in the desert like Campbell, and delving into the mummy pits of Egypt like Belzoni, to return home with the real Indian tomahawks, bows and arrows, and scalping-knives ; with snakes from Africa, fishing tackle from the South Seas, birds of paradise and humming birds, monkeys and macaws.

The stripling may have heard the stormy music of the rattling drum, and gazed upon the gay attire of the recruiting sergeant. He may have "heard of battles," and been fired with the love of victory and fame.

Strange it is, that when the would-be warrior sees before him the prancing war-horse, and the bannered host, that he cannot see the agonies of the dying, and the mangled heaps of the slain ! Strange, that when he hears, in imagination, the neigh of the charger, the clangour of the brazen-throated trumpet, and the roar of cannon, that he cannot hear the agonizing groans of the wounded soldiers, nor the heart-rending wails of the widow and the fatherless ! Yet so it is ! selfishness and sin, and carnage, are crowned with glory.

But the stripling will blow his bubble. He ponders the page that sets forth the victories of Cressy and of Agincourt, of Blenheim and of Waterloo. He gazes on the marble monuments of renowned heroes, and becomes a soldier ! nay, more ; he is famed for courage, rises in rank, and his fondest wishes are realized.

But are these gay dreams less vain because they have been partly fulfilled ? The stripling has become a hero, with a scar on his forehead and a pair of epaulets on his shoulders. But there is something yet that

remains to be told : besides these things, he has a galling wound that the surgeons have pronounced incurable ; and a ball in his body that annoys him, yet cannot be dislodged ! And when alone in the midnight hour, he heaves a sigh, for he cannot but reflect that he might have led a more useful life in pursuing peace than in following war ; in being a preserver, rather than a destroyer of his species.

Have I said enough ? Old Humphrey has been a blower of bubbles, a dreamer of dreams, through the better part of his days ; let him then run his length on the gay dreams of youth.

Or, suppose him to have read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and the voyages of Captain Cook, and to have fallen in love with the sea. He has met a jack tar in his holiday clothes, and gazed with admiration on his long-quartered shoes, blue jacket, and snow-white trousers. He has seen him pull out of his pocket, carelessly, a handful of copper, silver, gold, and pig-tail tobacco. “ Oh, it is a fine thing to be a sailor ! ” he thinks, “ to wear clean clothes, to play the fiddle, to dance on the deck, and to have plenty of grog and prize money ! Nothing in the world like being a sailor ! ”

And now comes thronging in his midnight dream a ship’s crew of light-hearted seamen, a jovial band of jack tars. He hears their songs, he sees them in their well-rigged ship, ploughing through the foaming waves, with dolphins, and porpoises, and flying fish around them, and a clear blue sky above their heads.

He goes on blowing his bubbles, till he has had enough of stormy petrels, glittering icebergs, sharks, and shore-crabs, whales, and walruses ; sea-weed, sword-fish, and coral rocks ; and then wrecks himself on an uninhabited island, that he may give, on his return home, a wonderful account of his dangers and his toils, which will soon become stale even to his own ear.

Such are the gay dreams of youth, and most of us have indulged in one or other of them. I know one who has indulged in them all ; ay, more than all ! and what was the end of his sunny visions ? What has become of the gleams of glory that dazzled his youthful fancy in by-gone days ? Let the tear that has fallen on the paper, on which I note down these observations, be his reply. The bubbles of his childhood are burst ; the fond dreams of his youth and his manhood are passed away ; he has seen the hollowness of them all, and has been made willing to exchange the empty dreams of time for the realities of eternity.

If he knows any thing of his own heart, there is nothing in the honors, the riches, and the wisdom of this world, that for one moment he would put in comparison with the well-grounded hope of everlasting life. Put together all the renown that mankind has to bestow : pile up the crowns and sceptres of the earth ; heap high its gold, its costly gems, and glittering diadems, and they will be as dust in the balance, if weighed against the hope of eternal life through Christ Jesus our Lord.

SOME men live as if they were poor all their lives, in order to be wealthy at their decease—or rather, as if they wished to carry their riches with them.

L E T M E I N .

WHEN the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door :
"Wandering through the winding wood-path
My worn feet too lone have been ;
Let me in, O ! gentle mother,
Let me in !"

Years passed on—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the dying hours,
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers,
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join the merry din ;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in !"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
Murmuring still, the restless heart :
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart :
I have found in worldly pleasure
Naught to happiness akin,
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in !"

Years flew on—a youth no longer
Still he owned the restless heart :
"I am tired of love's soft durance,
Sweet voiced syren, we must part ;
I will gain a laurel chaplet.
And a world's applause shall win ;
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in !"

Years fled on—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought ;
Answered hopes, and granted blessings,
Only new aspirings brought ;
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal,
Let me in !"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest ;
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win—
At some period ever saying,
"Let me in !"

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A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN BY DR. MANN, BY THE EDITOR.

I SEEMED to stand on the brow of Sinai, in the darkness of the night. Thick gloom lay around me. The howling of wild beasts came from the clefts of the rocks, and I knew the flight of eagles and vultures by the sound of their mighty wings. Leaning against a high wall of rocks, the dismal darkness concealed to me the danger or safety of my position. Anxiously I waited for the east wind to disperse the thick clouds and darkness, that the bright stars might become guides to my path, and enable me even through the midst of the night to reach the summit. For a powerful voice cried in the depths of my spirit: Let the break of day find you in devout worship upon the top of the rocks, greeting the first rays of the sun with thanksgiving.

But the night around me was silent as a wall, the heavens over me stood like a giant arch, and within the circle was Sinai like a coffin, by the side of which I seemed chained as a mighty watch. Then a cold shudder fell upon me that my limbs trembled, and I sunk upon the rock hiding my face between my hands that I might not see the terror of the darkness around me.

A powerful hand touched me. Before me on the outer edge of the rock stood a tall, bright form, clothed in a robe of light from head to foot! But I lay trembling on my knees, whilst the form before me, with a silver staff, pointed high up over me to the mountain, touched the rock beside me softly—and vanished! The silence of death and the darkness of the abyss spread around me; still from the rock where the bright form had touched it, I now heard the gurgling of a fountain; the water leaped toward me and I drank it. Strengthened and refreshed, I ascended the rock, and lifted my head towards the top of the mountain, whither the staff of the bright form had directed me.

Then I saw in the distance and high above me a light shining with a red glow, and it was as if it hovered along the brow of the rocks, now nearer to me and now farther off. I laid hold on the rough rocks before me, wherever my foot could find the least foundation. I struggled upwards, not regarding the wounds of my hands and feet, nor the rolling

stones which gave way beneath me, nor the howling of the wild beasts following in my wake, nor the night which concealed from me the better paths, nor the sweat of my toil which rolled in large drops over my face. And how glad was my heart when the light above, now and then, after having vanished for a short space, again appeared to my view in the darkness. Yea, it appeared to become ever brighter and larger; and when I was often ready to sink back exhausted, one glance up to the light gave me new strength and courage. It now even began to cast a feeble, mellow light over my rocky path, so that I could see the giddy depths, the fearful crags and open jaws of bursted rocks, the thousand dangers of which I had safely passed. It seemed to me that on myself I could discover reflected, something of the bright light that shone for me, and it seemed so to inhere in my person, as to shine forth on the darkness and danger of my path. With a feeling of proud triumph I now looked back and down into the dark depths.

It now seemed to me no longer necessary to keep my eye on the source of light above; I could see the direction plainly, and the dangers and toils of the way grew ever less. Alas! too late I discovered that carelessness and presumption had led me from the right path. The light had vanished. In vain I hurried back, sought hither and thither, while all around me it grew darker and darker; and yet it still seemed to me as if I could see through endless night—as if there stood in the dim distance other high mountains shedding back the rays of the light which I had seen on Sinai; yea, as if I saw even on the farthest seas of the world's kingdoms glimmering, a feeble reflection of its red, glowing brightness.

Then there came an untold fear over my soul. Tears rolled down my cheeks. I rallied my last feeble powers; my wounded hands laid hold afresh, and as in despair I flung myself up over the last edge of the rock—here my strength was exhausted, and I sunk hopelessly on the earth. But behold! before me and high up shone the light; a stream of brilliant rays proceeded from it, and gleamed as the lightning through the fearful darkness; and in the glare of the light I discovered that high above me mountains were still towering on mountains. I kept my eyes on the light; and behold, two large tablets fastened with diamond nails to the rocks, contained written on them in letters of rubies, the holy commandments of God. From them came forth the lightning flashes, and from them rolled the full waves of the stream of light. The blaze flashed toward me as if it would hurl me down over the rocks into the abyss. From the remoter heights of the mountains, mighty words thundered into the depths below, shattering everything before them; they threatened me with certain annihilation, and I trembled and quailed in fear of death, stumbling and falling along the edge of the precipice.

Then it was as if I heard soft, soothing songs from heavenly heights. Gently breathed the cool air of morning over the earth. It was not yet day, but a bright, mild light had spread over the silent region around, and the blessed inhabitants of heaven descended in holy choir, and I heard the wonderful angelic song: GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN! Then it was as if my heart would burst with unknown joy. I was about to rise from my knees to rejoice and sing—when I awoke! It was CHRISTMAS MORNING. But I also went and worshipped the babe in the manger!

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE greater the danger into which we are pressed, the deeper the sorrow which crowds dark around us, and the fewer human helps near us in times of trial and hours of quiet, the nearer are we to the world of spirits, and the nearer is that world to us. That the holy angels interpose in behalf of the saints in straits and emergencies, is as clearly taught in the holy scriptures as any other lesson of comfort. The apostles ask : Are they not ministering spirits ? As though he said, is not this taken for granted, and does not every one know that this is so. On this point there is no room for difference of views.

How they are near us, and in what way they interpose and afford their ministrations, is a matter that belongs to them. As spirits our modes are no measure for them. Such matters aside, only on this one consoling thought would we fix our hearts : The condition of their nearness to us is our need of aid and comfort. They are friends in need. They seek us in sorrow. Selfish friends are near in sunshine and absent in the storm ; such seek their own pleasure in seeking our company ; but the angels come to us—

All for love, and nothing for reward.

Should this fact in regard to the sympathy and aid of angels need any confirmation, it will be found abundantly in the scriptures. To Hagar they came in the extremity of her distress. To Jacob in his greatest loneliness at night in the desert. To Joseph and Mary trembling before the wrath of Herod. To our Saviour in His temptation in the wilderness, and in His agony in the garden. To Mary Magdalene in her deep grief around her Saviour's tomb, and to Peter in prison. So always, just at the point of the greatest danger or the deepest trouble, these silent friends are near. Wherever any of the saints of the Lord is in danger of "dashing his feet against a stone" of difficulty, they drop in as "a very present help" to "bear them up on their hands."

How full of consolation is this thought—we ought rather say, this *fact*—to all who have faith to realize it. It is not difficult, in reviewing the way in which we have been led, to call up instances of sudden and unexpected deliverance, and to remember how often our deepest sorrow has been changed into joy by causes which we were not able at the time to trace to their source. The voice which cheered us spoke out of the twilight near, but no form was seen, and, like Peter, we wist not that it was an angel.

We refer such ministrations to the special providence of God—and in this we are correct ; but we forget that the system of providence includes the ministry of angels, and that they "do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word." We only have correct and adequate ideas of God's providence when we recognize by faith the real manner in which He ever meets us by the free, intelligent and loving sympathies of innumerable friendly spirits which mediate between Him and us.

The idea that these spirits of the higher world, who come forward so frequently in the sacred history, ceased their sympathies to man at the point where the canonical scripture history ends, and have now forever retired behind the veil, is against the most direct testimony of the scripture itself. Their mission as ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, will not end till the last of the Lord's redeemed has passed through the gate into the heavenly city. It would be strange indeed if those who befriended the patriarchs and prophets, attended our Saviour, and stood by the holy apostles, should not continue with the struggles of the church and the patience of the saints till the last tribulation shall have been over-passed, when attended by their hosts, the Lord shall gather His ransomed home. Yes, now as ever, he that comes within the church, as the "heavenly Jerusalem," comes at the same time "to an innumerable company of angels," whose sympathy and intervention he enjoys in every strait of danger, and in every dark hour of trial and sorrow.

THE CHILD'S ANGEL.

The following little German song is very sweet and touching:

THROUGH every land there goeth
An angel quietly ;
No human eye can see him,
Yet he can all things see ;
Though heaven is that angel's home,
To earth our Father bids him come.

From house to house he roameth,
And when with joy he finds
A good child with its parents,
He to that child inclines ;
Then cheerfully he dwelleth there,
And to that child is ever near.

And with that child he joineth,
In all its little play,
He helps him learn his lessons,
And helps him to obey ;
He keeps him in a happy mood,
Beloved by all, and always good.

And when that child is sleeping,
He never takes his flight,
He watcheth by his bedside
Until the morning light ;
Then wakes him with a quiet kiss,
To work, to love, to happiness.

Oh, friendly angel ! guide me
Unto those children blest,
With whom thou ever dwellest
In work, and play and rest ;
Oh, I would ever love to be
With those good children and with thee.

ANNIE AND EMMA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN a former number we related what course Annie, the Sabbath school teacher, pursued to make herself familiar with the scriptures; how she read the Bible through once a year by reading three chapters every weekday and five every Sunday; and how Emma, her pupil, adopted her teacher's plan. We have now to inform the reader that Emma was much pleased in pursuing the course of her teacher, and found herself greatly benefited. As she passed on from day to day through Genesis, she had to confess to herself that she never knew how fresh and interesting were those scenes from patriarchal times. She found also that she could remember much more of what she read in this way than when she used to read the Bible irregularly. During the day she would call up what she had read, and thus her memory was refreshed, and the substance permanently impressed on her mind.

Emma was anxious to have still further suggestions from her teacher on the study of the Bible. She sought another interview which was very pleasant and profitable to her.

"I have for a long time been in the habit," said Annie, "of taking notes of sermons. I know that when our pastor preaches on a subject, he has carefully studied it in all its bearings, and has thus brought together what it would be impossible for me to collect, even if I had the same helps at hand. But these helps I have not even in my possession. Hence I am always anxious, as far as possible, to retain what I hear. This I can do by noting down the main points while he preaches, and calling up as much as I can afterwards."

Here Annie brought out her book of notes and showed it to Emma. "Here," said she, "are my notes of last Sunday's sermon. Our pastor, you remember, preached on natural depravity."

"Yes," said Emma, "it was an excellent sermon, and I thought I understood it all clearly while he spoke; if I only could have remembered it."

"Here it is," said Annie; "that is, the substance of it I have here in my notes. Let me read them to you, and we will see whether they will not call up to you the substance of the whole sermon!"

Annie read her notes, while Emma would say every now and then, "Yes, that is it exactly." The notes brought the whole sermon fresh to her mind.

"Now," continued Annie, "we will take one which he preached six months ago."

"Six months ago," said Emma surprised; "I cannot recall any sermon preached so far back. I have forgotten all about it, I am sure."

"Well, let us try," said Annie. "Here is one on repentance, preached before Easter." She read the text. "Oh yes," said Emma, "I remember now since you mention the text." Annie asked her whether she could call up anything of the sermon. She said she could not. She then read her notes.

"How surprising," said Emma, "it seems to me now as if I had heard the whole sermon again. I can now recollect it well."

"You see now," said Annie, "what an advantage there is in taking notes of sermons. I have spent many of my pleasantest, and I may say most profitable hours in looking over my notes. Whenever I wish to refresh my memory on any theological point, I look over my notes of the sermon in which that point was discussed, and, as you say, it seems to me as if I was hearing that sermon again. Even the exercise of writing down my notes has the effect of impressing the sermon more clearly and permanently on my mind."

"It is an excellent plan," said Emma, "and I intend to pursue it hereafter. I will get myself a little blank book like yours this week, and on next Sunday I will begin."

When they parted she asked her teacher to loan her the book of notes which contained sketches of their pastor's sermons during the last year. When she got home she read them all over, and could hardly believe it possible when she found on trial that there was not a single sermon, the substance of which she could not recognize in those notes. This confirmed her in her purpose to follow Annie's example; and from that time forward she heard no sermon from the pastor without taking down the substance of it into her book of notes. It soon became to her a delightful exercise, and conduced greatly to her improvement in religious knowledge.

H O M E .

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword, and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened locks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.—OLD SONG.

There is much true poetry, and we believe a great deal more religion than many persons seem willing to admit, in the Christmas customs of our forefathers. In this country, owing to the intrusion of various influences, much of the ancient charm of the Christmas festival has been lost, whilst in Germany it still retains most of its original glory. Howitt in his "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," gives a beautiful account of the Christmas customs of that interesting land; and, as much of what he relates, at least in a fragmentary way, is easily recognized as still existing among the descendants of Germans in this country, we are sure our readers will be pleased to read his description in our Christmas number of the Guardian.

On no occasion; says Mr. Howitt, does the sentiment and domestic character of the Germans show itself so strongly as at Christmas. This is expressly a family festival. In England it used to be so in the olden times, but now it is more a festival of friends. We have in many places still our waits and carol-parties. Parties meet at great houses in the country; friends exchange visits; dinner and dancing parties are made; and there is great jollity, eating of mince-pies and roast-beef, drinking of wine, and still, in some old houses and rural districts, the burning of the yule-block. But in most of these pleasures the more adult personages are chiefly considered. The children are, in a great measure, excluded from them. The parents and elder brothers and sisters are going out to dine, or to evening parties, or are busy receiving their friends to such at home. The children get mince-pies, but make little or no part of the festivities. This is quite the reverse of the German custom. There, Christmas-eve is the great family festival, to which all, old and young alike, look forward with intense delight. It is strictly a domestic and home festival. It is not so much a time of being visited and visiting as a time in which every family draws round its stove and celebrates a festival of family affection. Here the children are not so much secondaries as principals. Their happiness is considered most of all; and in their happiness the gladness of all centres and grows. Accordingly, there is no time in the whole year towards which all, but especially the young and the children, look forward with such eager anticipation. It is a feast of the heart, and is emphatically called, *Der Gluckliche Abend*, the Happy Evening.

So completely are the pleasures of this evening woven into the German mind from childhood up, that poets in their most beautiful verses illustrate the delights of their mature years by reference to them, as Claudius in some admirable lines, entitled,

T A G L I C H Z U Z I N G E N .

Ich danke Gott und freue mich
 Wie's Kind zur Weighnachtgabe,
 Dass ich bin, bin ! und dass ich dich,
 Schoen menschlich Antlitz habe.

Dass ich die Sonne, Berg und Meer,
 Und Laub, und Grass kann sehen,
 Und Abends unterm Sternenheer
 Und Lieben Monde gehen.

Und dass mir dann zu Muthe ist,
 Als wenn wir Kinder kamen
 Und sahen was der heil'ge Christ
 Bescheeret hatte. Amen !

"I thank thee, God, and rejoice myself, like the child over its Christmas-eve gifts, that I live, live ! and that I possess thee, beautiful human countenance ! That I can behold the sun, the mountains, the sea, the foliage, and the grass, and at evening can walk beneath the host of stars, and the dear moon ; and that I am then in heart as full of joy and admiration as when we children came and saw what the holy Christ-child had sent us. Amen."

The very poorest and the very youngest partake as largely in the joy of this evening as any. Servants and all participate in it. For several months, therefore, there are great preparations making amongst the ladies for it. Each member of the family then makes a present to all the other members ; parents to children and servants, children to their parents, servants to their master and mistress, and often to the children, children to them and one another. All those elegant and useful little things which ladies employ themselves in making—in needlework, in drawing and painting, as ornamental purses, slippers, bracelets, watch-pockets, gloves, dressing up of dolls ; articles of warm and ornamental wear, as gay-coloured worsted little coats, called *Kassaveikas*, and cloaks of knotted work, are busily preparing. Bead-work presents itself in a variety of articles, as necklaces, purses, card-cases, cigar-cases, watch-pockets, in the form of ladies' slippers, and innumerable other articles of fancy-work

As all these have to be kept from the knowledge of the party for whom they are intended, till they are laid out on Christmas-eve itself, it is evident that a good-deal of management is required. During the two or three months before Christmas, therefore, ladies are full of secrets, which, spite of the proverb, are faithfully kept. They work when they are alone, or when that person of the family for whom the thing then in hand is intended is not present. They sometimes sit up after the rest are retired, or get up an hour earlier, or take out their work and go and sit with a friend at another house now and then. But, spite of all these contrivances and precautions, there are dangers of continual surprises ; and when you enter rather unexpectedly into a room, you see a great bustle and a hiding away of things under sofa-cushions, at the bottom of work-bags and baskets. These little schemes and alarms occasion, as may be supposed, a good-deal of merriment amongst those who are in the particular secrets ; and all round have secrets that one or another is not in.

All this time, too, there is much considering going on in different heads as to what presents that are to be purchased, shall be purchased. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, are picking up by reflection, and by what occurs in conversation, ideas of what would be most accep-

table or beneficial to the different members of their domestic circle. And then comes a looking-out for it. At the autumn fairs a great number of things are bought with an express reference to Christmas; and till then are stowed away in secret. But for about a month before Christmas the shops are all filled with things for presents. Not merely the toy-shops and shops of fancy wares, but every man who by a possibility can turn his shop into a bazaar for *Weihnachtsgeschenke*, or Christmas presents, does. A man that all the rest of the year is a sieve-maker and seller of turnery ware, suddenly, we observed, had his shop filled with every conceivable article of wood that can form presents. It was as if a magical spell had been exerted, and all his tubs and barrels, and sieves and spigots, were converted into dolls, wooden boxes full of toys, chess-boards, and boards of other games. His tables were covered with boxes full of little toy household things, sets of tea things, sets of kitchen utensils, little dinner services, whips and hobby-horses, carts, wagons, dolls without end, churches and other buildings in sections for children to put together, and innumerable things of the like kind. The pipe shops are now, especially crowded with these articles, as they, in a smoking country like Germany, are of course favorite presents. Every bit of their windows is filled, till they seem literally built up with them, offering a vast variety of meerschaum and porcelain pipe-heads; the latter with paintings of countless female faces, scenes from recent history and favorite authors, and of favorite spots in the Fatherland.

The drapers' shops display most attractive silk pocket-handkerchiefs, cravats, waistcoat pieces, etc., as presents for gentlemen; and the newest cloak patterns, shawls, small handkerchiefs for the neck, etc., as presents for ladies; all these things being sedulously advertised at the same time in the newspapers as the most appropriate and valuable presents which can be made either to ladies or gentlemen. Nor is the furrier forgetful of his avocation. He advertises too, and fills his windows with all kinds of warm fur gloves, fur caps, muffs, boas, and fur collars. There is another shop which also comes out into pre-eminence and gaiety at this time, like a drawing in sympathetic colors under the influence of a sudden heat; that is, the shop where are sold gentlemen's braces worked in worsted and fine silks, and richly embroidered tobacco-bags hanging in long lines of all colors and devices, principally of oil-skin, figured with bright dyes, or worsted embroidered, or bead work, and with scarlet and blue strings and tassels; smoking caps, of white, scarlet, blue, violet, purple, and other gay colors, braided with gold and silver thread, or worsted-braid, according to the color and device, each cap finished with its long pendant tassel. The Jew turns his front shop into a curiosity shop, and through the *Blatt* (newspaper), informs the present-making public that he has collected with infinite pains, and at infinite cost, the most extraordinary assortment of relics, jewels, old arms, antiques, old pictures, and other unrivalled valuables. He has fans which have belonged to nothing less than queens; rings formerly worn by princes, cardinals, and emperors; gems that have been in the possession of Pericles and Aspasia, Cæsar or Lucullus; daggers that have perpetrated the most interesting murders; and pictures, stained glass from old churches, crucifixes from famous shrines, and many similar matters. The stationers' and print-sellers' windows become conspicuous with engravings of a

catholic and devotional character ; heads of Christs and Madonnas from the old painters ; St. Christopher carrying through the flood his infant Saviour, and various engravings from paintings on old shrines in churches and convents, or done in imitation of them. Taschen-bucher, Jahrbucher, ornamented calendars, figure numerous in their windows ; and cards ornamented with embossed and colored wreaths, with gilding and painting, containing every imaginable emblem of love and friendship, hearts, doves, Cupids, flames, scrolls on which is inscribed some tender sentiment. These are intended to enclose in envelopes, and as billet-doux ; in fact, to serve the purpose of our valentines, for the Germans do not keep Valentine's day, but send such things now, and on other occasions. These, however, are far more tasteful and beautiful than any valentines that we have seen in England. Many of these cards have their centres cut out, leaving only a margin like the frame of a picture, on which is a wreath of embossed flowers. The centre, or where the picture would be, is covered with a piece of white crape, on which are fixed different colored devices, as birds, flowers, etc. ; or a little book, bound in mother-of-pearl, appears accidentally laid on the crape, which, when you lift up the cover, shows you have written on it some affectionate sentence. Great taste and delicacy of construction mark these little mementoes.

But, perhaps, the confectioners' shops are in the greatest glory, the Germans being as great lovers of sweetmeats as of tobacco. Here are to be seen great quantities of all sorts of little cakes and confections ; almost everything that you can conceive in sugar and chocolate. Figures in the costumes of all nations ; grotesque figures ; figures of animals, and of all kinds of characters. The student smoking, the bauer or peasant, the countrywoman, the child on his rocking-horse, Swiss and Tyrolese maidens, all elegantly moulded and gaily colored, with representations of sausages, fruits, musical instruments, thimbles, etc. These are chiefly bought to hang upon the Christmas-tree. They are set out in the shops in separate departments, each after their own kind ; and, on entering, so well does the sugar-baker know what you have come for, that he hands you a basket, and you go round and select such figures as you please.

For about a fortnight before Christmas the markets are filled with preparations. Baskets and stalls full of dressed dolls, from the price of a penny to a florin or more ; various grotesque animals of wool, or fur, or wood, intended for lambs, dogs, horses, and various other creatures, to which it would be difficult to attach name or imaginable resemblance. These are made by the peasants or lower class of towns-people, and are sold for the children of such. The children of the common schools and infant schools have all a present given them, be it only a penny doll, or a little handkerchief of a few pence value. Numbers of Christmas-trees show themselves for sale. These are principally tops of fir-trees, or boughs straight enough to resemble tops. Much damage is said to be done in the woods at this season, by the cutting of these tops ; the wood-watchers are particularly on the alert, and a heavy fine is inflicted on any offenders that are taken in the act. These trees are from six inches high up to ten or twelve feet or more, according to the size of the house, or the finances of the purchaser. They are generally set in a thick board or block of wood, weighted with lead, and on this board is made a garden, paled in with ornamental paling, having at the back generally a

house of wood or card-board. The garden is filled with moss and green sprigs of the fir, and in it stand shepherds, sheep, a dog, a stork, and one or more stags with gilded horns.

This is intended to represent the annunciation of the birth of Christ, to the shepherds; and, accordingly, an angel is seen, suspended by a wire from the stem of the tree, as in the act of hovering in the air and proclaiming the glad tidings. The shepherds and animals are made of clay, most grotesque creatures, painted in barbarous style; the storks adorned with feathers for tails stuck into the clay; and all are propped on little pegs of wood.

The whole is, no doubt, derived from the legends of the Catholic church, and displays pretty much the same degree of art and general appearance as it did ages before the Reformation.

As Christmas-eve approaches, and especially for the few days before it, the shops and markets are crowded with purchasers. Christmas-trees are seen moving off in various directions, with their gardens appended, or others without gardens, the families which have purchased these having retained their garden of former years on its block of wood. The day of Christmas-eve itself, the floors of the shops are literally piled with the baskets of country people, which they have set down while they make their little purchases for their children.

The important eve itself arrives. Throughout Germany, in every house, from the palace to the cottage, where there are children, there stands a Christmas-tree. In the houses of the rich and the well-to-do, there has been much preparation. According to ancient custom, about a fortnight before Christmas, Pelznichel or Knecht Rupert, has made his visit to the children. This person represents no other than St. Nicholas, as we learn from an old poem.

ST. NIKLAS.

VATER. Es wird aus den zeitungem vernommen
Dass der heilige Niklas werde kommen
Aus Moskau, wo er gehalten werth,
Und als ein Heilger wird geehrt;
Er ist bereits schon auf der Fahrt.
Zu besuchen die Schuljugend zart.
Zu sehen was die kleinen Magdlein und Knaben
In diesem Jahr gelernet haben;
In Beten, Schreiten, Singen und Lesen,
Und ob sie sind hubsch fromm gewesen.
Er hat auch in seinem Sack verschlossen
Schöne Puppen aus Zucker gegossen,
Den kindern welche hubsch fromm waeren
Will er solche schöne Sachen verehren.

KIND. Ich bitte dich Sanct Niklas sehr
Zu meinen Hause auch einkehr;
Bring Buecher, Kleider, und auch Schuh
Und noch viel schöne Sachen dazu;
So will ich lernen wohl
Und fromm seyn wie ich soll. Amen.

ST. NIKLAS. Gott gruss euch lieben Kinderlein,
Ihr sollt Vater und Mutter gehorsam seyn,
So soll euch was schöne bescheret seyn:
Wenn Jhr aber dasselbige nicht thut
So bringe ich euch den Stecken und die Ruth. Amen.

Which in simple prose may be rendered thus :

FATHER.—The newspapers say that the Holy St. Nicholas will soon be here from Moscow,

where he is held in great esteem, and is honored as a saint. He is already on the way to visit the tender school children. To see what the little boys and girls have this year learned in praying, writing, singing, and reading; and to see whether they have been pretty good. He has put into his sack beautiful dolls of sugar work, with which to honor those children who have been good.

CHILD.—Holy St. Nicholas, I pray thee very much to turn into my house too. Bring books, and clothes, and shoes, and many another nice things. So will I learn well, and be good, as I should be. Amen.

ST. NICHOLAS.—God greet you, dear little children. You must be obedient to your father and mother, and then shall I give you some beautiful Christmas gifts. But if you are not so, I shall bring the stick and the rod. Amen.

Pelznichel is a man disguised in a fur cap, and otherwise made awful to children by his singular habiliments, being armed with a rod, having a capacious bag or pouch hanging before him, and a large chain thrown round him, whose end being dropped on the ground as he walks, makes to their imaginations a mysterious noise. Sometimes he has a number of little bells hung about him, and thence is called by Richter, in his *Fixlein*, “Knecht Ruprecht, with his jingling bells.” His name of Knecht Ruprecht is most likely derived from the idea that he is the servant of the Christ-child, who sends him to prepare for his own arrival on Christmas-eve. He is, in fact, some servant or dependent of the family, who engage him to undertake this office, and furnish him with requisite information. The children above eight or nine years old are let into the secret, which they faithfully keep. The younger children, as the time draws on, are often reminded that Christmas is coming, and that Pelznichel will be here, and, according as they are good or bad, will correct or reward them. If they have been bad children, he will use his rod; if good, he will bring them nuts, and apples, and cakes, from the good Christ-child. All this they receive as gospel, and with the greatest awe, and it has a strong effect upon them. They have a notion that Pelznichel, or the Christ-child, has his eyes upon them when they are not aware. That Pelznichel is going round the house at night and listening, and if they are naughty are sure to hear them. They look forward, therefore, with great awe and some anxiety to the appearance of Pelznichel. At length, some days before St. Nicholas’ day, the father or mother says, “Well, children, now be very good, for Pelznichel is coming. He has sent word that he will be here on such an evening, at 6 o’clock.”

On that evening, all is expectation, and scarcely is tea away when there comes a ring at the door. All exclaim, “That must be Pelznichel!” The faces of the children are filled with awful expectation. All stand silent. Presently is heard a distant and mysterious ringing of bells; a jingling of chains on the stone stairs. It becomes more distinct—it approaches; there is a heavy accompanying tread. There is a bustle in the passage, as if some matter of great moment was occurring. Voices are heard speaking, and amongst them, one deep and strange one. That is Pelznichel. The heavy tread, the ringing bells, the clanking chains, the bustle, and the voices are at the door; every eye is fixed on it. All are rooted in silent awe. The door opens, and in stalks the strange figure of Pelznichel—the Mumbo Jumbo of Germany, while behind him are the assembled servants of the household, full of curiosity, to witness what he will say and do. He announces that he is the good Christ-child to reward good children, and correct bad. Every

little heart beats with hope or fear. He addresses them by turns, beginning with the eldest. He asks them how they have pursued their studies; perhaps calls for their books; pronounces an opinion on their progress, and by what he says gives them intimations that he is aware of their general conduct, and of particular acts, good or evil, which fills them with surprise. If they have quarreled on their way to school; if they have been ungenerous or revengeful, they are sure to be told of it. He turns to each child in rotation, and adapts his rewards to the age and character of each. The very little ones often propitiate him by addressing him in a neat little rhyme the moment his eyes are turned upon them, and which the nurse has taught them for the purpose.

Christ kindschen komm;
Mach mich fromm:
Das ich zu dir in Himmel komm.

Which is literally, "Christ-child come; make me good, that I may come to thee in heaven." The aspect of a little child standing in awe and in faith before Pelznichel, and in the soft innocent tones of its voice making this simple petition in the truth of its heart, as I have seen it, is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world.

Pelznichel talks sternly, and with menacing agitations of his rod, to those who have been stubborn, lazy, or disobedient, and commends those who have been otherwise. He hands the rod to the father, and commands him to use it when necessary, or he vows to come and use it himself. He seldom, however, proceeds on this occasion to any actual chastisement, as it is intended rather as a means of reformation, by instilling a salutary fear; and he adds that, on Christmas-eve, Christ-kindschen will come; and, according as they behave, in the mean time, will reward them for good and ill. If for good, they will find many nice things on and under the Christmas-tree; if, on the contrary, he will himself probably be ordered to fetch them, and carry them into the woods in the mountains, and there to shut them up in a cave in the rocks, in the cold and darkness, where snakes hiss, owls hoot, toads and salamanders crawl, and fire runs about the ground. He generally ends by dealing out, from his bag, nuts, apples, and little cakes, to each of them—and throwing others on the floor; while they are busy in scrambling for them, he disappears.

In the country, Pelznichel goes about on a donkey, and actually often chastises the children of the peasantry. His visit in town or country has mostly a decisive effect. The parents remind the children of what he has said. They congratulate them on the commendations they have received; they remark on the faults he has related of them; and the fact that they are seen and observed often when they little think of it. They encourage them to begin seriously to correct and improve themselves, and to secure from Christ-kindschen a certain token of approbation of their conduct. The ensuing fortnight is a season of self-watchfulness and probation.

The day arrives. The drawing-room, or in Germany, the saloon, is closed. Only the person who is entrusted with each one's secret is admitted to it, and has the key. All the young people of the family, in fact, have been previously busy in preparing the tree, gilding walnuts and apples, and hanging them upon it; hanging on it also sundry little cakes, and figures of sugar-work of various colors. This has been the

source of great delight to them. The tree has been set in its place, and then the room consigned to the one confidential person, who has laid out, in tasteful array, the presents intended for every person, each in a group by themselves.

As soon as it is dark, and tea is over, the doors of the room are thrown open at the ringing of a bell, and a scene of splendor and beauty is revealed which produces one general exclamation of delight, and strikes, with a charming surprise, a person who has never witnessed such a one before. The whole room is filled with light. Opposite to you soars aloft the Christmas-tree in its fairy-land beauty; and around extend tables covered with, and hung in front with drapery, often displaying great taste and elegance in its disposal and ornaments; and on these tables lie the various presents which have so long been secretly making and procuring. It would be difficult to describe either the wonder and admiration of the children, as they gaze on the whole brilliant scene; on the lovely tree, glittering with golden and silver fruit, seeming at the same time rich with innumerable flowers of various shapes and colors, and irradiated with lights. The mutual surprise and pleasure of the different members of the family, as they are shown what presents are there laid for them, and hear from whom each comes. The course of explanations that goes on; the sudden recognitions of the cause which has prompted such and such presents from such and such persons; the pleasant amazement; the thanks; the laughter; the tears of affection that come into the eyes of the different members of the happy family, are more readily imagined than described.

The family with whom we then lived at Heidelberg, as is the custom in Germany, as in Scotland, under one common roof, though occupying different stories or flats, as the Scotch, and stocks as the Germans, calls them, undertook to arrange the whole for us; that our children might participate in a real German Christmas; and everything was managed as I have described. Our children, up to our eldest boy of ten years of age, were as completely influenced by it as German children could be. Though the two elder boys, of ten and seven, had strong inklings and glimpses of the real nature of Pelznichel and Christ-kindschen; yet they were not the less affected by the presence of Pelznichel. Even the eldest, a sharp and penetrating lad, showed a face of real awe and of wonder, when Pelznichel informed him of certain passages or pranks on his way through the city to school, to the truth of which he testified by his astonishment on hearing them thus stated; and of the manner of Pelznichel's discovering of them, he could by no means form a conception. Even he ran and fetched his school-books when Pelznichel asked for them, and showed a strong anxiety to point out the weekly good certificates given by his master. But the little fat boy, of three years old, looking up with his

Christ-kindschen komm;
Mach mich fromm
Das ich zu dir in Himmel kemm;

was most touching.

Our drawing-room having been thus prepared and opened, I may here more particularly speak of it. At the farther end of the room, next to the wall, rose the Christmas-tree in all its sheen. From it, coming away,

on each side in a crescent form, went the tables, and then stretched down each side of the room, draped, as I have said, and covered with the various presents. Along the fronts of the tables burned no less than seventy small wax-lights, rising out of a border of green moss. Other lights shed their radiance from the chandelier, and in the tree burned many little colored tapers, like stars, altogether a hundred and twenty lights. On the front of the table on which the tree stood, was disposed a festooning of scarlet cloth on the white drapery; and the whole scene was, on its opening, a perfect fairyland of light and loveliness.

As for presents to and from every one, they covered the whole two ranges of tables; the room was like a bazaar. One was quite surprised at the number of things as they lay all in one display. There were muffs and boas, and even dresses; beautifully worked cushions, beautiful purses of silk and bead-work; fine worked collars; many elegant little knick-knacks; memorandum-books, ball-books, boxes of that blue-and-white enameled composition resembling china, which figured at that time so conspicuously in the German shops. There were books, a reading-desk, paper-knives, slippers of various kinds and colors, warm winter gloves, drawings, portfolios, and many similar things. There also lay, in most tempting order, all the presents for the children. A magic-lantern, various games in boxes, colored engravings; for the two youngest a host of dolls, cattle, and other things, which excited the utmost delight. It was pleasant to see the eyes of wonder which they opened on the whole scene; on the brilliance of the place, the splendid tree, the various articles, but, above all, on their own toys. Each had to be taken up and admired, and laid down and taken up again. But the prettiest sight of all was to see the stout little fellow of three years set out his gifts of kitchen utensils in the middle of the floor, and sitting down amongst them, forget all about him in arranging and rearranging them, pretending to cook and make coffee in true childish style, till the wonders of the magic-lantern called him away, and then to go off to bed, happier than any prince, with a load of toys under each arm, to stand by his bed to greet him on waking.

The Christmas-tree was truly superb. It was, as the best trees generally are, a young spruce fir, possessing a fine dark green, a distinctness of branches, and a graceful tapering figure. It had been got out of the woods and fixed into its frame by a neighboring peasant, who entered into its preparation with the spirit of a child, and had been for weeks before manufacturing animals of clay for its garden, and drying them by the kitchen stove. They were in the true quaint style of those sold by the country people. Two stags of chocolate color, with gilded horns; a funny sheep; two birds representing, however ill, storks—one silvered over; a dog, and two shepherds with their tall staves, and arrayed in purple and blue, with green hats. All these were half lost in a wilderness of moss and heath, or issuing out of a wood formed of the twigs of the fir-tree. On the pales of this enclosure were stuck gilded almonds and nuts; and on the tree itself, a rich crop of very various fruits. Gold and silver walnuts depended from the boughs; silver apples; cakes of different colors and forms, like so many strange but beautiful flowers; colored confections and fruits; and musical instruments—trumpets, guitars and harps; colored hearts crowned with gilded

crosses, and other devices. Many human and other figures showed themselves amongst the foliage; dames in different costumes, babies on swaddling-boards, children riding on dogs, etc. An angel with golden wings and crown fluttered from the end of a bough; a student sat smoking on the side of the stem; and various little red tapers, attached to the ends of different branches, glowed like so many starry flowers, and completed the beauty of the whole. It was just such a tree as one might expect to come upon in the forest of an enchanted land, and to find described in the lays of those old minstrels who, like Thomas of Ercildoune, were accustomed to wander there. I have been the more minute in the description of the whole of this scene, that my English readers may have a complete idea of it.

We see in all that belongs to the Christmas-tree and the Christ-kindschen, a relic of the simple ages of the church, when ancient legends were believed in as gospel. The stag with its gilded horns is the stag of legendary tradition, which was the first earthly creature to perceive the presence of the angels who appeared by night to the shepherds of Bethlehem to announce to them the birth of the Saviour. The pious stag is said to have kneeled down at the holy vision, and accordingly we find it in almost all old representations of scenes in the life of Christ. It is, moreover, looked upon, in Germany, as an emblem of whatever is mild, gentle and good.

The Christ-kindschen is also the creature of these legendary times. One is at first puzzled to comprehend exactly what the Germans mean by the Christ-child; that is, precisely what rank and identity they assign him. If you ask them if they mean it actually for Christ, they say, yes: yet I have seen a German merrily propose to drink the Christ-child's health—an irreverence by no means in their natures or their intentions. You soon discover that the Christ-kindschen is no other than the Christ of the old legends—Christ in his boyhood—Christ just as—without any pressing thought of his great mission, but full of his divine nature—he used to play with the other children of Bethlehem, and often surprised them with his supernatural endowments. Such represents him in that story where, playing with the children of the neighbors at making sparrows of clay, his sparrow as soon as completed became alive, and flew away. Such was he, as described in that old carol where he asks his mother leave to go and play with the neighboring children, who refuse to play with him on this plea:

Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons;
Thou art meaner than us all;
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,
Born in an oxen's stall.

Wherefore, informing his mother of this insult offered him:

“Then,” said she, “go down to yonder town,
As far as the holy well,
And there take up these infants' souls,
And dip them deep in hell.”
“Oh, no! oh, no!” sweet Jesus then said,
“Oh, no! that never can be;
For there are many of these infants' souls
Crying out for the help of me.”

This is exactly the Christ-child of Germany. Still in his infant form, full of love for all children, he watches over them, cares for them, and

rewards them when good. By a stretch of divine power equal to or greater than any miracle of old, he is supposed, in the simple heart of childhood, on one eve throughout all the wide empire of Germany, through all the dwellings of its populous cities and innumerable villages, to crown the Christmas-tree with his annual gifts. Many an imaginative child on that night, like Quintus Fixlein, lies in wait to catch a glimpse of his glittering wings, and half persuades himself that he has seen them.

It must be confessed that, in the minds of the common people, very confused notions of Christ-kindschen exist. At one time he is mentioned as a child, then as a grown person, and, again, is often called *she*, as if feminine. This confusion has probably arisen from this circumstance. In some parts of Germany, particularly in Rhenish Bavaria and the Catholic states, Christ-kindschen is actually represented as a living person on Christmas-eve. It is Christ-kindschen himself, who summons the family to enter the room and see the spectacle, by ringing his bell, or striking on the door with his rod. On entering, he is seen by the Christmas-tree, with his rod in one hand, and the bell in the other. On this occasion, it is generally a young woman who represents the Christ-kindschen, dressed in white, with a gilt crown and wings, and with a long white veil ornamented with gold. It is thought by the parents, that the presence of Christ-kindschen himself will more impressively affect the children, those amongst them whose previous conduct has not been good, being forbidden to enter the room. Others, however, and justly, deem it making too free with the sacred character of Christ, to introduce him in this manner, and the custom is, therefore, far from being general. In other places, Christ-kindschen and Knecht Ruprecht go along the streets together, and from house to house. In the descriptions of Christmas-eve by Richter and by Coleridge, as quoted in "The Rural Life of England," the Christmas-tree is by one said to be birch, in the other yew. Possibly this may be the fact in some parts of Germany, or it may be in one case a mistake of the translator, in the other of the author; the tree is generally, if not always, of fir.

The poor, in their small dwellings, must find it somewhat difficult to set up the tree and their gifts, unknown to the children. That was probably the reason that formerly it was first exhibited to the children on Christmas morning before daylight, having been set up after they were in bed. We are told, however, that it is every year becoming more common for the poor to bring out their tree in the evening, the children being sent out of the way on some pretext or another while it is done. And in truth, there, as all over the world, the gifts of the poor are soon displayed. It is quite affecting to see the little simple things which the poor people will buy as Christmas gifts for their children. Little dolls of a few kreutzers in value, some even of the mere cost of an English penny. As you pass their cottages in an evening for a fortnight afterwards, you may see by the lights within, the little tree with a few apples and little figures hung on it, standing on a table, and the children around it admiring it; if there be a baby, some of them holding it up to see the precious sight.

But not only the poor in their cottages have their Christmas-tree; in schools and other institutions it is set up. A prettier or more affecting sight we have seldom seen than the celebration of Christmas-day in the

Infant school at Heidelberg. Here, at three o'clock in the afternoon, were the parents and children, the patrons and friends of the school, assembled. Upwards of eighty little boys and girls, all under six years of age, were seated on low forms in the middle of the school, opposite to the master's desk, in front of which, on a raised platform, stood four tall Christmas-trees, or as they called them sugar-trees, decorated with the usual appendages of cakes, apples, etc., and at their feet stood a row of tapers ready to be kindled.

Besides these, were various colored engravings; an excellent one of Christ blessing little children; a kind of erection of straw-work containing stages, on one of which was a dancing bear, on another, a tournament with knights riding, with candles burning all over it. These figures revolved by means of a perpendicular spindle, having attached to its top a sort of fan, like the ventilator of a window, which was moved by the warm air ascending from the candles. There were many funny little three-legged pots of true German fashion set on the platform amongst the lights, a gift to the children from some one to amuse them in their school-play hours.

To the right sat the spectators, many ladies and gentlemen of the place; to the left the parents of the children. The master lit up the tapers on the trees, and the row of them at their feet, and a murmur of delight rose from the little troop of children. The blinds had all been drawn down to exclude as much of the exterior light as possible, and the scene was very bright. The master read from his desk an address prepared for the occasion, and after the little scholars had sung a Christmas-hymn or two very prettily, they were dismissed, one by one, with their pinafores full of toys, good warm articles of clothing, and a quantity of cakes and apples, the former of which had been sent as a Christmas gift to them by a worthy baker. It was pleasant to see the delightful faces of all present; the eager looks of the parents as their children came forward to receive their presents; and how the mothers, as they advanced towards the door, snatched them up, and carried them off, gifts and altogether.

Even inmates of the asylums, as if they were at home amongst their children, are treated to a Christmas-tree, and the brilliance of Christmas-eve. It is the great sacred festival of Germany, and is much more regarded than Sunday. On Sunday, great numbers of shops in most towns are open, things are brought home from different makers as on another day, and ladies sit knitting in company as usual. On Christmas-day nearly all shops are closed, and even ladies refrain from knitting; and all is solemn and decorous. Two days are made holidays, and the tree is not pulled down till New Year's day, when the children rifle its treasures, and different members of the family frequently keep some particular article from it as a remembrance. The solemnity of Christmas is also further marked, not only by the increased services in the churches from Advent to Christmas, but also by balls and other public amusements being laid aside during that period.

We may close this article by a piece from the *Kinder-Lieder*, or Children's Songs of the German, illustrative of the nature of Christkindschen:

KINDERLEID AND WEIGHNACHTEN.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
 Geh, horch ein wenig zu,
 Was ich dir will erzählen,
 Was geschah in aller Fröh.

Da geh ich ueber ein Haid
 Wo man die Schaefflein weid't,
 Da kamm ein kleiner Bu gerennt,
 Ich hab ihn all mein Tag nicht kennt.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
 Geh, horch ein wenig zu.

Der alte Zimmermann
 Den schaun wir alle an,
 Der hat dem kleinen Kindelein
 Veil gutes angethan.

Er hat es so erkusst,
 Es war ein wahre Lust,
 Er schafft das Brod, isst selber nicht,
 Ist auch sein rechter Vater nicht.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
 Geh, horch ein wenig zu!

Haett ich nur dran gedenkt,
 Dem kind haett ich was geschenkt,
 Zwei Aepfel hab ich bei mir gehabt,
 Er hat mich freundlich angelacht.

Gott's Wunder, lieber Bu,
 Geh, horch ein wenig zu!

The old carol, in which, in the manner of the old painters, different times and persons are curiously mixed, may also be given in a prose and pretty literal translation. "God's wonder! dear boy, listen to me awhile. I will tell thee something—something which happened in the early times. As I go over a heath where shepherds feed their flocks, came running a little boy. I had never known him in all my life. God's wonder, dear boy, listen! The old carpenter that we are all accustomed to gaze at, has done the little child much good. He has kissed it, so that it was a pleasure to see it. He earns its bread, eats not himself, and yet he is not the child's true father. Had I only thought of it, I would have given the child a gift. I had two apples by me, and he smiled kindly on me. God's wonder, dear boy, listen!"

INVERSION OF TRUTH.

WHAT use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation?
 The hearer makes thereof inverted application,

A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,
 The habit of unstinted charity approving.

He said: "I never was before so much affected:
 How beautiful is charity, when well directed!

So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
 At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living."

A HEROIC EXAMPLE OF SELF-EDUCATION.

ROBERT HILL was born in 1699, at Miswell, near Tring, in Hertfordshire, of parents in humble life, who had scarcely been married a year when his father died. Five years after this event, however, his mother was married a second time to a tailor at Buckingham; but, upon removing to that place, she left Robert at Miswell, in charge of his grandmother. The old woman herself taught him to read, and afterward sent him to school for seven or eight weeks to learn writing, which was all the school education he ever received. He then went to reside with an uncle who lived at Tring Grove, by whom he was employed to drive the plough and do other country work. At last, when he was about fifteen years of age, it was resolved to bind him an apprentice to his father-in-law the tailor. With him he remained for the usual period of seven years, in which time he learned that business. In the year 1716 he chanced to get hold of an imperfect Latin Accidence and Grammar, and about three-fourths of a Littleton's Dictionary. He had already begun to be a great reader, purchasing candles for himself with what money he could procure, and sitting up at his books a great part of the night, the only time he had any leisure; but these acquisitions gave additional force to a desire he had for some time felt to learn Latin, originally excited, as he declared, by some epitaphs in that language in the church, which his curiosity made him wish very much to be able to read. Next year, however, he was sent back to Tring Grove, in consequence of the small-pox raging in Buckingham; and, in the hurry of departure, he left his Latin books behind him. It was a year and a quarter before he returned to Buckingham, and during that interval he was employed in keeping his uncle's sheep, an occupation in which he said he was very happy, as, to use his own expression, "he could lie under a hedge and read all day long." The only books he had with him were the "Practice of Piety," the "Whole duty of Man," and a French Grammar, which he read so often through that at last he had them almost all by heart. When he got back to Buckingham, however, he found his old Latin Grammar, and this set him anew on his classical studies. Here he derived considerable assistance from some of his young companions, who were attending the Free Grammar School of the place, and whom he used to bribe to help him over his difficulties by doing for them in return any little service in his power. He considered himself very well paid for running on a message by being told the English of some Latin word which he had not been able to find in his dictionary. In this way he enabled himself, before the expiration of his apprenticeship, to read a great part of a Latin Testament which he had purchased, as well as of a Cæsar which some one had given him.

On getting over his apprenticeship, he married, and set up in business for himself. Soon after, a gentleman by whom he was employed gave him a Homer and a Greek Testament; upon which, as he could not bear to have a book in his possession which he was unable to read, he resolved to learn Greek. Accordingly, he imparted his scheme to a young gentleman to whom he was known, and received from him a grammar of the

language, and a promise of his assistance, Hill engaging to teach him to fish in return for his literary instructions.

His family beginning now to increase, he bethought him of adding something to his income by his book knowledge ; and in the year 1724 he opened a school for reading, writing and arithmetic, which he continued to teach for six or seven years. By his own account, however, he was not at first very well prepared for some of the duties of his new employment. Soon after he had entered upon it, a scholar came to him wishing to receive lessons in arithmetic, who had already advanced as far as decimal fractions. Poor Hill himself had at this time got no farther than what he calls "a little way into division ;" and he was at first in no small consternation ; however, he hit upon a plan of managing the matter which answered well enough. To consume the time, he set his pupil, by way of preliminary exercise, to copy a series of tables, which had some apparent relation to the subject of his intended studies. They must have been tolerably voluminous, for we are told they occupied the patient writer six weeks, although it may be supposed his master was not very importunate in urging him through the task. Meanwhile, however, Hill made the best use he could of the respite he had obtained for himself by this stratagem ; and by sitting up frequently nearly the whole night, after his day's work was over, he contrived, by the time the copying of the tables was finished, to be a small degree in advance of his pupil.

After he had been married for seven or eight years, his wife died ; but in two years he married again. This second match turned out very unfortunate ; his wife, who appears to have been a worthless person, having in a short time run him so much in debt that he found it necessary to leave the place, and thus to effect his escape at once from her and his creditors. He now led, for several years, a wandering life ; continuing, as he traveled through the country, both to work at his business and to pursue his studies. He was seized with a violent desire to learn Hebrew, in consequence of meeting with some quotations in that language in a book which he was perusing ; but for a long time he could not find a grammar he could make anything of, although he tried no fewer than eleven ; and at last he got so out of humor at his ill success, that he disposed of them all again, and gave up his design. His desire to learn the language, however, soon returned ; and having bought a lot of thirteen Hebrew books for as many shillings, he was lucky enough to find among them a Grammar (Stennit's) which he was able to understand ; and having in this way got over the first difficulties of the study, he went on with great ease.

It was twelve years after he parted from his wife before he returned to Buckingham, which he did at last, on hearing accidentally that she had been two or three years dead. Soon after his return he married a third time, and once more resumed a domestic and settled life. This was in the year 1747. Till now he had, according to his own account, concealed his literary acquirements ; but about this time he attracted the notice of a clergyman in the neighborhood of Buckingham, who had chanced to put a question to him which he answered in such a way as to discover his scholarship. His clerical friend, some time after the commencement of their acquaintance, put into his hands Bishop Clayton's "Essays on

Spirit ;” and Hill, having read the book, wrote a series of remarks on it, which were published in the year 1753. This was the first attempt at authorship. He afterward sent to the press several other productions on theological subjects, of which one entitled “ Criticism on the Book of Job,” in five sheets, was the largest.

When Spence first met Hill, which was at the house of the clergyman just mentioned, he was in great poverty, and struggling hard to obtain a subsistence for himself and his family. Bad times had made employment scarce ; and “ this,” says Spence, “ has reduced him so very low, that I have been informed that he has passed many and many whole days in this and the former year without tasting anything but water and tobacco. He has a wife and four small children, the eldest of them not above eight years old ; and what bread they could get he often spared from his own hunger to help towards satisfying theirs.” Spence’s principal object in publishing his little work was to raise a subscription for the poor scholar who was its subject ; and who, notwithstanding some errors by which part of his life was marked, appears to have been, upon the whole, a person of much worth of character, and well deserving of public sympathy and encouragement. It is believed that the effect of this appeal was to relieve him, for the rest of his days, from the difficulties under which he was at this time suffering. He continued to live at Buckingham for about twenty years after his remarkable acquirements had in this way been made known to the world, having died there in the year 1777.

Hill was evidently not a person of any uncommon extent of talent or quickness of apprehension ; and it is this peculiarity that makes his example most interesting and instructive. His story teaches us what the mere love and persevering pursuit of knowledge may accomplish, even where there is no extraordinary degree of mental power to make up for the want of a regular education. All his acquirements were made laboriously and slowly. As he himself stated, he had been seven years in learning Latin and fourteen in learning Greek ; and although he declared he could teach any person Hebrew in six weeks, his own difficulties, we have just seen, in the acquisition of the elements of that tongue, had been far from inconsiderable. Everything yielded, however, to his invincible perseverance, and a zeal which no labor could damp or exhaust. “ When I was saying to him,” writes Spence, “ among other things, that I was afraid his studies must have broken in upon his other business too much, he said that sometimes they had a little ; but that his usual way had been to sit up very deep into the nights, or else to rise by two or three in the morning, on purpose to get time for reading, without prejudicing himself in his trade.” Although of a weakly constitution, he had in this way, we are told, accustomed himself to do very well with only two or three hours of sleep in the twenty-four, and he lived to be seventy-eight.

If you don’t know what every body else knows you had better hold your tongue ; and if you know something that everybody knows, you had better hold your tongue, too.

THE YEAR ONE.

BY IZZI.

THE year One was an eventful epoch in the history of humanity. It was the turning-point upon which tremblingly hung the destiny of all after ages—the transition-year, in which the cold starlight of Paganism and the dim twilight of Judaism yielded before the brighter dawn of a new and glorious day. It was the year in which the great hopes of humanity were turned into full fruition—the year in which heaven and earth met in loving embrace.

For four thousand years there had been moral darkness upon the earth. For four thousand years humanity had struggled for freedom, had earnestly sought to solve the mysterious problem of its being, but in vain. While one portion longingly sought to bring the gods down from above, another hopefully strove to raise humanity up to the gods; but the avatars of the Orient and the apotheoses of the Occident proving alike unsatisfying, christianity came in upon a *medium* ground, to satisfy all the hopes and longings of sighing humanity. The year One witnessed the contact of ages.

In the fall man burst the bonds of heaven, and like a prodigal wandered far from home—seeking rest, but finding none. Having experienced a painful sense of want in this state of separation from God, it seemed good in the divine counsel to prepare him for re-union by a certain course of discipline extending through four thousand years. This disciplinary period was a long night of darkness, cheered by only a few glimmering rays of hopeful light, that, radiating from Judaism, penetrated the deep darkness of Paganism.

It does not now concern us how this preparation was effected—by what tedious years of toils and tears, of prayers and sacrifices, of battles and blood-shed—by what victories and defeats, risings and fallings of powerful dynasties, tumultuous upheavings and wonderful events—by what thorough researches in philosophy and in the human heart—how by all these events this preparation was completed, does not now concern us. They all looked forward to the year One, and here only do we find their full and true meaning. The grand idea that runs like a golden thread through these four thousand years, and invests every historical event with peculiar interest, is this preparation of the world for the introduction of Christianity.

In the year One we find this preparation complete. Rome was mistress of the world? “Her dominion extended from the Euphrates to the Atlantic and from the Libian desert to the Rhine” It was the golden age of Roman political power. Under Cæsar Augustus all nations were bound together by one common rule, and within this vast empire all was peace and quiet. The gates of the temple of Janus were closed, and the world breathed more freely than it had ever before done.

Heathen philosophy had run its cycle and ended its course in a sad, heart-sickening failure to find out God. For ages wise men had strug-

gled with the two opposing powers, good and evil; endeavored to understand the restlessness of their hearts; striven to satisfy the infinite with the finite, but all to no purpose; and now after fruitless search and vain endeavor they conclude that man can not know God; that it is best for him to die, pass into the bosom of the great ALL and slumber forever in forgetfulness; at other times when deep undertones of their restless spirits tell them that the soul is immortal, that thought of immortality brightens their hopes and lightens their hearts; they look up longingly for more of that cheering light; heaven and the gods seem nearer than before, and they conclude that the Infinite *can* be known, but that He must be known through the finite as a medium—a *very near approach to the idea of the INCARNATION*.

In the department of religion also, there was a peculiar preparedness for the new dispensation. During these four thousand years, humanity had been zealously engaged in sacrificing and lifting up prayerful hearts. Judaism had long waited for the fulfilment of the great promise; and Paganism had entirely exhausted itself in vain endeavors to find comfort in gods of its own appointment and workmanship. Still the same deep sense of *want* remained.

There is no grander scene for pen or pencil than this unsatisfied heart of Paganism as seen at Athens in the time of Paul. Athens—glorious Athens of old, with her gold and silver splendor, marble statues that almost breathed, fair palaces and beautiful gardens, philosophers, sages and heroes, cultivation of mind and refinement of manners—with all these and *thirty-three thousand gods beside*—Athens could find no rest for her weary heart; and as her last effort and last hope, she centered her faith in THE UNKNOWN GOD. Such was the religious condition of the world in the year One. It had outgrown the various religious systems that once seemed to satisfy it, and now like a body without a soul it was without a religion. With the progress of mind there had been a corresponding development of religions, and heart-sick humanity longed for what the world could not give. No doubt there were many other unknown gods besides those of the Athenians; perhaps not shaped in marble or brass, still unknown gods that lived and reigned in the hearts of men.

Not only in politics, philosophy and religion was the world prepared, but also in many other respects. Alexander the Great, by his conquests in the East centuries before, had diffused Grecian culture and so mingled refinement with barbarism as to open up a highway for the gospel; the Greek language was almost universally spoken; the Jews by their exile among Pagans had spread their Messianic hopes far and wide, and everything seemed favorable to the introduction of the new dispensation. Universal silence reigned, and the great heart of humanity was beating audibly in expectation of some wonderful event. As sometimes in the individual so at this time in the world, there was no doubt some vague presentiment of coming good. All hearts and eyes turned unconsciously towards Judea; for “the fullness of time” had come, “the desire of all nations” was about to appear, and He, as the magnet of hearts, drew all toward himself. The world was on tiptoe of expectation. All were on the lookout. There were anxious watchmen upon both heathen and Jewish watch-towers. Like the warder on the house-top of Agamemnon wearied with long night-watches, waiting for the earliest gleam of the

first beacon-fire, heralding the capture of Troy—these weary watchmen of humanity were anxiously waiting to hail the first beacon-ray that would tell of approaching dawn—when lo ! in the east there arose the star of Bethlehem—bright herald of joy to the earth. What a glorious brightness surrounds it ! Its mellow light is seen from afar, and many see in it the consolation of Israel. Stars had for ages shone down from the same sky and gladdened the same hearts, but none such as this had ever before risen. The Magi in the distant Orient, attracted by its peculiar glory and reading in it the message of heaven, under its sure guidance came to Jerusalem—whither all longing hearts turn.

“ A single silent star
Came wandering from afar
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky :
While eastern sages leaning on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their odors sweet
Before his infant feet.”

The very heavens are glad, and immediately angel voices are heard softly chanting their thanksgiving anthem of “ Gloria in Excelsis ;” earth catches the echo, and joyous shepherds raise a choral shout, while another and another loud burst of “ Gloria in Excelsis” ascends, and flies like beacon-fire from hill-top to hill-top, until all Judea is made glad.

As the twilight of morning prepares the eye for the full light of day, so the star of the wise men prepared the world for the coming of *the light of the world*. It was the aurora of a new dispensation, before whose piercing beams the darkness and gloom of a long night were scattering. At length as *the light* arose shining into the hearts of “ the men of desire,” the star of Bethlehem faded away before that purer and brighter light which it had come to announce.

Other lights had shone during that long night of four thousand years—some true, others false. Twinkling stars had beamed down from a Jewish sky, and sometimes a blazing meteor would flash across the heavens ; but those stars could twinkle for only a little while, and the meteors would suddenly set in darkness only to deepen the gloom of night. But the sun that shall never set, whose light shall never go out in darkness—that sun arose and the day dawned.

Thus the year One began a new era. All previous history looks forward to this epoch for its meaning, and only in the light of it can succeeding history be understood. Truly it was the contact of ages—the meeting point of heaven and earth.

MAN AND WOMAN.

From mere dead earth was man created, hard and cloddy ;
But woman afterwards was made from man’s live body.

And thus arises the distinction of the sexes,
A question which so many empty heads still vexes.

The man is, as a first creation, genuiner :
The woman is the clearer, softer, and diviner.

For he was from the inorganic dirt unfolded ;
But she came forth from clay which life before had moulded.

APPLES OF GOLD.

BY ELECTICUS.

WORDS learn'd by note a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse ;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next, good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit. But humor is more than wit, and ease more than knowledge. There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly and speaking reasonably. When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. He who is sedulously attentive—who pointedly asks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no more to say, is not far from the perfection of conversation, which is not to play a regular sonata, but like the æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.

Some in their discourse, desire rather the praise of ingenuity for being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true ; as if it were good to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Others have certain common-places and themes wherein they excel, but want variety ; which sort of poverty is generally tedious, and when perceived, is ridiculous. But the noblest part of conversation is, to lead off by suggesting topics, and again regulating and passing to something else ; for then a man leads the dance. It is a good thing to intermingle speech of present interest with arguments, tales with reasons, asking questions with giving opinions, and jest with earnest. Conversation never sits easier upon us than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.

With respect to jests, certain things must be privileged, namely : religion, matters of state, great personages, any man's present business of importance, and cases which appeal to our pity. Yet there are some who fear their wit may be thought to have been asleep, unless they dart out something that is piquant and touches the quick. Such a vein requires to be checked.

Parce, puer, stimulis et fortius rettere loris.

It is well to note the difference between smartness and bitterness. He who has a satirical vein, as he makes others afraid of his wit, has need to be afraid of their memory. By questioning much, we shall learn much, besides giving great satisfaction, especially if we apply to the skill of those whom we interrogate, for while we continually gather knowledge, we shall furnish them with occasion to please themselves in speaking. But let not the questions be troublesome, for that is fit only for one who seeks to puzzle ; and let care be taken to leave other men their turn to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time,

means should be found to divert him from his purpose, and bring others forward, as managers do with one who would dance all the time.

If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of what you are thought to know, you will be supposed at another time to understand that which you know not. A man should speak seldom of himself and discreetly. I knew one who was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be wise, he speaks so much of himself:" and, indeed, there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace; and that is, in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such virtue as may be ascribed to himself. Speech which touches others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man.

Discretion in speech is more important than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we converse, is better than to use fine words or skilful arrangement of them. To use too many circumstances ere one comes to the matter is wearisome, to use none at all, is blunt. A good continued speech, without a good speech upon interrogation, shows slowness, and a good reply with no set speech, shallowness and weakness. Thus we see in beasts, that those which are weakest in the course are nimblest in the turn, as with the grey-hound and the hare.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks first and then reflects, for the tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel. Those who have few affairs to attend to, are often great talkers; the less men think, the more they speak; and he that is lavish in words, is apt to be a niggard in deeds. He that cannot refrain from much speaking, is like a city without walls, and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue. If thou observe this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err; restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that are done in the world.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoken, ne'er can be re-call'd.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning tenderness,
For the loved absent, whom we can not reach—
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less—
Then like a cup capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is prayer:
The longing of the soul is satisfied,
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And, though we can not cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

THE great secret is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly; we must see and feel them; if we do neither they are not evils to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to determine not to let them chill the affections; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance because it is the way of mitigating the present evil, always with a view to ultimate amendment. Surely it is not the perfection, but the imperfection of human character that makes the strongest claim in love. All the world must approve, even enemies must admire the good and the estimable in human nature. If husband and wife estimate only that in each which all must be constrained to value, what do they more than others?

It is infirmities of character, imperfections of nature, that call for the pitying sympathy, the tender compassion that makes each the comforter, the monitor of the other. Forbearance helps each to attain command over themselves. Few are the creatures so utterly evil as to abuse a generous confidence, a calm forbearance. Married persons should be pre-eminently friends, and fidelity is the great privilege of friendship. The forbearance here contended for is not weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest methods of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.

LAURA AMANDA'S GRAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Written at her grave in the Lewisburg Cemetary, Nov. 12th, 1857.

Ten years since thou art gone—
Ten years it is to-day;
Ten years thine infant form hath slept
In this lone bed of clay.

We call it death on earth,
They call it birth on high;
Ten years since thou art truly born
Where thou shalt never die.

Ten years since thou art gone—
But they say come, above;
Ten years among the infant choir,
At home in joy and love.

We gave thee up with tears—
They smiled thee welcome home;
We mourned for thee so early left,
They hailed thee early come.

Ten years where angels are,
In that bright world of bliss;
Would it be love that e'er should dare
To wish thee back to this?

I came not sadly here,
I go not sad away;
I did but long to see thy grave,
Just ten years old to-day!

